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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MISSOURIANS

BY DANIEL M. GRISSOM

FIRST ARTICLE

THOMAS H. BENTON

The first time I saw Thomas H. Benton was in the spring of 1851. I had come to St. Louis from Kentucky, on a visit, and was returning on one of the Louisville and St. Louis packets, as they were called, running down the Mississippi and up the Ohio, between the two cities. The distinguished and at that time venerable statesman was a passenger on the same boat, on his way to Louisville, to visit his daughter, Mrs. Jacobs, who lived there. I was standing at the guards, the morning after leaving St. Louis, watching the boat as she made a landing, when a white haired man of grave demeanor and distinguished presence came out of the cabin and stood by my side, to watch the movement, also. I had heard that Benton was aboard, and when the stately stranger stood alongside me and made some pleasant remark about the landing we were making, I had no difficulty in recognizing him, from his portraits which were common in the country. I was a raw youth at the time, but the names of four living American statesmen—Clay, Webster, Benton and Calhoun, were familiar to me as the greatest men of the day, and when the distinguished Missourian graciously entered into conversation with me about the boat and the features of the landing, I was conscious of something like an emotion of pride, at the unexpected honor. He was just recovering from an attack of varioloid, and his face was spotted with the marks of the disease. He was dressed as a recognized statesman of that day should have been, in black, swallowtail broadcloth coat, cloth pantaloons, satin vest, stiff silk hat, and low shoes with white stockings. His senatorial career of "six lustrums" was just ended, and he was engaged on his

work "Benton's Thirty Years' View." He spent the greater part of his time on board the boat, in his state-room, next to the clerk's office, writing, coming out occasionally to seek relaxation by walking majestically, with measured step, up and down the cabin, with his hands behind him, or conversing with the officers and passengers.

I afterwards saw him frequently; for, though he spent the greater part of his declining years at Washington in the prosecution of his literary work, he did not entirely abandon public life till after his defeat for governor of Missouri in 1856. In that year, although seventy-four years old, he made a canvass of Central and Southwest Missouri, in the confident belief that his personal presence among the people whom he had faithfully and efficiently served from the beginning of their statehood would revive their old attachment to himself, and discomfit the half dozen or more active and conspicuous younger Democrats leagued together for his overthrow. In this league of opponents were the "Three Jims," as the fierce old ex-leader was accustomed to call them in his speeches. Jas. H. Birch, of Clinton county, Jas. S. Green, of Lewis county, afterwards U. S. senator, and Jas. B. Bowlin, of St. Louis, who had been a member of Congress, and was sent as commissioner to Paraguay by President Pierce in 1853, and associated with them in the organization of the Anti-Benton Democratic party was Claiborne F. Jackson, distinguished as the proposer, though not the author of, the famous "Jackson Resolutions," adopted by the Missouri Legislature in 1849, and afterwards as Governor of the State, chosen in 1860, reposed in 1861, and died at Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1862.

It was in the prosecution of the canvass for governor, in 1856 that Benton made his last speech in St. Louis, in the Mercantile Library Hall which stood on the site now occupied by the new Library building. It was the largest hall in the city, and although on the third floor of the edifice, and elevators unthought of, was packed for the occasion. The old senator was dressed as usual, in black, except that he wore a white marseilles vest which, buttoned across his



THOMAS HART BENTON

great, broad chest, lent a pleasing feature to his general appearance. Many a distinguished person of one kind and another—orator, poet, author, prima donna, tenor, pianist, violinist and so forth—have I seen and heard on the platform of that now vanished hall in the days of its glory; but no one of them all possessed such a personal presence as did "Old Bullion." The strong stern face, high, dome-like forehead and massive frame accurately presented in the common portraits of him, were re-inforced by a studied deportment of unbending dignity, which had the effect of causing his figure to stand out high and strong in whatever position he might be placed, whether senate chamber, ball-room, platform, street, or church. He had a manner and bearing all his own, the product, apparently, of careful and severe discipline and study. His head seemed to be so firmly set on his shoulders as to be incapable of movement except along with his body. He would not turn his face to one side, or the other; if he wanted to see or speak to a person not directly before him he would move his whole frame around with a studied deliberation and majesty that was overpowering to his enemies and not always agreeable to his friends. He did not use the term "Fellow Citizens" in addressing the masses, but addressed them in the formal and condescending term of "Citizens," after the Roman style;—and this was one of the reasons he was called "the old Roman." He was sometimes spoken of as the greatest egotist of the day, and yet, he rarely used the first person personal pronoun. When he had occasion to speak of himself, which was very often, it was in the third person, and by the formal and courtly title of "Ben-ton." The second syllable being pronounced as distinctly as the first without Mr., or Colonel, or any other prefix, giving to his audience the impression that, after long and exhaustive deliberation, he had decided definitely and forever that no qualifying or explanatory title was needed to impart anything of dignity or importance to the person who bore that august historic name.

An amusing illustration of his power of manner and presence took place at Springfield, during the canvass of 1856.

His Anti-Benton opponents had agreed together to submit to him some difficult questions on the subject of slavery in the territories with the demand for an explicit answer. The questions were carefully drawn up in writing and one of their number, the boldest, chosen to present them to the speaker just before he began his speech to the people. When the hour came there was a large, expectant and eager crowd gathered in the court house to hear once more the distinguished statesman who had served in the United States senate for a term that had never been equaled, and whose name had gone round the world. Benton rose slowly, deliberately, and with the majesty which he knew so well how to affect and was ready to pronounce the word, "Citizens," when the appointed questioner advanced toward the stand with a paper in his hand and said: "Col. Benton, I hold in my hand a paper which I have been appointed to submit to you and respectfully ask your attention to the questions it contains." "Read it, read it, read it sir! Stand where you are, and read it!"—sternly demanded the statesman—and when the crowd saw the man with trembling hands and stammering voice, recite the questions in a feeble ineffective way, it was clear enough to all that the well prepared scheme to corner the old senator was a signal and humiliating failure.

His bearing toward those whom circumstances or choice brought in his way was at times intolerant and overbearing. At the court martial at Washington City just after the Mexican War, on which his son-in-law, Capt. Fremont, was being tried for some disobedience of orders, Col. Benton who conducted the defense, was so browbeating in his treatment of General Kearney, the chief witness against the accused, that Kearney, brave veteran army officer that he was, had to appeal to the court for protection. At times his language and bearing toward an opponent would become violent and provoking beyond endurance. The first and only time that a weapon was ever drawn in the open Senate Chamber was in a sharp controversy between Benton and Henry S. Foote, the fiery little senator from Mississippi. Benton's long and honorable senatorial term was drawing to a close and the old states-

man had become more than usually impatient of opposition. It was Foote's first term, but he did not like Benton, and was not inclined to submit to anything, even of manner, from him. In the course of an angry exchange of words, the Missourian made a show of advancing on his opponent, and the latter drew a pistol and was holding it in readiness to fire, when other senators and the officers of the senate interfered,—Benton opening his vest, and shouting: "Let the rascal shoot; let him shoot!"

His duel with Lucas was the unfortunate event in his life. It ought never to have occurred, and it would not have occurred, if Benton had possessed less of the implacableness that marked his dealing with the public and private antagonists. There had been one meeting with a harmless exchange of shots—and this satisfied the savage conditions of the code, and ought to have satisfied the two men and their friends; and had Benton, whose courage and honor were unquestionable, refused to be drawn into a second encounter, he would have saved his own name from the reproach of harshness, and spared to the community a young man of noble spirit, and with a capacity for usefulness little inferior to his own.

The usual career of American statesmen begins in the state legislature, and proceeds by regular gradations through other state offices, to member of Congress and then to the U. S. Senate. But Benton reversed the order; he began in the Senate, in which he served for "six lustrums," as he was accustomed proudly to state it, and then, stood for, and was chosen to the House of Representatives, where he served a single term. In his contest for this latter place, his opponent was Lewis V. Bogy, who, twenty years after, when Benton had lain for fifteen years in Bellefontaine Cemetery, was elected to his former seat in the Senate. The expiration of this term in Congress closed his public career—if we leave out his contest for re-election in 1854, in which he was defeated by Luther M. Kennett, and his memorable canvass of the State for Governor, two years after, in which he was defeated by Trusten Polk. Thirty-two years of honorable public life in which he had achieved power and fame, made

it difficult for him to retire to the position of private citizen, and, although when he made this last contest for public office, he was seventy-four years of age, he would gladly have served the people of Missouri to the end of his life.

Fayette was the centre of opposition to him, in the prodigious struggle for the maintenance of his authority against the Jackson resolutions in 1849. It was one of the old towns in the state, the county seat of Howard, the second largest salveholding county, and the stronghold of pro-slavery sentiment. When it became known that he was to speak in the place, there were loud and violent threats made of preventing him, and his few friends and supporters in the place sought help outside. Judge Leonard wrote to Major Rollins, of Boone, who, from the first to last of the appeal against the Jackson Resolutions, was the old Senator's steadfast friend, telling him the situation of affairs, and asking him to come with a party of friends to stand by him, in case matters should take a violent turn, as they threatened. The morning passed away without his appearance, and it began to be said that he had heard of the threats—which was true—and that he was afraid to come—which was preposterously untrue, for, it can be said of him that he was never afraid of any man, or any number of men. About two o'clock in the afternoon, Sept. 1st, a cloud of dust was seen out on the Boonville road, and shortly after, a carriage with Benton in it, drove into the town and up to the court house, where a crowd was gathered. When it halted, he spoke from his seat in the vehicle, in a loud, clear voice: "Citizens, I am your old Senator. I am here to-day to address you. I want a suitable place to speak at. Where is your sheriff?" The sheriff came forward, and said the court house was at his service. Jas. H. Birch had made a speech in it the night before, and if Col. Benton desired, he would prepare it immediately for him. The name of Birch roused him to fury. "I will not breathe the same atmosphere that Jim Birch has breathed," he said. A consultation among his friends was held and the chapel of the school building was procured for the meeting.

When all was in readiness, he entered, walked majestically to the stand, and as he did so, a tumult of discordant sounds from his opponents broke forth—braying, whistling, yelling and groaning, which lasted for several moments. In the midst of it, he deliberately removed first, his broad brimmed white beaver hat, and, next, his black silk gloves, and then facing the crowd, looked round upon it with unblanched face and haughty defiance. All at once, the tumult ceased, and there was a profound silence, and all eyes were directed intently on him, with hostile but with eager expectation. When a few moments had elapsed, and there was no sign of a renewal of the disorder, he began: "Citizens and Friends—and by the word 'friends,' I mean those who are present to hear the truth, who have intellect enough to understand it, and courage enough to believe it—and none others." Then followed a three hours speech, fierce and unsparing, and full of bitter invective against his opponents whose names he severally mentioned—the whole delivered with his accustomed deliberation, and listened to without a word, or sound of insult, or opposition. At the conclusion he carefully put on his gloves and hat, walked slowly out the house, entered his carriage, and was driven off.

One of the most conspicuous persons in the crowd was W. P. Darns, sometimes known as "Darns of Scott," which county he represented in the legislature. He was a man of violent temper and intolerant spirit, and, several years before, had killed a man named Davis, editor of the *Argus*, in St. Louis, for some comments on his political course. In 1857, he had a personal collision in the legislature with John W. Reid, of Jackson county, in which he was not so successful. In the course of a discussion in which the two men took opposite sides, Reid had made some reference to the penitentiary, and Darns, in his speech, said the State prison was a more fit place for the gentleman from Jackson than the representative chamber. The words were hardly spoken when Reid, who was an agile and powerful man, rose from his seat, walked deliberately up to where Darns was standing, and struck him a hard, staggering blow in the face. Darns'

record led members and the public to expect that something more serious would come of it, but he did not resent the blow, then nor afterwards.

During his fight against the Jackson resolutions, Benton was met on the street in St. Louis by Willis L. Williams, a prominent lawyer of the city, at the time, and a political friend, who asked him how he was getting on against his foes. "Oh," he replied, "I shall tread them down and crush them as an elephant would tread pismires under his feet."

On one occasion, at least, he met his match in a way he least expected. He drove up, in his carriage, to old Colonel *Draper's* Hotel, and announced, with an impressiveness of manner which the occasion did not seem to call for: "I am Colonel Ben-ton; can you take care of me and my friend, tonight?" "Oh, yes," Colonel Draper indifferently, but pleasantly replied, "we take care of all sorts of people here."

In his great canvass for a seat in the lower house of Congress, after his retirement from the Senate, in 1852, when he was chosen over Luther M. Kennett, Whig, and Lewis V. Bogy, Anti-Benton Democrat, E. C. Blackburn, generally known as Church Blackburn, a prominent and promising young lawyer of St. Louis, who, three years afterwards, was killed in the Gasconade disaster, was one of the Whig candidates for the legislature from St. Louis county. In a speech at a meeting in the county, Blackburn called Benton a Free-soiler, the most offensive name, after Abolitionist, that could be applied to a public man. A Benton meeting was held at night at Bremen, then a suburb of the city, at which Col. Benton was the chief speaker, and during his speech, a friend on the platform rose to his side, for a moment, and informed him that Blackburn was in the audience, and that in a speech that day in the county, he had called him a Free-soiler. Halting in the midst of his address, he asked: "Is there a Mr. Church Blackburn in this audience?" "Yes, sir," Blackburn promptly answered. "I want to know whether, to-day, in a speech in the county, you called me a Free-soiler?" Blackburn replied evasively, and Benton repeated the question, demanding a yes or no answer: "Did you, in a speech in

the county, call me a Freesoiler?"—adding, "I guess you now understand my question." Blackburn then admitted that he did. "Citizens," said Benton, "this man, Blackburn, has no heart; he has only a gizzard, and he has lied on Benton from the bottom of his gizzard to the tip end of his tongue."

Blackburn, who came of a fighting Kentucky family, and was a tall, fine-looking and fearless man, bore himself well under the insult, simply replying in a clear, deliberate voice: "Colonel Benton, you are a much older man than I am, and I have no redress."

For many years, the relations between Benton and Webster in the Senate were unpleasant. Webster was a Whig and Benton not only a Democrat, but the recognized champion and exponent of the Democratic party; and the estrangement between them which began shortly after Webster's appearance in the Senate was strengthened by the uncompromising material the two men were made of.

It was during this period, and in reply to a taunt from a Democratic Senator, that the Massachusetts Senator uttered the memorable words: "While I hold myself to be the humblest member of this body, I know nothing in the arm of the Senator from South Carolina, not even when supported by the arm of his friend, the Senator from Missouri, that need deter me from espousing any cause I may see fit to espouse and avowing and defending it on this floor with whatever humble ability I may possess."

For years, these two great patriots passed in and out the Senate chamber without speaking to one another, and the unfriendliness would, probably, have continued to the end of their lives had it not been strangely and unexpectedly terminated by that distressing event, the explosion of the "Peacemaker," the big gun on board the war ship Princeton. The vessel was a new steamship of war, on a trial trip down the Potomac, on the 28th of February, 1845, and President Tyler, with his cabinet, a number of Senators and representatives and other distinguished persons were aboard to take part in the excursion and see the big gun. It was a gay and brilliant party, and all went well until Mount Vernon

was reached, when the vessel slowed up and the gun was charged to be fired in salute to the resting place of the Father of his country.

Mr. Benton had secured a good place for witnessing the experiments in which he took unusual interest, and was standing with the others and waiting for the gun to be fired when a friend in the crowd behind him, touched him on the shoulder and desired to speak to him. He turned round and in doing so, lost his place which was instantly occupied by another man. Benton was vexed at the incident, but before he had time to think about it, the big gun was fired and exploded, and the man who was standing in the spot where he had stood a moment before, was struck with one of the fragments and killed. Two members of the cabinet, Abel P. Uphur, secretary of state, and T. W. Gilmer, secretary of the navy, and two citizens of New York were killed also, and their bodies, torn and bleeding lay stretched on the deck.

The affair made a deep impression on Benton. The conviction that it was the finger of the Almighty that had removed him from the place of danger and saved his life melted his hard, stern nature, and set him about the task of getting rid of his enmities. He sought out Webster and in stately and formal terms, related how he had escaped, and said: "Webster, I want to forgive all, and be forgiven, and live the rest of my life without ill-will in my breast. I offer you my hand, and if you are willing, we will henceforth be on good terms." The distinguished senator from Massachusetts promptly and cordially grasped the proffered hand of the distinguished senator from Missouri, and the "Great Expounder" and "Old Bullion" were good friends to the end. Shortly after, when the wonderful emigration to the gold regions of California set in, Mr. Webster had occasion to come to Mr. Benton for assistance for a young friend who desired to make his home in California. Benton's name was a power, at that time, not only from the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean, and all along the coast from the Mexican boundary to the British possessions, but even out on the ocean among the officers of our navy. His zealous champion-

ship of our rights in Oregon, and the achievement of his son-in-law, Major Fremont, gave him an influence greater than that of any other man in the country; and when he gave to Webster for his young friend letters to a number of his own personal friends on the coast, he rendered a service which the Massachusetts senator never forgot.

On the occasion of a visit he made to Columbia during a political tour through the state, he was the guest of Hon. James S. Rollins, who was not a Democrat, but the most prominent member in that wing of the Whig party known as "Benton Whigs," and between whom and Benton there subsisted a friendship, both political and personal, of a very cordial nature. The morning after his arrival, as his distinguished guest was late in making his appearance, Rollins went to his room and found him in bed, but awake. Rollins had brought with him a country newspaper containing an unusually glowing and well written report, with an eulogy of the speech which Benton had made, a few days before, in the town where the paper was published. Rollins was pleased with the eulogy, and knew his guest would be, too. He showed the paper to him, and pointed out the article to him, reading a few sentences at the beginning, and the statesman sat up in bed, and asked him to read the whole of it. Rollins had a noble voice, and was a good reader, and it was a curious and interesting picture that was presented—the host sitting on the bedside, reading what he considered a first rate specimen of a Missouri rural newspaper editorial; reading it in a round, rich voice, and halting at the best periods, to allow his august auditor time to enjoy them; and the august auditor sitting erect in bed, in his night shirt, listening intently and with all the complacency that Rollins had expected, to the remarkably well chosen and compacted sentences in which the panegyric was present. When the reading was ended, the host was both surprised and amused at his guest exclaiming, "Rollins, it is all true, every word of it—for, I wrote that article from beginning to end, myself."

Benton was the author of the Pacific railroad idea. As early as 1849 he introduced a bill in the senate providing

for the building of such a road and setting apart a portion of the proceeds of public land sales to pay for it. In the same year there was a great convention held at St. Louis to further the scheme, and it was in a great speech on that occasion that, after alluding to the efforts of European nations to open up commercial relations with India, and secure the trade of the Orient, he pointed to the west, and uttered the famous words: "There is the East; there is India!" The words are inscribed on the base of the memorial statue of him in Lafayette Park.

The majestic bronze statue of Benton in Lafayette Park, St. Louis, is the work of Harriett Hosmer, and the task of executing it was secured for Miss Hosmer by her friend and patron, Wayman Crow, a wealthy and public spirited merchant of St. Louis. It was unveiled on the 7th of May, 1868, by Mrs. Fremont, daughter of the deceased statesman, and the oration of the occasion was delivered by General Frank P. Blair. The statue is a fine work of art, but it has the defect of representing the great statesman in an attitude he was never known to exhibit—with his head bent forward. His neck was powerful and rigid, and he was never accustomed to bend it, either in public speeches, or in private conversation.

Benton came very near being appointed lieutenant general, chief in command of our armies in Mexico, in 1846. When it was discovered that the two most eminent generals of the army, Taylor and Scott, were Whigs, and that at the rate things were going, one of them—most probably, the former, would be made President, it was considered that the best way to prevent this would be to appoint the most prominent Democratic patriot in the country to take supreme command, over both Scott and Taylor and pluck some of the laurels which, if something were not done, would all go to the two Whig generals. The only person thought of for the high position was Colonel Thomas Hart Benton, who, in addition to being the most distinguished Democratic patriot in the land, had an honorable military reputation, having gained his title of Colonel in the war of 1812. There are good reasons

for believing the scheme would have been carried out, and Benton appointed to the place, but for an outburst of popular protest against it. Taylor's victories at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Angostuva had fairly intoxicated the country, and, without knowing or caring whether "Old Rough and Ready" was Democrat, or Whig, the people would not brook the idea of having anybody placed over him—and the scheme was abandoned.

In the first five years of his residence in St. Louis, he was a lawyer in good practice, having his office in a small room on what was then called Laurel and is now Vine street, on the south side, near Second. In the closing years of his life, he had no residence in the State, and, when visiting St. Louis, was accustomed to make his home with Col. Joshua B. Brant, an ex-army officer, who had married his niece, and whose mansion stood in a spacious enclosure near the northeast corner of Washington avenue and Fourth street.

Like his old enemy and friend, Andrew Jackson, Benton was a Presbyterian in faith, and when in St. Louis was a regular attendant with the family of Col. Brant, at the church on the northwest corner of Broadway and Walnut, of which Dr. Potts was pastor.

Two years after his last speech in St. Louis at the Mercantile Library Hall, in the summer of 1856, he lay in his burial casket in the same hall, and alongside lay his little grandchild, five years old, the son of Capt. Jones, of the navy,—age and youth, renown and innocence, side by side in silent proximity, protected by the same guard of sentries, awaiting the funeral march to Bellefontaine.

He died three years before the Civil War, but not too early for his clear vision to warn him that it was coming, and one of his last appearances before the public—perhaps the very last—was to deliver a lecture on "The Union" at Lowell, in Massachusetts. In that day, the operatives in the great mills and factories in Lowell were chiefly women, daughters of New England farmers. They were superior in intelligence and social character, to the class that afterwards superseded them; they published a paper called "The Lowell

Offering," and, in the winter, had lectures delivered by scholars, writers and statesmen—and among them was Benton's patriotic appeal for the maintenance of the Union.

Although a Democrat of Democrats, in all his public attitudes, and standing with Jefferson and Jackson as champion of popular rights, he had no use for the people at close quarters, and generally avoided contact with them. He held them at a distance, and when he appeared on Fourth street, on the occasion of his visits to St. Louis, while he went through hand-shaking with his admirers and adherents, with stately courtesy, it was plain enough that he did not like it. He seemed to think that his great abilities, his high patriotic character and the services he had rendered his country ought to exempt him from the necessity, resting upon smaller men, of maintaining his hold on the public favor, by affable manners and the usual electioneering arts.

The soft and gentle spot in his fierce and rugged nature was his chivalrous attachment to his wife. However stern and unbending he might be with others, with her he was always pliant and yielding, and all the tumult of his stormy soul grew quiet in her presence. When some years before her death, she became weak-minded by paralysis, and disabled for her accustomed part in society, he abjured all social festivities and gatherings and devoted his company to her. An intimate friend who was accustomed to visit him whenever he went to Washington, was sitting with him, in his parlor, on one occasion, when Mrs. Benton came down stairs to the door. He observed her instantly, and rose at once, took her by the arm, and with exquisite grace and courtliness, led her to a chair. The same friend once said: "It was beautiful, in the older days, when both were still in their prime, to see him, with Mrs. Benton on his arm, walking down the aisle to the pew of his niece, Mrs. J. B. Brant, in Dr. Potts' church on the corner of Walnut and Fifth streets, in St. Louis;" and another said it was equally beautiful to see him holding her on his knee, with his arm round her waist.

Benton died a poor man—let it be mentioned to his honor; and his "Thirty Years View" and "Abridgement,"

which occupied the last eight years of his life, were written, not less to supply him with the means of living, than as the work of a patriot historian. He did not own a residence, either in Washington, where he died, nor in Missouri, where he was buried; and when he visited St. Louis, in his later years, he made his home at the house of his relative by marriage, Col. Joshua B. Brant.

The name, "Old Bullion," came to him through his stern and sturdy advocacy of gold and silver as the money of the country, and his pitiless denunciation of banks and bank money. Most of the banks of his day richly deserved his implacable opposition. They were little else than devices for defrauding the people by issuing notes that were seldom redeemed, and which, therefore, circulated at a discount of five to twenty-five per cent, accordingly as they were quoted in the counterfeit detectors. To him, all bank money, the good as well as the bad, was alike offensive, and he took advantage of even trifling occasions to exhibit his policy of opposition to it. Isaac H. Sturgeon relates that, on one of his visits to Louisville to visit a married daughter, in paying his bill at the Galt House, he handed the clerk a twenty-dollar gold piece, and when the clerk handed him some good State Bank of Kentucky bills in exchange, he refused to receive them, saying "I want money in change," and then turning to Mr. Sturgeon who stood at his side and witnessed the scene, he remarked: "It is no inconvenience to carry a hundred or two hundred dollars in gold and silver, and I will not use any other. It is the only lawful money." While he was Senator, he would never take his salary, or part of it in paper, and always demanded gold.

During one of his visits to St. Louis, he had occasion to go to the court house. As it was only six squares distance from the residence of Col. Brant where he was making his home, he started out to walk, but a shower came up, and he called a hack. When he got out, the hackman demanded a dollar. The senator flew into a rage and rushed into an office near by where Col. Brant and a friend were sitting, calling out, "Brant, Brant!" Col. Brant, as he saw him coming remarked

to his friend, "The old man is mad again." "Brant," said he, "What is the legal charge for one passenger from the court house to your residence?" "Twenty-five cents," was the answer. Then, calling two barefoot boys to him, he put a half dollar in the hand of each and a quarter in the hand of the hackman, saying, as he did so, "I want to show you that I don't care for the money, but I won't be imposed on."

We are inclined to wonder that a man so given to coarse and vulgar invective as Benton was, and so ready to single out and denounce the persons of his political opponents, should be capable of high and great things. But there was a greatness in Benton that overtopped his ridiculous egotism, and more than atoned for his brutal animosity. For years he was the foremost and ablest champion of the West, and never lost an opportunity to present its claims and advocate its interests on the floor of the Senate. He knew more about the geography and history of the Pacific coast and the vast domain between it and the Mississippi river than any one else in the country; he did much to encourage exploration, supported the administration in the Mexican War, and was one of the ablest champions of the claim of California for admission into the Union as a state. But his pre-eminent claim on the gratitude of his countrymen was bold and defiant assertion of our title to the great northwest region known then as Oregon, against the adverse claims of Great Britain, in 1846; and his daring proposal of a railroad to the Pacific ocean as early as 1849. As to Oregon, it may be said that the country hardly knew it had any title to that magnificent region till Benton proclaimed it, and, with Senator Linn, his colleague, urged upon Congress the duty of maintaining it. There are good reasons for believing that, but for the zealous efforts of the two Missouri Senators, the British claims would have become established, and Oregon have slipped away from us and become a part of British America. In one of his great speeches on the subject in 1842, Benton said: "I now go for vindicating our rights on the Columbia, and, as the first step toward it, passing this bill and making these grants of land which will soon place thirty or forty thousand rifles

beyond the Rocky Mountains." The bill was passed, making land grants to settlers and assuring them of the protection of the United States government—and the result was a large emigration into the Columbia river region which secured Oregon to us forever.

He began to talk of a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean, long before there was a railroad to the Mississippi, and at a time when the suggestion seemed to be a wild chimera. His scheme was a national road built by the Government, and it was in a speech made at a Convention in St. Louis in October, 1849, presided over by Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, that he made the memorable suggestion of a colossal statue of Columbus to be chisled out of a peak of the Rocky Mountains overlooking the great highway—"the mountain itself the pedestal, and the statue a part of the mountain—pointing with outstretched arm to the Western horizon, and saying to the flying passengers, 'There is the East, there is India!'"

He sleeps in that noble resting place, Bellefontaine Cemetery near the city of St. Louis. In 1903 a plain monument ordered by the Missouri legislature and costing \$1,500 was erected over his grave.

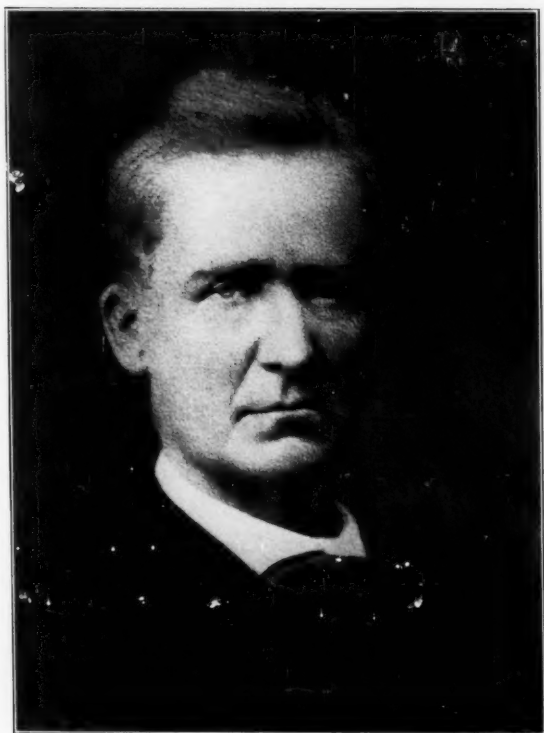
THE MODEL FARM OF MISSOURI AND ITS OWNER

BY JANE HARRIS ROGERS

In 1817, Overton Harris, my paternal grandfather, accompanied by his wife and infant son, left Madison county, Kentucky, for Missouri, and located in the western part of Boone county on what was then known as Thrall's Prairie. The log cabin in which they lived was on the Boone's Lick Road within a stone's throw of the spot later occupied by the "Model Farm" mansion. Here, prowling Indians killed their only cow, a very valuable possession in those days. After the birth of another son, in 1818, the family moved to what is now familiarly known as the "Bonne Femme" neighborhood, east of Columbia. Overton Harris, in 1821, became the first sheriff of Boone county, and during his life held many other positions of trust and responsibility.

Among some well preserved letters written by my mother in her youth, several are headed "Thrall's Prairie." Her father, Dr. William McClure, then owned the identical land where Overton Harris had previously settled, having come into its possession through the aid of the courts, from August Thrall, who was then insane, he having acquired the land direct from the Government.

My father, John Woods Harris, following his marriage in 1855 to Ann Mary McClure, purchased the McClure farm of six hundred acres, including the homestead. He subsequently acquired twelve hundred additional acres from surrounding land owners. The whole was brought to a high state of improvement under his care, and comprised "The Model Farm of Missouri." This title was received by virtue of a premium awarded by The St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association in 1873, the result of a competitive contest, in which were included the best farms in the State, the basis of the award being appointments, including con-



JOHN WOODS HARRIS

venient arrangement, fertile soil, grazing facilities, water and substantial improvements.

While there is little record of the early childhood of my father, we do know that he first saw the light of day on August 31, 1816, in Madison county, Kentucky, and about a year later was carried in his mother's arms, on horseback, to Missouri.

In early life there could have been no great promise of fortune or achievement as he gazed in wonder on the wilderness that surrounded him; and yet, when a matured man, he converted what had been his early environment into the "Model Farm," the beauty and attractiveness of which commanded attention at home and abroad. Like all attainments that are worth while, the accomplishment was difficult. A lack of educational advantages due to pioneer conditions, proved a regret, yet no handicap to him, as he was largely self-educated. At the outset, his chief asset consisted of a Christian home wherein daily prayers were said and the Bible read aloud; indeed, the log cabin hearthstone, around which the family met as a unit, was a great aid in the development of his character. Doubtless, the boy had visions of the future at this formative period of his life as he sat quietly listening to his elders, whose flow of conversation naturally drifted to the happenings of the past. His forebears had been lovers of the soil; there had been a certain maternal grandfather, Colonel John Woods, who inherited a landed estate near Charlottesville, Virginia, from his father, Michael Woods, the emigrant.

At fourteen years of age he entered, as a clerk, the mercantile store of former acting Governor A. J. Williams at Columbia, Missouri, and remained until the death of his employer. This was followed by a like association at the same place with William Cornelius, a merchant, which lasted for several years. He then engaged, on his own account, in the same line of business at Middle Grove, Monroe county, Missouri, where he also acquired a farm and assumed its management. Later, he embarked in the mercantile business with James H. Parker at Rocheport, Missouri. The store at

Middle Grove and the one at Rocheport were burned during the Civil War, but both were rebuilt and his business progressed. Rocheport was then a prosperous Missouri river town, and constituted the main highway for this section of the country for transportation of passengers and freight to and from St. Louis.

Undaunted in purpose, he eventually became a merchant with a well established business and amassed a competency which enabled him to realize and carry out his ambition in the purchase and management of the farm, which afterwards became his life's work.

An oil portrait, long cherished by his children, and recently presented by them to The State Historical Society of Missouri at Columbia, was painted from life in 1837 by his friend, General George C. Bingham, the distinguished Missouri artist.

In 1887, while attending college in Columbia, it was my privilege to visit the studio of General Bingham. During our conversation, he drew my attention to one of his paintings with these words: "It was your father who suggested that picture to me." He told me that my father had seen, for the first time, a companion piece of the picture in question, called, "The County Election," and thereupon exclaimed, "Now, Bingham, why not paint the result of the election?" "The Result of the Election" followed and is one of the best of Bingham's pictures.

Another likeness, the gift of his son, Virgil M. Harris, of Saint Louis, Missouri, hangs in the Court House at Columbia, Missouri; there is also one in the Rocheport Bank, an institution which he organized, and of which he was the first president. The last mentioned pictures were enlarged from a photograph done by Sarony, of New York, and were taken at a time when he was in the full enjoyment of health, and located on his estate.

The McClure residence, built in 1844, created considerable interest among the inhabitants of that part of the country, and many of them came long distances, afoot and on horseback, to see the first frame dwelling erected in the western

part of the county. Facing the public road, with a broad and beautiful lawn, surrounded by noble elms and other fine shade trees, it was indeed a place long to be remembered. It was on this lawn, in 1850, that a hogshead of brown sugar was opened and distributed to our neighbors; it had been shipped by river from New Orleans by my grandfather, Dr. William McClure. Sugar was a rare commodity in that part of the country at that time. The mansion was ornamented with dormer windows, green shutters, and a veranda. My father, in 1869, remodeled the mansion, and the picturesque roof then gave way to one with long sloping sides. The lower and upper hallways were enlarged and their floors inlaid with alternate strips of walnut and ash. A winding stairway replaced the former enclosed one. With the exception of newly fitted carpets that were imported from England, the large double parlors, with their high ceilings and furniture of mid-Victorian mahogany, remained unchanged. There was spaciousness and a genuine air of comfort on every hand.

The family room required no alterations, as it was beautifully proportioned and lighted by eastern and southern windows. A distinctive feature was a spacious fireplace, where glowing hickory logs made cheerful the interior during the winter months. Rooms on the second floor were for the accommodation of guests and children. The dining room, enlarged until almost the width of the house, had an innovation in a bay window that overlooked the garden. This will serve to give a general idea of a house built in the early days, which attracted much attention. Bricks from a kiln on the place were employed in making pavements and walks. New outbuildings were constructed and repaired. Among these, was the early log cabin of Overton Harris, the pioneer. Another served Dr. William McClure as headquarters during his practice of medicine in this section. A modern office was built for the use of the owner, wherein were kept his books of account and other accessories. There was a children's playhouse, unique in construction, and adequately adapted to the purposes of its creation. The old mansion is, I believe, still standing.

"The Model Farm of Missouri," as stated, consisted of eighteen hundred acres (divided approximately into one-hundred-acre tracts), about one-half of which was under cultivation. The other half consisted of meadows, woodlands and forests. Large barns were erected at different points, at a cost of five thousand dollars each, which, in those days of cheap labor and material, represented a large sum of money in ready cash. These barns served for the storage of hay and grain, and for the protection of live stock in winter. Ornamental fences marked the home premises, and miles of stake and ridged rail fences divided the rest of the estate into convenient proportions. Never-failing springs and ponds were to be found in convenient locations. Everywhere, system and order prevailed. No weeds were allowed to flourish in out-of-the-way places, nor was debris of any description permitted to remain on the grounds. Employees were constantly at work for this purpose, as well as to keep in repair all buildings, fences, gates and other adjuncts of the place.

No record of "Model Farm" would be complete without the mention of the name of Deskin Settles. He entered the employ of my father as a young man, and remained until after my father's death as active manager and overseer, a period of nearly twenty-five years. Under him were twenty-five or thirty employees, both white men and negroes. A large bell on his premises, which could be heard for a mile, summoned the men to work in the morning and dismissed them at night. He had the complete confidence of my father, and our neighbors, and died as he had lived, a respected citizen of Boone county, leaving a considerable estate to his children.

A wonderful garden, several acres in extent, supervised by my mother, afforded a delightful retreat for members of the family and their friends. Its bordered walks were well kept, and shaded at intervals by vine-clad trellises. Here flowers, vegetables and berries were extensively cultivated. At the rear of this garden was a vineyard of two additional acres, yielding choice varieties of grapes, from which, yearly a large quantity of wine was made. Nearby orchards pro-

vided apples and peaches in abundance, and other fruits in season.

Every convenience known to that period, conducive to health and comfort, was introduced. The contents of a spacious ice-house supplied not only the family wants, but those of neighbors and strangers alike. Watermelons were kept in this ice-house from summer until the Christmas season. A famous well for drinking purposes was located in the front yard. Here countless numbers of travelers who frequented the public road satisfied their thirst from oaken buckets that were attached by a chain to a pulley wheel. Tradition ran that this sixty-foot well had been discovered by a pioneer "water witch," who was guided to it by the downward tendency of a green twig held in his hands. A large spring-fed pond in a nearby meadow afforded ample bathing and fishing facilities, and strangely enough, it was located on the highest land in the county; very near it was a well preserved building which had served as a tavern in early days, and was then known as "Bishop's Tavern;" it was located directly on the old Boone's Lick Road running from St. Charles to the salt springs and the town of Franklin in Howard county. The course of this road was plainly discernable as late as 1875, though it had long been abandoned.

The trees on "Model Farm" were of great variety. On all parts of the farm were to be found giant elms, and oak, walnut and hickory trees flourished. Hundreds of rare trees of many varieties, secured from nurseries and other sources, were distributed over the farm, care being taken to protect the young trees by wooden frames. When questioned by an observer as to the apparent waste of time and labor in this enterprise, my father replied: "Well, if I do not live to enjoy their shade and beauty, those who follow me will do so." Aside from the native elm, locust and maple trees, the spacious lawn was adorned by a number of cedars, spruces and pines, some of these ornamentally trimmed, outlining the circular carriage-way. Rare rose bushes and flowering shrubs surrounded the mansion, and vines of honeysuckle and wisteria covered the two latticed summer houses. Beneath the wide-

spreading branches of a century-old elm in the side yard, the children of the family spent many happy hours. Steps that inclined to the huge trunk of the tree penetrated its leafy depths at a distance of twenty feet above the ground, where rustic seats and a platform commanded a novel outlook on the surrounding premises.

A source of unusual interest, particularly to visitors, consisted of a deer park, twenty acres in extent. Especially high rail fences surrounded this park, and a small spring-fed stream ran through it. Here, about fifty deer and antelope were confined, under conditions as near like their native haunts as possible. Squirrels, rabbits and quail found a haven here. No gun was ever fired within its limits. In this park was splendid shade, as well as abundant grazing ground. At certain times in the year, the young fawns were found as they lay concealed in the tall blue grass that grew luxuriantly throughout the park. On one occasion, an angered buck challenged the presence of several strangers who had ventured into the enclosure unattended, and only the timely arrival of a negro slave prevented serious consequences. This negro man had Herculean strength, as well as Indian blood in his veins. He seized the infuriated animal by the horns and dexterously threw it to the ground.

An event of the early winter season, looked forward to by the colored people as their annual feast, was the "hog killing." Seventy-five to one hundred of these animals were slaughtered for family and farm use. Preparations for this occasion were always made in advance, when the firewood was hauled to a designated spot, and scalding kettles with other accessories made ready. On this particular day, as early as four o'clock in the morning, the negro men and women left their widely scattered homes and proceeded by footpaths to the meeting place. A call by one that broke the stillness of the frosty morning would be answered by another at a distance, and this was continued back and forth until their voices mingled harmoniously in song. One must have heard this to fully appreciate the joy that was theirs in the promise of fresh meat for present needs, and a bountiful supply of

bacon for the coming year; good feeding was a cardinal article of faith at "Model Farm," whether it had to do with men, horses, cattle, dogs or land.

My father never trafficked in slaves. Those in his employ either came to him and his wife by inheritance, or were born on the place. After the Proclamation of Emancipation, he placed each family in a separate home on the farm and paid them wages; each family was supplied with a cow, and all were encouraged in the cultivation of gardens for their own use. A night school was organized and maintained for the colored children. Quite a number of negro retainers occupied a line of cabins a short distance back of the mansion. Among these was an old Mammy, whose early history remained a secret during her long and useful life. It seems that when about eight years of age she was found running wild in the woods by the slaves of Dr. William McClure, near Warsaw, Kentucky. All efforts to locate her owner proved unavailing, and she remained under the care of the family of her adoption, and became, in time, a famous cook. It was under the bed of this aged negress that the small children of our household were concealed during the depredations of guerillas in Civil War times. Her son, Carter, was, in a sense, the major-domo at "Model Farm." He was quite religious and thoroughly trustworthy, and upon his death was buried in Walnut Grove Church Yard; the only negro, I believe, who was ever accorded that distinction. His chief duty was the care of the garden, but he had other tasks, and daily made his rounds of the farm, mounted on a white horse, followed by a shepherd dog. He also gave attention to the deer and antelope, and in winter time was an expert in trapping quail.

Then, there was Brooks, who had charge of the ox teams. He possessed one fault, which it took a long time to remedy; he was somewhat given to profanity when the oxen were recalcitrant.

Mack drove the family carriage. His delight was to "throw the dust," as he expressed it, by passing other vehicles on the road, much to the discomfort of all concerned. He

was a mighty hunter, and raccoon and opossum skins always adorned his cabin in season.

Jeff officiated as butcher. He was skilful with the knife and equally dexterous in removing a ham from the smoke-house, or a fat pullet from the roost. He is still living, and recently recounted to me some of his activities in the poultry line.

Countless numbers of wild geese and ducks visited this part of the country on their spring and autumnal migrations. It was no uncommon sight to see thousands of wild geese feeding in the wheat fields, and the ducks covering the neighboring ponds. At night they would repair to the Missouri River, five miles distant.

Lathrop Academy was quite an institution in its day. It was named for President Lathrop of the University of Missouri, and was located on the broad highway within the limits of "Model Farm." Children, and even grown-ups, came long distances to attend school here. It was not an imposing building, but a good one for those times. I saw it not many years ago, and Whittier's lines came to my mind:

"Still sits the school house by the road,

A ragged beggar sunning;

Around it still the sumachs grow,

And blackberry-vines are running."

The chief activities of the farm were directed toward the raising of fine cattle, horses, hogs and sheep. At times, several hundred cattle roamed over the pasture land. The horses were chiefly for riding purposes, and valued highly for their excellent qualities. Each member of the family had a horse or a pony, to which they were, respectively, much devoted. Domestic fowls of all descriptions, from the thrice gorgeous peacock on the lawn to the lowly duck of the barn yard, were in evidence. The first Alderny and Jersey cattle brought into Missouri were placed on "Model Farm," and at that time they were subjects of much ridicule on account of their size. My father was a lover of all animated nature, and particularly of song birds. Woe unto him who did harm to stock, or who killed a song bird, or destroyed its nest. We

were quite sure that we recognized our bird friends on their yearly return in the spring to the homes which were prepared for them, especially the twittering martins.

Each year, several hundred acres of wheat, corn and oats were raised, and rarely was there failure of a crop, for this was practically precluded by the fertilization of the soil and the rotation of crops.

The words quoted below from the "Columbia Herald" were published during the lifetime of my father, and fitly describe the efforts on his part to further and increase interest in agricultural pursuits:

"Honorable John W. Harris showed us recently a very fine gold medal, which he designs presenting to the student of our Agricultural College who shall read the best essay on the culture of 'Indian Corn.' The medal was made to order by Jaccard of St. Louis. It is of solid gold, and about the size and thickness of a silver dollar. One side is engraved in beautiful letters, 'Missouri State University, Agricultural College, Harris Medal.' On the reverse side is engraved in the foreground a shock of Indian corn. Outside of that circle is engraved, 'Industry, Wealth, Virtue.' Opposite, is a scroll left for the recipient's name. The Harris Medal is a yearly award, and last year was given to the student who delivered the best essay on 'Cows for Dairy Purposes'."

Nearly half a century has passed since the following lines were written, but they reflect the esteem with which my father was regarded. Mr. E. W. Stephens in the "Columbia Herald," said:

"Honorable John W. Harris was, in many respects, a remarkable man. He possessed an energy of character and an executive ability that were extraordinary. The splendid farm on which he died is the brightest proof of these distinguished elements of his character. Indeed, this farm is the sermon of his life, and will, for years to come, be a speaking model to every farmer, illustrating what it is possible for taste, energy, and good judgment to perform in that vocation of life. The town of Harrisburg, in northern Boone county, was named for him. Mr. Harris, during his lifetime, has been

a public man, and was very frequently urged for high public positions. He was a man who did not hoard his wealth, but devoted it to trading, and to the development of the stock and agricultural interests of this section. The death of such a man, upright, punctual, energetic and useful, is a public calamity to the State of Missouri."

Colonel William F. Switzler, in the "Columbia Statesman," wrote:

"Mr. Harris was frequently called to positions of honor and responsibility, the duties of which he discharged with promptness and fidelity. For many years he was a director in the old State Bank of the State of Missouri. In 1860 and 1864, he was a member of the General Assembly of the State of Missouri from the county of Boone. This was a most trying period in the history of the State, and Mr. Harris, distinguished himself by acting the part of a true patriot in co-operating with the conservative members of the Legislature in holding Missouri true and steady to her national constitutional obligations. In 1865, he was appointed by the Secretary of the Navy as one of the Board of Examiners to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. He was, for a number of years, an active member of the Board of Curators of the State University. He received from that institution the degree of 'Master of Agriculture,' bestowed upon him by the Curators, the only time that honor has been conferred on any citizen by that institution."

In "Colman's Rural World," of St. Louis, appeared the following tribute:

"Few men have labored more faithfully to promote public interests, and few have enjoyed more fully the confidence and respect of their fellow-men than John W. Harris. He held many high positions in this State, but his best efforts were made in improving and elevating the noble profession to which he gave his life's work. In farming, he displayed pre-eminent ability, great practical skill, and excellent taste, hence his Boone county farm was declared the premium farm of the State. He was repeatedly called upon to preside over the deliberations of the State Board of Agriculture, of which

he was long a member, being its president at his death. His eminent social qualities gave him a warm welcome at every fireside, and his domestic virtues made him the beloved and honored head of an appreciative family and a delightful home circle."

The founder and owner of "The Model Farm of Missouri" represented the old and the new culture. He cultivated and cherished friendships. His circle of friends included the leading men of the State. He loved books and devoted taste and time in building up a fine library of the world's best literature; nor did he neglect the leading magazines and newspapers of the day. He worshipped beauty and order. He practiced thrift but shunned parsimony. He was conservative in following the things proven sound, and progressive in trying the things promising advancement. He experimented with seeds and grain and trees, with cattle, hogs and sheep. He wanted to produce the best. His farm was a business, but it was also, in its finest sense, a home.

He was a firm believer in the advantages and independence of farm life, and in the beauties and virtues of the countryside, with cultured and refined surroundings; and after fifty years, as I look backward, I know that it meant much to me to grow up in such an environment. The fireside, the garden, the trees, the flowers, the birds, the old oaken bucket, the brook, the quickening of the spring, the glorious wealth of summer, and even the cutting winds of winter, as I knew them at "Model Farm," have been a constant source of happiness and inspiration in the journey of life.

John Woods Harris died May 3, 1877, in his sixty-first year, surviving his wife less than one year; they were buried in the family lot in the Cemetery at Columbia, Missouri. He left four children, all of whom are living: Mrs. Mattie Harris Hendrick, wife of William J. Hendrick, New York City; Mrs. Jane Harris Rogers, widow of Johnson Rogers, St. Paul, Minnesota; Virgil McClure Harris, trust officer of The National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis; and John Woods Harris, president of the Peoples Bank & Trust Company, East Las Vegas, New Mexico.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL

1848-1880

BY RALPH P. BIEBER

Much has been said and written about the Santa Fe Trail. Its origin, its commercial aspects, its romantic features, and its stirring tales of hardship and adventure, all have been told and retold. Most of the accounts, however, have been limited to the period before 1848. It is the purpose of this paper to continue the narrative from that time and to outline the story of the Trail between the Mexican War and the coming of the railroads.

Nor is the history of the Trail in its later years of any less importance than in the days of its pioneer development. With the annexation and occupation of Mexican territory, a new era in the history of the Santa Fe Trail began. No longer was its chief western terminus in a foreign land. Hence its commerce, formerly foreign, became primarily domestic, and though thereby deprived of much of its romantic character the value and variety of trade soon mounted to heights never dreamed of in former days. Moreover, the Trail became the one great bond that united the newly-acquired possessions in the far Southwest to the rest of the United States. It became a medium for the rather slow process of Americanizing a region which for two and a half centuries had been living under the influences of a Spanish civilization. Of even greater significance was its relation to the settlement of the immense stretch of land between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. In 1848 the Trail passed through the Indian country and across vast, unsettled plains before it reached the territory of New Mexico and the country beyond. By 1880 thriving states and territories had arisen along the greater part of its course. The great unsettled West was passing away. It is this fact that gives the Santa Fe Trail its chief

claim to importance after the Mexican War, for the history of the Trail in its later years is simply a part of the history of the vanishing frontier.

The story of the Trail breaks up into three fairly distinct periods: (1) 1848-1860, a period of increased commerce and overland migration; (2) 1860-1867, a period of conflict; and (3) 1867-1880, the railroad period. The characteristics and problems of each of these periods of the Santa Fe Trail are practically identical with the characteristics and problems of the whole frontier for the same time.

One of the striking characteristics of the period between the Mexican and Civil wars was the increased commercial importance of the Trail, exhibited in the rapidly growing exports and imports to and from the Southwest. In 1849 and following a new feature in the history of the trail was introduced with the emigration of settlers to the gold fields of California by way of Santa Fe. This movement of population continued to a greater or less extent until 1858, when another emigration began—this time to the gold mines of Colorado. Another innovation came in 1850, when, due to the necessity of establishing a closer communication with the far-off territories, a regular overland mail was organized between Missouri and New Mexico and put into successful operation. All these activities across the Great Plains led to Indian hostilities, to a change in our Indian policy, and to the introduction of some system of military protection for the road by the United States. By 1860 the Southwest had been brought closer to the rest of the country and the existence of the frontier had been weakened but not severely shaken.

Several new problems presented themselves for solution in the period between 1860 and 1867. During these years the Trail was primarily a military highway with conflicts raging along the main route from Missouri to New Mexico. At the eastern end military protection was required against the depredations of Bushwhackers, "Red Legs," Guerillas, Jayhawkers, and ordinary highwaymen. Toward the central and western end protection became necessary to halt the advance of the troops of the Confederacy. And along the whole route

the best of protection was needed against the Indians who had finally risen with a vengeance to smite the white man for his encroachments upon their territory. These conflicts taxed the strength of the Federal troops to the utmost. Commerce and migration had increased in the meantime, and some people were beginning to realize that the Great American Desert was in reality a future home for thousands of settlers. While the occurrences along the Santa Fe Trail during these years contributed to the further weakening of the frontier, the period closed without any serious menace to its existence.

But a change was imminent. The Indian problem of the Trail, which had been an ever-present one since the days of the Mexican War, was finally solved in the last period of the Trail's history. The redoubtable Sheridan, with the aid of his brilliant subordinate Custer, crushed the Indians in a winter campaign in 1868 and 1869, and forced them on to reservations previously assigned to them by the national government. At the same time the eastern terminal of the Trail retreated westward before the rapid advance of the railroads. Countless settlers followed close upon the heels of the railroad builders, so that by 1880, when the locomotive made its appearance in Santa Fe, the greater part of the country through which the Trail had passed was dotted with settlers. A new day had dawned. It was the beginning of the end of the last American frontier. To this accomplishment the Santa Fe Trail had contributed not a little.

Of the various aspects of the Trail thus outlined, only a few can be discussed in the brief space allotted to this paper. A necessary preliminary to an account of the Trail is a description of the route it traversed. Prior to the Civil War the main route, except for its eastern terminus, remained the same as it had been before 1846. It still passed from the Missouri River in a southwesterly direction through Council Grove and on to Santa Fe, whence one branch proceeded south by way of El Paso to Chihuahua and Durango in Mexico, and the other proceeded west to the Pacific. Leaving out of consideration the minor routes from the Arkansas frontier and from eastern Texas, the main route for a number of years

had Independence as its principal eastern terminus; but by the beginning of the Mexican War the towns of Westport and Kansas had arisen as rivals.¹ Though retarded by the cholera epidemic, these towns had made such rapid progress that by 1855 they had displaced Independence as the principal point of departure for the Santa Fe traders. Because of its superior shipping facilities on the Missouri River the City of Kansas or Kansas City, as Kansas was now called, became the main depot. Its growth from a small village with about 300 inhabitants in 1851 to a good-sized town of about 7,000 in 1860, was due almost entirely to its position at the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe Trail.² At the same time, with the growth of government transportation across the plains, Ft. Leavenworth, and later Leavenworth City, became of increasing importance as shipping points for government stores to the Indians and to the military forces on the plains and in the Southwest.³

Further changes occurred at the eastern end of the road between 1860 and 1867. On account of the unsettled conditions along the Kansas-Missouri border some of the Santa Fe business at Kansas City was driven to Leavenworth, the trade being about equally divided between these two towns. Specifically, this change was due to Ft. Leavenworth being made military headquarters of the Department of the West,

¹F. Dobel to Ferguson and Alvarez, Aug. 25, 1844, *Alvares Papers* (Mss., New Mexico Historical Society); William Gillis to Sol. Sublette, Jan. 20, 1845, *Sublette Papers* (Mss., Missouri Historical Society); *Memoirs of James J. Webb, 1844-1847* (Webb Mss., James H. Webb Collection, New Haven), 114; W. H. Chick, "My Earlier Recollections of the Santa Fe Trail," in *Kansas City Star*, Dec. 14, 1906; L. H. Garrard, *Wah-to-yah and the Taos Trail* (Cincinnati, 1880), 1-5; C. C. Spalding, *Annals of the City of Kansas* (Kansas City, 1858), 32; *Daily Missouri Republican*, June 22, 25, 1846.

²*Kansas City Enterprise*, Jan. 19, May 24, 1856; *Western Journal of Commerce*, Jan. 9, Mar. 6, 1858, July 21, 1859; *Daily Mo. Rep.*, May 17, 1849, June 3, Aug. 11, 1851, Jan. 31, 1853, May 10, 1855, Jan. 10, Nov. 4, 1859; *St. Joseph Gazette*, May 5, 1848, Feb. 2, 1849; *Liberty Tribune*, Nov. 5, 1847; *Herald of Freedom*, Jan. 20, June 2, 1855; A. N. Doerschuk, *Westport* (Mss., Kansas City Public Library), 1-3; Union Historical Company, *History of Jackson County, Missouri* (Kansas City, 1881), 644.

³*Sen. Ex. Docs.*, 31 Cong., 2 Sess., No. 11, pp. 17, 22; *ibid.*, 33 Cong., 1 Sess., No. 37, p. 34; *West. Journal of Commerce*, Oct. 6, 1859; S. J. Spear, "Reminiscences," in *Kansas State Historical Society Collections*, XIII (1915), 346-351.

to the depredations on the Trail near Kansas City, and to the struggle between Northerner and Southerner in Kansas City itself. The route taken from Leavenworth was usually by way of Lawrence or Topeka, striking the old Trail somewhere between the present towns of Burlingame and Wilmington, and thence on to Council Grove.⁴ An additional change of greater significance came about in 1862, when a road was opened up to the north of the old Trail from Ft. Leavenworth to Ft. Larned by way of Topeka, Junction City, Salina, and Ellsworth. This road, used chiefly by the government for the transportation of troops and military stores before 1867, was destined to supersede the old Trail east of Ft. Larned when the railroad began to move westward.⁵

And the coming of the railroad was near at hand. With the construction of the Kansas Pacific Railroad in the sixties, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad in the seventies, the last period of the Santa Fe Trail began. In 1865 the Kansas Pacific reached Lawrence, in the following year Topeka and Junction City, and thereafter continued rapidly westward, locating its tracks far enough south to accommodate the Santa Fe trade. For a short time a small amount of the Santa Fe business was diverted from Leavenworth and Kansas City to Lawrence and Topeka, but by 1867 this trade overland by ox-team and by mule-team came to an end in all these towns, and proceeded instead from Junction City over the northern route by way of Ellsworth to Ft. Larned. This definitely marked the end of the Old Santa Fe Trail east

⁴*Chase Letters* (Mss., Kans. State Hist. Soc.), Aug. 8, 1863; *Official Records of the Rebellion* (hereafter cited as *O. R.*), Ser. I, Vol. III, p. 384; *House Ex. Docs.*, 39 Cong., 1 Sess., III, No. 105, p. 746; *Kansas City Journal of Commerce*, Mar. 27, Dec. 13, 1865, April 15, 1876; *Council Grove Press*, April 27, 1861; *Leavenworth Daily Conservative*, May 24, 1861, Sept. 28, 1862; *Smoky Hill and Republican Union*, Oct. 11, 1862; *Santa Fe New Mexican*, May 27, 1864; *Daily Mo. Rep.*, Aug. 19, 1861; R. M. Wright, "Personal Reminiscences," in *Kans. State Hist. Soc. Collections VII* (1902), 48; H. Smith, *The Santa Fe Trail* (Kansas City, 1907), 9-12; B. Smyth, *Heart of the New Kansas* (1880), 74-75; W. H. Miller, *History of Kansas City* (Kansas City, 1881), 103.

⁵*House Ex. Docs.*, 37 Cong., 3 Sess., No. 82, p. 676; *ibid.*, 39 Cong., 1 Sess., III, No. 105, pp. 744-746; *O. R.*, Ser. I, Vol. XLI, Pt. 2, p. 378; *ibid.*, Pt. 3, p. 37; *Smoky Hill and Rep. Union*, July 12, 1862, May 21, 1864; *Junction City Union*, May 4, 1867; *Kans. State Hist. Soc. Collections*, VII, 113; *ibid.*, XI (1910), 565-566.

of Ft. Larned.⁶ The change is graphically described in an exultant article in the *Junction City Union* in August, 1867: "A few years ago the freighting wagons and oxen passing through Council Grove were counted by thousands, the value of merchandise by millions. But the shriek of the iron horse has silenced the lowing of the panting ox, and the old trail looks desolate. The track of the commerce of the plains has changed, and with the change is destined to come other changes better and more blessed."⁷ As the Kansas Pacific proceeded westward across Kansas, the end of the railroad line became for a time the eastern terminus of the Trail. In 1867, Junction City, Salina, and Ellsworth, in turn, became eastern terminals; in 1868, Ellsworth and Hays City; in 1869, Sheridan; and in 1870, Kit Carson, Colorado. Ellsworth, while the eastern terminus, connected with the old Trail at Ft. Larned; Hays City at Ft. Dodge; and Sheridan and Kit Carson at Ft. Lyon. By the close of 1870, therefore, the Old Santa Fe Trail as a highway of through traffic had come to an end in Kansas, and had receded westward before the advance of the Kansas Pacific Railroad.⁸

But it was a full decade more before the Trail to Santa Fe passed into history. Kit Carson, Colorado, on the Kansas Pacific, remained the chief eastern terminus until 1873, when a line was completed south to West Las Animas on the Arkansas. Meanwhile, the Santa Fe Railroad began active operations and built with great energy across the state of Kansas, following the deserted course of the old Trail up the Arkansas until, early in 1873, it reached Granada in eastern

⁶*Santa Fe Weekly Gazette*, Jan. 14, Dec. 9, 16, 1865, April 21, 1866; *Santa Fe New Mexican*, in *Smoky Hill and Rep. Union*, Dec. 26, 1863; *Junction City Union*, Nov. 17, 1866, Mar. 9, Aug. 31, 1867; *Council Grove Democrat*, July 21, 1866; *K. C. Journal of Commerce*, Mar. 13, 1867; J. Maloy, *History of Morris County, Kansas* (Kans. State Hist. Soc., 1886), 102.

⁷*Junction City Union*, Aug. 31, 1867.

⁸*Report of Pres. of Union Pacific R. R., E. D., to Sec. of Int.* (St. Louis, 1867); *Kansas Pacific Railroad, Annual Report*, 1868, 10, 12, 36; *ibid.*, 1869, 8; *ibid.*, 1870, 8, 14, 19; U. P. R. R., E. D., *Economy to the Government* (Washington, 1868), 3, 22; *House Ex. Docs.*, 42 Cong., 2 Sess., Pt. 2, No. 1, p. 38; *Junction City Union*, Jan. 19, Mar. 16, May 25, 1867; *Hays City Railway Advance*, June 23, 1868; *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, April 25, 26, 1870; *Rocky Mountain Directory* (Denver, 1870), 124; J. L. Tracy, *Guide to the Great West* (St. Louis, 1871), 66-67.

Colorado. From the autumn of that year Granada, on the Santa Fe, and West Las Animas, on the Kansas Pacific, became competing points for the trade of southern Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, and this relation continued until December, 1875, when both railroads extended their lines west to La Junta, which in turn became the main re-shipping point. Early in 1876, the Santa Fe Railroad reached Pueblo, and soon afterward the Denver and Rio Grande was opened from Pueblo to El Moro, extensions which moved the terminus of the Trail still further south to El Moro. Then as the Santa Fe pushed southward from La Junta through the Raton Pass and on to New Mexico, Trinidad, Colorado, in 1878, and Otero and Las Vegas, New Mexico, in 1879, became the respective terminals; and finally on February 9, 1880, "the locomotive thundered into Santa Fe, and broke the spell which for three centuries had shut from the modern world the city of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis."¹⁰ While the natives crowded around and looked upon this new method of transportation with curiosity and amazement, they were told that this would be the beginning of a new and better period in the history of their territory.

Only a brief treatment of one more topic can be presented: the Overland Stage and Mail to Santa Fe. The establishment of an overland stage to Santa Fe was the result of conditions produced by the Mexican War. Before this conflict letters and newspapers to and from New Mexico were entrusted to traders and travelers who would see to it that they

⁹Atchison, *Topoka and Santa Fe Railroad, Annual Report, 1872-1873*, 12, 25-26; *ibid.*, 1874, 28, 35, 36; *ibid.*, 1875, 6-8, 25, 29; K. P. R. R., *Annual Report, 1873*, 7, 20; *ibid.*, 1875, 17; *House Ex. Docs.*, 42 Cong., 3 Sess., Pt. 2, No. 1, p. 47; *Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, Aug. 6, Nov. 12, 1873; *Santa Fe Weekly New Mexican*, Dec. 28, 1875, Feb. 1, 8, 1876; *Rocky Mountain Directory* (Denver, 1870), 411; *Rocky Mountain News, Routes of Travel in Colorado* (Denver, 1874), 17, 52; A. C. Wheeler, *The Iron Trail* (New York, 1876), 20-21; O. L. Baskin & Co., *History of the Arkansas Valley, Colorado*. (Chicago, 1881), 845-846.

¹⁰A., T. & S. F. R. R., *Annual Report, 1876*, 6, 25; *ibid.*, 1878, 26; *ibid.*, 1879, 25-26; K. P. R. R., *San Juan Mines: Albuquerque Review*, June 10, 1876; *Santa Fe Weekly New Mexican*, April 25, 1876, Sept. 21, Nov. 9, 1878, Feb. 15, June 7, 14, 1879, Feb. 14, 21, 1880; W. S. Hinckley, *Early Days of the Santa Fe* (Topeka, 1909), 41, 43; J. E. Greene, "Santa Fe Trade," in *U. S. Cav. Assoc. Journal*, X (1897), 277; Baskin & Co., *Hist. Ark. Val., Col.*, 846.

were delivered to their destinations. But with the outbreak of hostilities in 1846, the War Department, in order to meet the demand for communication with the troops in Northern Mexico, organized a military pony express to this region, which, in August, 1849, developed into a regular monthly service from Ft. Leavenworth to Santa Fe.¹¹ This arrangement proved to be insufficient to meet the increased demands for communication in time of peace, and as a result in 1850 the Postmaster General ordered the establishment of a regular wagon mail between Independence and Santa Fe. Waldo, Hall and Company, of Independence, were awarded the contract. They were required to transport the mail once a month each way commencing July 1, and to complete each trip in thirty days.¹²

This was the beginning of a regular overland stage and mail from Missouri to New Mexico and the first of its kind across the plains. In 1857, because of increased traffic, it started to run semi-monthly; in 1858, weekly; in 1866, tri-weekly; and in 1868, daily.¹³ Before 1861, it reached Santa Fe by way of the Cimarron route, but thereafter, due to the gold rush to Colorado and to the establishment of Ft. Lyon, it changed to the mountain route by way of Ft. Lyon, Bent's Fort, and Raton Pass. In spite of snow storms and hail storms, in spite of flooded rivers, muddy roads, and Indian attacks, the sturdy Santa Fe coach continued to rumble over the rolling plains in warm weather and in cold weather

¹¹*Alvarez, Bent, and Gregg Letters, 1839-1846* (Mss., Benjamin M. Read Collection, Santa Fe); *Sen. Ex. Docs.*, 31 Cong., 1 Sess., No. 26, pp. 26, 31; *Santa Fe Republican*, Nov. 27, 1847, April 2, July 18, 1848; *Santa Fe New Mexican*, Nov. 24, 1849; *Daily Mo. Rep.*, Aug. 19, 1846, Feb. 19, 22, Sept. 9, 1847, April 21, Sept. 12, 1849; Garrard, *Wah-to-yah*, 29.

¹²David Waldo to David Waldo, Nov. 6, 1851, *Waldo Papers* (Mss., Mo. Hist. Soc.); *Santa Fe Nuevo Mexicano—Extra*, July 30, 1850 (Benjamin M. Read Collection, Santa Fe); *Daily Mo. Rep.*, June 4, July 26, Oct. 21, 1850; *Liberty Tribune*, July 12, 1850.

¹³*K. C. Ent.*, July 25, 1857; *Daily Mo. Rep.*, July 26, 1857; *K. C. Journal of Commerce*, April 10, 1859; *Council Grove Democrat*, May 18, 1866; *Santa Fe Weekly Gazette*, July 7, 1866; *Hays City Railway Advance*, June 23, 1868; James Brice, *Reminiscences of Ten Years Experience on the Western Plains* (Kansas City, 1905), 1-4.

with great regularity, only to cease its activities with the coming of the railroads.¹⁴

But before the day of the railroad and of the telegraph, the Santa Fe Stage provided the quickest means of communication and transportation between the United States and its territories in the Southwest. It was the pioneer stage route across the plains, and was the forerunner of the great overland stage lines to the Pacific, which, in turn, pointed the way for the transcontinental railroads of a later day. Through it the government communicated with its civil and military officers in New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado, as well as with its military forces on the Great Plains. The latest news from the "states" and from abroad was brought by it to Santa Fe. It carried the mail and express, both important to merchants and to frontier inhabitants. Then, too, travelers and some emigrants used it as the best conveyance to and from the Southwest. In short, the overland stage and mail from Missouri to New Mexico was an important factor in keeping the southwest territories in constant touch with the rest of the United States, and remained so until displaced by its more famous successors, the telegraph and the railroad.

These are but brief sketches of certain aspects of the Santa Fe Trail between 1848 and 1880. Additional phases remain to be treated, such as overland commerce, overland migration, military conflicts, Indian relations, railroad building, and the coming of settlers. A further consideration of these subjects would reveal that about the Santa Fe Trail was woven much of the history of the vanishing frontier.

¹⁴*K. C. Journal of Commerce*, April 10, 1859; *Daily Mo. Rep.*, Aug. 27, 1859; *West. Journal of Commerce*, Feb. 21, 1861; Brice, *Reminiscences*, 14.

THE HOLT COUNTY SENTINEL

A CHRONICLE OF LOCAL HISTORY

BY ELIZABETH SPENCER

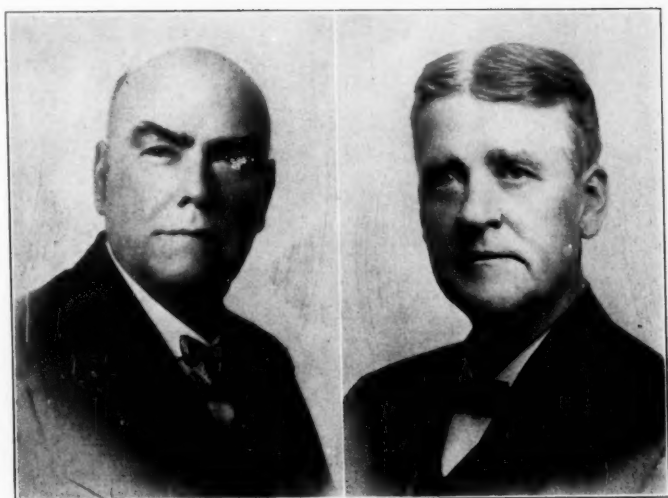
A complete and accessible file of a county newspaper is both valuable and rare. Our newspapers, since the early days, have contained local and national history. The historians have depended on these papers for much of their information. The unfortunate part is the incompleteness and the inaccessibility of the average newspaper file. They are incomplete because many early editors did not realize the future value of their papers and so did not attempt to keep complete files. Many other papers were destroyed by fire and water. Due to lack of indexes the files are frequently inaccessible for quick reference work. The early newspapers in the west were county papers. There are in Missouri relatively few complete files of these old county newspapers. There are fewer still of these files that can be readily used by the public. However, in the northwest part of this state is a county paper that nears perfection in these two respects. The editors have a complete file of the paper, stored in a fireproof vault, and a usable index to this newspaper file. This noteworthy paper is *The Holt County Sentinel*. It is published in Oregon, Holt county, Missouri. The editors are Mr. D. P. Dobyns and Mr. Tom Curry. There is perhaps no other community in the nation whose history is so completely recorded and indexed from a newspaper file as is the community near the home of *The Holt County Sentinel*.

The *Sentinel* is not the oldest newspaper in Holt county. *The Holt County News* first published on Wednesday, July 1, 1857, marked the advent of the newspaper into Holt county. The *Monitor*, first published in 1858, was the second and the *Sentinel* the third. The first *Holt County Sentinel* was published in 1861 by Daniel Zook and Company. This paper

was discontinued after the first five issues. Two years later, in 1863, the *Sentinel* again appeared. The first issue was No. 6 and Mr. Zook was again the editor. Publication was once more suspended with issue No. 17 which appeared October 30, 1863. The first issue of the present *Holt County Sentinel* was on Friday, June 30, 1865. The editor of this early paper was Charles W. Bowman, who was the son of a pioneer preacher. Mr. Bowman sold the paper to A. R. Rowley. The paper changed hands several times during the ensuing years. In 1876 the *Sentinel* became the property of Mr. W. W. Davenport and at this time D. P. Dobyns, the present editor, took charge of the mechanical department. In 1881 Mr. Dobyns became publisher of the paper and the name was changed to *The County Paper*. In 1883 Mr. Tom Curry became his partner. At this time the name of the paper again became *The Holt County Sentinel*. From 1883 to the present the paper has been under the continuous management of Mr. Dobyns and Mr. Curry.

In November, 1914, the *Sentinel* was incorporated and capitalized for \$10,000. Mr. D. P. Dobyns is president and Mr. Tom Curry is secretary and treasurer. The employees in the office are changed now and then. Many good journalists have received their early training in this office. One stand-by on the *Sentinel* staff should be mentioned, R. T. Dobyns, who has been with the *Sentinel* since 1911. He learned the trade with his father, Charles H. Dobyns. Young "Dick" Dobyns was reared in a printing office and is at home in any department. He is an expert linotype operator and printer and the neat appearance of the *Sentinel* is largely due to his care and attention.

The *Sentinel* began as a very modest, six-page folio. Its first home was a one-story frame house. The first outfit consisted of a second-hand Washington hand press, a small amount of brevier and display type. This press printed 250 papers an hour. Each side was printed on different days. The paper used was made mostly of rags and was a better quality than the paper used today. The day before the paper was to be printed the foreman took the required number of



D. P. DOBYNS

TOM CURRY



sheets and wet them down. An average issue took about a gallon of water. A weight was then put on these papers and the next day they were ready for the ink, which was applied by hand. The news in the early *Sentinel* was much like that in all early papers. It did contain local news of interest, however, which many papers did not.

In 1890 the *Sentinel* owners discarded their Washington hand press for a new press known as a Country press. This Country press has now been replaced by the best modern presses with folders attached. The *Sentinel* now has a modern brick home. There is a room for job printing on the second floor. There is also a linotype machine in the printing room so that the entire paper is printed at home.

Mr. Dobyns and Mr. Curry are both experienced newspaper men. This has been a great aid to them in making the *Sentinel* one of the best rural newspapers in Missouri. Mr. Dobyns, or "Deacon" Dobyns as he is familiarly known, is a native Missourian. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1845. He obtained a public school education in the St. Louis schools. When fifteen years old he joined the Union army and served until the end of the war. Mr. Dobyns began his career in the newspaper world as a printer on the old *Missouri Republican*, later called *The St. Louis Republic*. His first experience in rural journalism was on the *Macon* (Missouri) *Argus*. From this paper he went to the *St. Joseph Herald*. In 1876 he started work on the paper he now edits.

Mr. Curry was born in Plymouth county, Iowa, in 1856, and was brought to Holt county, Missouri, the following year. Mr. Curry began learning newspaper work as an apprentice on the *Missouri Valley Times* published in Oregon, Missouri. Later he left Holt county and broadened his experience by working on several metropolitan dailies. In 1883 he returned to Oregon, Mo., and became junior editor of the *Sentinel*. In February, 1885, Mr. Curry married Wilhelmina Fiegenbaum, who is of great assistance to him in his newspaper work.

Mr. Dobyns and Mr. Curry have for forty years edited a good paper. They do not resort to sensationalism but

attempt to give their readers the truth about their community. The editors put into the *Sentinel* all news of local interest and merit. Their paper now goes to every state and territory of the United States and to several foreign countries. The *Sentinel* has effectively aided the people of Holt county in securing water works, electric lights, railroads, telephones and rural routes. Mr. Dobyns, the editor, has kept a complete file of the paper since its beginning. This file is well bound and is stored in fireproof vaults. He also has a splendid index to the articles which have appeared in his paper. This file and index of the *Sentinel* make it possible for this man to settle, in a few minutes, disputes regarding crimes, deaths, fires, storms, accidents, marriages, births, suicides, etc., which have occurred in his county. There is practically no question relating to Holt county that Mr. Dobyns cannot answer by referring to his newspapers. The service of this indexed file of the *Sentinel* to its community is inestimable.

Mr. Dobyns has a system of keeping his historical and statistical data that is as near perfect as any known. He has been brought before various state conventions and at least one national assembly of his fellow editors, to explain his methods of compiling current history and making the most of its news value.

Mr. Dobyns' system covers all features—statistical, biographical, historical, religious, educational and political. It includes war history from 1861 to date. His system of collecting this data is simple. Monthly he publishes a record of all marriages, births, deaths, divorces and suicides in the county. Annually he publishes these arranged alphabetically. These are clipped and pasted in their respective index volumes, of which nearly three score have been completed. A table is also made by the year giving the ratio of births to deaths, divorces to marriages, etc. In this way Mr. Dobyns has a complete record of the vital statistics of his county for a period of more than forty years. In most counties it would take months of research to find material that may be obtained from the *Sentinel* files in a few minutes. Mr. Dobyns also keeps a record of the more important social events and

publishes them yearly in alphabetical order and these go in their respective volumes. The same is done for accidents, stating the nature of the accident. "Deacon" Dobyns' record contains data for a history of the county. He has a roster of all county and legislative officials with dates of their service, from the beginning of the county in 1841. There is a complete record of all murders. All the bank statements for over thirty years are in his records. There are also records of fiscal affairs, real estate, county finances, biographies, lodges, weather reports, fires, railroads, early settlers, etc. There are few sides of life in Holt county in the past forty years which have not been recorded by Mr. Dobyns and which he cannot refer to at a moment's notice so clear, methodical and practical is his system. Aside from the files of his own paper Mr. Dobyns has, in his vaults, practically complete files of all papers edited in Holt county. This work is the avocation as well as the vocation of Mr. Dobyns, which may in part account for its perfection. He is justly proud of his well-bound files stored in fireproof vaults and of the usable index that he has compiled to these files.

Due to the will and determination of its editors *The Holt County Sentinel* has never missed an issue. In 1881 there was a devastating flood that prevented the editors securing paper for one issue. They collected manila wrapping paper and on this printed their issue. Each edition has been a valuable step in the formation of these historical files. The value of these files to the people of Holt county and of the state is remarkable.

In his recent inaugural address Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, president of the University of Missouri, said, "The justification for public support of the University is found not in the success of its graduates but rather in the fact that they render a *service* that is necessary to the community in which they live * * * * *". This idea of service to the public was also brought forth in the recent death of Charles P. Steinmetz. He died leaving practically no monetary inheritance. He had, however, rendered an inestimable service to his country through his electrical discoveries. The care-

fully indexed and well preserved files of *The Holt County Sentinel* are another example of a public-spirited work. They have been used for years and they will continue to be used.

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC, 1879-1900

BY R. E. RIEGEL

The year 1879 marks a distinct line of division in the history of the Missouri Pacific, which is little short of cataclysmic. Prior years had seen the development of the road along lines similar to that of any other western road; progress was made very slowly, because the precarious affairs of the company never warranted a rapid advance; each succeeding board of directors was optimistic, but was inhibited from very rapid action because of the very nature of the case.

Two factors were of especial importance in the change which occurred in 1879. The first was the condition of the road itself. The rapid western immigration of the latter seventies had given the road a practical basis for financial returns, while the increasing prosperity of the country was plainly visible by that year. The second great factor was the purchase of the line by Jay Gould and its use as the foundation of a railroad empire in the southwest. These tendencies converging in 1879 gave promise of the very rapid expansion which occurred during the boom period of the early eighties.

The Gould interest in western railroads had been acquired in order to bring the Union Pacific to terms, and in consequence embraced particularly roads which might constitute the basis of a new transcontinental line along the central route—the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific, the Kansas Pacific, the Denver Pacific, the Denver, South Park and Pacific, the St. Joseph and Denver, the Central Branch Union Pacific, and the Denver and Rio Grande.¹

Within a year there was complete readjustment of the Gould holdings, and a complete change in objective. The purchase of the Kansas Pacific and the Denver Pacific was purely a speculative venture, and when these lines were

¹*Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, Vol. 29 (1879), p. 583.

consolidated with the Union Pacific and Gould had received his profit, the stock was sold. With them went the Denver, South Park and Pacific, a local Colorado road. The Denver and Rio Grande was an even wilder speculation. In 1879 it was in the midst of an internal struggle for control and also of a fight to the death with the Santa Fe for the control of new territory. Gould involved himself in these affairs, but with his loss of interest in the Union Pacific system no longer had any use for the Denver and Rio Grande, and disposed of his holdings. The St. Joseph and Denver and the Central Branch Union Pacific were also of little value, except as a threat to the Union Pacific. Neither line had been constructed very far and their immediate utility was small. On the other hand they had been bought cheaply and could easily be held for a future profit. Because of these reasons control was maintained, but active construction was stopped for the immediate future.²

The two important roads that were left after these readjustments were the Wabash and the Missouri Pacific. The Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific had been formed Nov. 7, 1879, by a consolidation of the Wabash Railway Company of Ohio and the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern of Missouri (formerly the North Missouri).³ This consolidation gave the Wabash, and consequently all the Gould roads, a rather unique position. Nearly all the larger western lines were distinctively Chicago or St. Louis roads, but the Wabash lay in a central position, thus having access to either of these places as well as having a central direct line to cities such as Cincinnati and Toledo. It also had western connections to Council Bluffs, Kansas City and St. Jo., and in consequence entered into more competitive fields than any of its rivals.⁴ It added to its strategic value by immediately acquiring and

²Compare the reference given in footnote 1 to *Ibid.*, Vol. 30 (1880), pp. 308-9. A more detailed knowledge of the situation may be obtained by consulting *Poor's Manual* for each of the roads concerned.

³*Fifth Annual Report of the Railroad Commissioners of the State of Missouri* (1879 and 1880), p. 39; *Chronicle*, Vol. 29 (1879), p. 226; *History of Caldwell and Livingston Counties, Missouri* (St. Louis, 1886), p. 856.

⁴*Chronicle*, Vol. 30 (1880), p. 308.

building the Quincy, Missouri and Pacific, which gave a direct line across northern Missouri.⁵

With the Wabash and the Missouri Pacific as a starting point, two objectives became important. The first was to make adequate through connections, particularly to the Gulf and to the Pacific, and the second was either to destroy or to buy off competition. In the case of making connections the dominant characteristic was the entire absence of any thought of construction—such a policy would have been entirely at variance with Gould's plan of business. The possible roads with which trans-continental connections might be made were the Union Pacific, the Santa Fe, and the Southern Pacific. Only the first of these was finished in 1879, but the others had a reasonable chance of completion. The Union Pacific was undesirable, however, because the Chicago roads making connections at Council Bluffs would always have much shorter lines than the Gould roads unless an entire new road were constructed. Under any probable circumstances the Gould roads would always be under a distinct disadvantage. In the case of the Santa Fe any kind of an agreement was highly improbable. The Santa Fe was controlled by Boston capital, and was very bitter in its feelings towards its competitor the Missouri Pacific. Control could not be bought, and any traffic agreement, while quite improbable, could never be entirely satisfactory to the Missouri Pacific.⁶

The only logical solution of the problem of transcontinental communication was the connection with the Southern Pacific, and to make this connection the road that immediately presented itself was the Texas and Pacific. Under Thomas Scott the Texas and Pacific had been waging a losing fight throughout the seventies with the Southern Pacific.⁷ The Southern Pacific had the money to complete a transcontinental line but not the right—the Texas and Pacific had the right

⁵*Ibid.*, Vol. 28 (1879), p. 600.

⁶*Chronicle*, Vol. 30 (1880), pp. 334-6, and Vol. 32 (1881), p. 314.

⁷The best account of the struggle between the Southern Pacific and the Texas and Pacific is J. G. Dixon, *The Construction of the Southern Pacific*, a 1921 M. A. thesis in the library of the University of Wisconsin; see also W. E. Smythe, *History of San Diego 1542-1908*, (San Diego, 1908), pp. 358-363.

but not the money. The principal scene of the fight was in Washington, where the Southern Pacific people were trying to get their charter extended, and also were opposing Thomas Scott, who was trying to get Congressional aid for the Texas and Pacific. The chief difficulty with which both parties had to contend was public opinion, which had taken a distinctly economical and anti-monopolistic turn. The first of these feelings operated sufficiently to stop Scott's plan, while the second stopped Huntington. The Gordian knot was cut when the Southern Pacific secured territorial charters and started building east on its own resources. By 1879 Scott was beaten and knew it, so that he was willing to dispose of his holdings to Gould, who immediately made a traffic agreement with the Southern Pacific.⁸ The two roads were finally connected east of El Paso in 1882.⁹

The immediate danger which the Huntington-Gould combination had to face was the Santa Fe. The Santa Fe had made an agreement in 1880 with the St. Louis and San Francisco for the joint completion and use of the Atlantic and Pacific, which had a transcontinental charter.¹⁰ The carrying out of this plan would mean that the Santa Fe would have a complete line to the Pacific that would be shorter than its southern competitor. To meet this threat immediate action was taken. The Southern Pacific built a branch which crossed the Colorado River at the Needles, thus monopolizing the only two possible southern crossings.¹¹ At the same time Huntington and Gould bought a controlling interest in the St. Louis and San Francisco, which gave them also a half interest in the Atlantic and Pacific,¹² and forced the Santa Fe to secure a Pacific outlet at Guaymas, Mexico.¹³ Conditions changed by 1884, when the Santa Fe secured control of the St. Louis and San Francisco and thus forced the Southern

⁸*Chronicle*, Vol. 33 (1881), p. 623.

⁹*Poor's Manual* 1887, p. 791; D. H. Hardy and I. G. Roberts, *Historical Review of South-East Texas*, (2 vols., Chl., 1910), p. 205.

¹⁰*Annual Report of the Santa Fe Railroad Company* 1884, pp. 26-27.

¹¹*Traveler's Official Railroad Guide*, June, 1883, p. 267.

¹²*Chronicle*, Vol. 34 (1882), pp. 99-101, 116.

¹³G. D. Bradley, *The Story of the Santa Fe*, (Boston, 1920), pp. 224-6.

Pacific to let her have the line to the Needles.¹⁴ As far as the Gould lines were concerned, the outcome of the whole matter was that they were able to secure a fairly effective line to the coast but were not able to stop competition.

The securing of the Texas and Pacific was really only one step toward transcontinental connections. While the Texas and Pacific had charter rights for a complete transcontinental line, it had not built outside of Texas, and depended mainly on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern for its eastern and northern connections. Under these considerations the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern (a consolidation in 1874 of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain of Missouri and the Cairo and Fulton of Arkansas and Missouri)¹⁵ was a vital link; it was acquired in 1880.¹⁶

While connections with Texas had been secured through the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern, there was still neither a line to the Gulf nor any direct connection with Texas from Kansas City or some nearby point. To secure the connection with the Gulf the International and Great Northern was acquired, giving a line to Houston as well as important connections in southwest Texas.¹⁷ The other problem was met by the acquisition of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, which connected with the western end of the Missouri Pacific, and gave a direct line to Texas.

The foregoing actions show in broad outline how Gould managed to solve his big problem of connections within his first year of activity. The second problem, that of competition, was just as pressing, but could not be solved so effectively. Some attempts at solution were made, however, and with a considerable degree of success.

Transcontinental competition was always a factor, but after the trouble with the Santa Fe, which has been previously

¹⁴*Annual Report 1885*, p. 32.

¹⁵*Rpt. Mo. R. R. Comm. 1879 and 1880*, p. 30; *Chronicle*, Vol. 18 (1874), p. 400, p. 480.

¹⁶*Chron.*, Vol. 31 (1880), pp. 249, 638-9, 652, 653; *Official Guide*, June, 1883, p. 320.

¹⁷*Official Guide*, June, 1883, p. 321; *History of Monroe and Shelby Counties Missouri*, (St. Louis, 1884), p. 253; *Chronicle*, Vol. 31 (1880), pp. 638-9.

related, very little attempt seems to have been made to solve the problem. It was soon shown that even in the southwest the elimination of competition was impossible, while the lines further north always continued to be a menace. In consequence Gould turned his attention to the complete monopolization of local business rather than the control of through traffic.

The roads which Gould purchased in order to make his various connections also served the purpose of monopolizing local business. With the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern, the International and Great Northern, the Texas and Pacific and their allied lines Gould controlled practically every important line in Missouri, Arkansas, southeast Kansas and eastern Texas. The only important exception was the Santa Fe, which was a keen competitor run by strong men, and with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, another antagonistic road, served to create a considerable amount of trouble.¹⁸

Besides the control of traffic by through lines, a considerable amount of attention was devoted to the construction and acquisition of branches. Connections were made with the important towns of eastern Kansas, and on Aug. 12, 1880, quite a number of the Kansas and Missouri lines were consolidated into the Missouri Pacific proper.¹⁹ Numerous new branches were constructed, particularly in eastern Kansas, in central and northern Missouri, and in north central Texas. A little later the expanding net covered also southern Missouri and all of Arkansas.²⁰

The outstanding method used by the Missouri Pacific to control competitive traffic was the purchase of the roads concerned, but this was by no means the final possibility. The usual amount of discrimination and unfair practice

¹⁸*Chronicle*, Vol. 30 (1880), pp. 334-6, and Vol. 32 (1881), p. 29.

¹⁹*Mo. R. R. Comm. 1879 and 1880*, p. 23; *Chronicle*, Vol. 31 (1880), p. 205; J. T. Scharf, *History of St. Louis City and County*, (2 vols., Phila., 1883), Vol. 2, p. 1163.

²⁰The expansion of the road may be traced most easily in either *Poor's Manual* or in the *Official Railroad Guide*.

existed on the Missouri Pacific as on any other road of the period. It is important to note as being essential to a true picture of the situation, but is hardly a distinctive feature of this particular road. Evidences of discrimination are many and easy to obtain, but it is almost impossible to ascertain their extent or their effect on competition, or to draw any conclusions as to the comparative culpability of the various roads.

One of the most important means of checking competition, as opposed to destroying it, was the use of railroad pools and rate agreements. In the west such agreements were not made in any considerable numbers until the latter seventies, probably in most part because competition was not particularly keen until that time. The Missouri Pacific was interested, and participated directly in all the important agreements covering the territory in which the road operated. The most important agreement of this kind was the pool operated by the Southwestern Railway Rate Association.

The Southwestern Railway Rate Association was formed in 1876 to pool traffic from Chicago and St. Louis to points on the Missouri River and in southern Missouri.²¹ Originally the traffic itself was pooled, but after a short breakdown in 1878 a new arrangement was made which provided for a money pool.²² The general division was on the basis of 45% for roads having their terminus at Chicago, 45% for St. Louis roads, and 10% for intermediate lines. The St. Louis traffic, in which the Missouri Pacific had its direct interest, was divided equally between the Missouri Pacific and the St. Louis and San Francisco.

The first trouble which showed the change in character of the Missouri Pacific was the disturbance of 1879. In that year the Chicago and Alton entered the competitive field and demanded 1/3 of the St. Louis traffic, which was refused.²³ As a result the whole association broke down, with the Chicago roads banding together for their own protection and making

²¹*American Railroad Gazette*, Vol. 8 (1876), p. 408.

²²*Ibid.*, Vol. 10 (1878), pp. 233-4.

²³*Ibid.*, Vol. 11 (1879), p. 211.

the New York-Chicago rate plus the Chicago-Kansas City rate equal to the New York-St. Louis rate. Then the Wabash entered the fight and showed the new railroad alignment and its own strategic position. It reduced its rates to St. Louis so that the New York-St. Louis rate was equal to the New York-Chicago rate.²⁴ This action gave the St. Louis roads, and particularly the Missouri Pacific, a distinct advantage in the Kansas City business because of the shorter distance of St. Louis from Kansas City, as compared to Chicago.

The next move in the fight was an agreement made by the Wabash with the eastern trunk lines to fix equal rates to the Missouri River, whether by St. Louis or Chicago.²⁵ It was hoped that this action would settle the trouble, but it failed. The Chicago roads refused to accept the solution and cut the through rate to Kansas City to 10c, while the ordinary rate to the Missouri River was 25c.²⁶ The St. Louis roads tried to keep the rates up to 25c, but the Chicago roads plus the Chicago and Alton gave a 10c rate. The Missouri Pacific tried to retaliate without seriously injuring itself by giving a 5c return rate from Kansas City to St. Louis, but failed.²⁷

By the early fall of 1879 the fight had been extended to passenger fares, and was beginning to look disastrous to all parties concerned.²⁸ In this extremity the representatives of the various roads met at New York to try to come to some kind of an agreement. The desirability of cooperation instead of unrestricted competition was so evident that any debate on the subject was unnecessary, and it was decided to renew the old association and to restore the former rates.²⁹ The trouble came in dividing the traffic, and the conflicting interests made an agreement seem a little hopeless. As a measure of compromise the whole matter was left to two arbitrators—C. C. Wheeler and Al. Finck.³⁰ The division which was finally

²⁴*R. R. Gazette*, Vol. 11 (1879), p. 225.

²⁵*Ibid.*, p. 239.

²⁶*Ibid.*, pp. 255-6.

²⁷*Ibid.*, p. 286.

²⁸*Ibid.*, p. 342.

²⁹*R. R. Gazette*, Vol. 11 (1879), p. 487.

³⁰*Ibid.*, p. 501.

made gave the Chicago and Alton the third of the St. Louis traffic for which she had asked, and increased the ratio of the central roads (principally the Wabash) in the entire traffic. The Chicago roads were given $44\frac{1}{2}\%$, the St. Louis roads $44\frac{1}{2}\%$, and the central lines 11% .³¹ Immediate possibilities of trouble existed in the proposed new direct line of the Wabash to Chicago, and an agreement of the Missouri Pacific and the Illinois Central on the subject of Chicago traffic.

The agreement of 1879 did not at all conclude the troubles with which the Southwestern Railway Rate Association was faced. Early in 1880 the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific objected so strenuously to the existing division of business that a new apportionment was made.³² Additional trouble was caused by the St. Louis roads. In particular the Chicago and Alton objected because the Missouri Pacific was cutting rates, and not turning over its correct balance to the pool. A rate war was started, but was ended almost immediately upon the restoration of rates by the Missouri Pacific. The obviously too great share of the traffic given to the Chicago and Alton was remedied by a reapportionment which reduced the Chicago and Alton to 25% and increased the Missouri Pacific to 41% .³³

The winter of 1881 saw a big attempt to increase the pool in order to include Colorado business,³⁴ but the difficulties of apportionment of traffic were almost insuperable, and not until November was there any approach toward solution. In that month a general ratio of 65-35 was decided upon as a fair division between the Chicago and St. Louis roads.³⁵ A final division was made in January, 1882,³⁶ but changed in November of the same year.³⁷ The extension of the territory is not particularly important in this paper because the Missouri Pacific had only a comparatively small amount of

³¹*Ibid.*, p. 527.

³²*Ibid.*, Vol. 12 (1880), p. 197.

³³*R. R. Gazette*, Vol. 12 (1880), p. 232.

³⁴*Ibid.*, Vol. 13 (1881), p. 637.

³⁵*Ibid.*, p. 688.

³⁶*Ibid.*, Vol. 14 (1882), p. 48.

³⁷*Ibid.*, p. 654.

Colorado business and was consequently not one of the most interested parties in the matter.

The Southwestern Railway Rate Association could never be wholly satisfactory as long as it considered its members in groups, and the apportionment to individual roads of the entire business of the association came in April 1883. The Missouri Pacific received 6% of the pool for business brought in from southwestern Missouri, and 14% of the remainder as its division of the traffic.³⁸ The ratio was increased in 1884 after a threat of withdrawal.³⁹

Additional difficulties of the Southwestern Railway Rate Association might be mentioned, but would only repeat the ideas already presented. Other pools were also entered by the Missouri Pacific—for instance the Iowa Trunk Line Association which she entered in 1882,⁴⁰ the Texas Pool formed in 1882,⁴¹ and the Colorado-Utah Association.⁴² The most vitally interesting of these, as far as the Missouri Pacific was concerned, was the Texas Pool, which included the Texas lines of the system. The Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe refused to join the original pool and it soon collapsed, but was revived in 1885 as the Texas Traffic Association.⁴³ An attempt to unify the rates made by the various pools was made in the formation of the Joint Westward Classification Committee,⁴⁴ while the pool managers themselves tried to form an association to promote greater correlation.⁴⁵ At the same time, passenger rates were regulated by similar associations.⁴⁶

The early eighties was a period of prosperity for the Missouri Pacific. Having bought up most of its immediate competitors and being favored by fairly effective rate agreements the road began to show a substantial profit and to pay its regular quarterly dividend of 1½%. 1880 showed a sur-

³⁸*Ibid.*, Vol. 15 (1883), pp. 211-2, 235.

³⁹*Ibid.*, p. 827.

⁴⁰*R. R. Gazette*, Vol. 14 (1882), p. 695.

⁴¹*Ibid.*, p. 321.

⁴²*Ibid.*, Vol. 17 (1885), p. 351.

⁴³*Ibid.*, Vol. 17 (1885), p. 493.

⁴⁴*Ibid.*, Vol. 15 (1883), p. 233.

⁴⁵*Ibid.*, Vol. 18 (1886), p. 663.

⁴⁶The Western Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents might be mentioned as typical.

plus of \$1,156,000; 1881—3,065,000;⁴⁷ 1882—3,618,000;⁴⁸ 1883—4,175,266;⁴⁹ 1884—4,284,750.⁵⁰ These figures should be taken rather cautiously, however, because the road did not give any detailed statement, and any conclusions as to its exact status are very liable to error. The only conclusion that seems to be fairly certain is that the road was making a reasonable amount of profit and was also laying aside a fairly large surplus. On the other hand, it must be admitted that in all probability there was much to be desired in the matter of making repairs and improvements.

The larger aspects of Gould's plans of the early eighties were the consolidation of his western holdings and the securing of an eastern outlet. The first great consolidation—that of 1880, has been mentioned. In 1882 the remainder of the lines in Kansas and Nebraska were made an integral part of the Missouri Pacific.⁵¹ The Wabash was leased to the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern in 1883⁵². The control of the International and Great Northern and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas was more strongly centralized (the roads were consolidated and leased to the Missouri Pacific),⁵³ while the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern was made such an integral part of the system that it was never lost. These manipulations centralized the control of the western lines so that they were comparatively easy to handle, even though the attempt to make a grand consolidation of all the lines failed.⁵⁴

The question of an eastern outlet was more difficult to solve. The Wabash projected an extension to Buffalo,⁵⁵ and the line was eventually built, but still left the road a considerable distance from the sea. The next move was in a different

⁴⁷Annual report as reprinted in *R. R. Gazette*, Vol. 14 (1882), p. 190.

⁴⁸*Ibid.*, Vol. 15 (1883), p. 167.

⁴⁹*Ibid.*, Vol. 16 (1884), p. 26.

⁵⁰*Ibid.*, Vol. 17 (1885), p. 87.

⁵¹*Rpt. Mo. R. R. Comm.* 1882, p. 40; *R. R. Gazette*, Vol. 14 (1882), p. 174; *Chronicle*, Vol. 34 (1882), p. 655.

⁵²*Chronicle*, Vol. 36 (1883), p. 439; *Ann. Rpt.* 1883, p. 3.

⁵³*Chronicle*, Vol. 32 (1881), p. 552; *Monroe and Shelby Counties*, p. 253.

⁵⁴*Chronicle*, Vol. 32 (1881), p. 205.

⁵⁵*Ibid.*, pp. 299-301.

direction. Control of the Central of New Jersey was acquired, presumably to connect it with the Wabash.⁵⁶ The easiest and most logical way to make this connection would have been by means of the Baltimore and Ohio. Strenuous attempts were made by Gould and Vanderbilt, acting together, to secure this line, but failed.⁵⁷ By the time the attempts to secure the Baltimore and Ohio were certain of failure, conditions were no longer propitious for the building of a new line and the project was dropped. Twenty years later it was revived in an extended form by George Gould, who conceived the idea of controlling a real transcontinental road.

The most notable construction of the Missouri Pacific in the early eighties was the line to Omaha, which was opened in 1882.⁵⁸ As has before been stated, most of the construction during this period was carried on by the subsidiary lines, but about 1884-5 these began to show signs of strain and the Missouri Pacific itself began to take over the newer construction enterprises, so that during the years 1886-7-8 most of this work was carried on by the mother company. The largest single new line was the one to Pueblo, opened in 1887.⁵⁹ Connections to Denver were made by a traffic agreement with the Denver and Rio Grande.

Approximately in 1884 the Missouri Pacific system began to show signs of distress, which was only an emphasized form of the ordinary condition of the western roads. The small panic of 1884 created a temporary depression, which was followed by a period of extraordinary construction. This boom period came to an end in the late eighties, while the final crash came in 1893 and resulted in a depression that can hardly be said to have disappeared before the end of the century. This general condition must be remembered, then, when any particular road is under discussion. The reasons for the breakdown of the Missouri Pacific were also in operation

⁵⁶*Chronicle*, Vol. 32 (1881), pp. 454-5.

⁵⁷*Ibid.*, Vol. 33 (1881), pp. 370-1.

⁵⁸*Ibid.*, Vol. 34 (1882), p. 316; *R. R. Gazette*, Vol. 14 (1882), p. 353; *Wyandotte County and Kansas City, Kansas*, (Chl., 1890), p. 232.

⁵⁹*Official Guide*, Feb., 1888, pp. 404-416; J. C. Smiley, *History of Denver with Outlines of the Earlier History of the Rocky Mountain Country* (Denver, 1903), p. 515; *Gazette*, Vol. 19 (1887), p. 805; *Chronicle*, Vol. 45 (1887), p. 727.

with all the roads. Over-capitalized roads that were expanding too rapidly were bound to fail in a time of economic depression.

Probably the real reason why the Missouri Pacific was struck more heavily by depression than other roads was because of its management. Roads were acquired and lines built to secure monopoly gains, while the individual properties were operated to secure the greatest possible immediate profit rather than to develop the individual properties. Back of all these ideas was the mind of Gould, always alert to secure financial advantage, primarily interested in the New York operations, and with very little knowledge of practical railroading.

The effects of speculative management first became visible in 1884 when the annual dividend was paid in part from the accumulated surplus.⁶⁰ This condition was blamed on general business depression, floods, crop failures, and increasing competition.⁶¹ Unfortunately for this explanation as the final word on the subject, succeeding years continued to show the same conditions, until finally the surplus no longer existed and the road was operated at a net loss. Undoubtedly the company's explanation was true as far as it went, but it can hardly be considered as being complete. The truth of the matter was that a road with the financial status of the Missouri Pacific could only be successful under exceptionally favorable circumstances.

One of the standard arguments of the railroads in accounting for depression was the effect of government regulation, both state and national. In the case of the Missouri Pacific the only state laws that directly affected it were the laws of Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. Neither Texas nor Arkansas attempted any effective regulation until a period in which the finances of the Missouri Pacific were already hopeless. In the case of Missouri, the original rate scale and the commission for its enforcement were provided in 1875.⁶² This commis-

⁶⁰*Annual Report 1884*, p. 18.

⁶¹*Ibid.*, pp. 5-6.

⁶²S. J. Buck, *The Granger Movement*, (Cambridge, 1913), p. 195; *Rpt. Mo. R. R. Comm.* 1878, pp. 29-45.

sion was never wholly effective, and additional legislation was found necessary in the middle eighties.⁶³ A steady decrease in rates in Missouri is noticeable from 1875 on, and probably was due in some part to the state regulation, but in view of the general prevalence of this decline it would seem that the commission was slightly egotistical when it gave itself the entire credit for the change.⁶⁴ Kansas passed a maximum rate law in 1867,⁶⁵ but by the time that the Missouri Pacific entered the state these rates were so high that they had no possible effect. The Kansas Railroad Commission law was passed in 1883, but gave the commissioners practically no power.⁶⁶ Even under this condition the Missouri Pacific was able to still further curtail its powers by stopping construction in Kansas when the commission advised a 20% lowering of rates.⁶⁷ Nebraska passed a maximum rate law in 1881, limiting rates to the amount charged in November, 1880.⁶⁸ A commission was finally established in 1885, but it was so utterly ineffective that the law was amended within two years.⁶⁹ Even then the commission could hardly have been called a dictatorial body. Taken broadly, it seems evident that on the whole the state commissions had very little effect on the railroads, either good or bad. The slight decrease in rates which occurred might be blamed on them to some extent, but seems to have been due more to a general decrease in the value of all commodities, and the increase of competition.

The action of the federal government in the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act must be taken more seriously, although with the distinct reservation that by this time the Missouri Pacific system was already beginning to fall apart. In the matter of rate making the law was soon shown to be without teeth, so that phase of the matter may be disregarded for the period under consideration. Negatively, however,

⁶³*Rpt. Mo. R. R. Comm. 1886*, p. 3.

⁶⁴*Rpt. Mo. R. R. Comm. 1894*, p. 5.

⁶⁵*Chronicle*, Vol. 4, (1867), p. 343.

⁶⁶*Rpt. Kan. R. R. Comm. 1885*, pp. 3-9, 264-270; Buck, p. 197.

⁶⁷*Mo. Pac. Ann. Rpt. 1883*, p. 8.

⁶⁸*Rpt. Neb. R. R. Comm. 1886*, p. 86.

⁶⁹*Rpt. Neb. R. R. Comm. 1887*, Appendix.

the act had a considerable effect on rates by its prohibition of pooling. The immediate result was the lapse of existing pools, a confusion in the railroad world, and a bad railroad war in the west (1888).⁷⁰

By the latter part of 1888 the condition had become unbearable, and some kind of an agreement was an imperative necessity if the railroads were not to be allowed to commit joint suicide. Because of this necessity the Western Freight Association was formed in the latter part of September 1888—a voluntary association to agree on rates and services for the entire west.⁷¹ Administratively the southwest was under the direction of J. W. Midgley and the west and northwest under J. N. Faithorne. The southwestern division ran under the name of the Southwestern Clearing House.⁷² An entirely voluntary association of this kind was doomed to failure from the start. After attempting to discipline members by imposing fines it finally disbanded within a year. The next attempt at agreement followed early in 1889 under the leadership of C. F. Adams, Jr. The new organization was known as the Interstate Commerce Railway Association, had the same features, covered the same territory, and had the same divisions.⁷³ After three months the Chicago and Alton resigned, alleging discrimination, and from then on the final dissolution was only a matter of time.⁷⁴ In the winter of 1890 an attempt to revive the organization failed.⁷⁵

The next agreement was the Western Traffic Association, formed in January 1891.⁷⁶ The plan adopted was similar to the preceding ones, but four subdivisions were made, while the powers of the commissioners were left rather vague. The whole tendency of the organization was in the direction of the

⁷⁰H. of R. Doc. 380, 57th Cong., 1st Sess., p. 336; J. L. Ringwalt, *Development of Transportation System in the United States*, (Phila., 1888), p. 273.

⁷¹*Gazette*, Vol. 20 (1888), p. 614.

⁷²*Ibid.*, p. 796.

⁷³H. R. Doc. 380, 57th Cong., 1st Sess., p. 336; *Gazette*, Vol. 21 (1889), pp. 23, 40, 41, 188.

⁷⁴*Gazette*, Vol. 21 (1889), pp. 413, 780.

⁷⁵*Ibid.*, Vol. 22 (1890), pp. 120, 241-2, 875-6.

⁷⁶H. R. Doc. 380, 57th Cong., 1st Sess., p. 336; *Gazette*, Vol. 23 (1891), pp. 54, 122, 276, 346, 338.

pooling of traffic, although an attempt was made to keep outside of the meaning of the act of 1887. This agreement was only slightly more effective than the preceding ones, but managed to stay in operation until finally judged illegal by the Supreme Court in 1897.⁷⁷

As a whole the act of 1887 had a bad effect on the railroads. It aimed to prevent abuses but failed to act constructively. The result was only confusion. Some kind of railroad corporation was an obvious necessity, and its prohibition only meant a loss to the railroads without any corresponding gain to the public. In common with other railroads the Missouri Pacific felt this drawback in the latter eighties, and while the actual loss should not be greatly stressed, it was certainly present.

Another phase of the matter was the trouble with labor, which again was not unique to the Missouri Pacific, but attained its largest proportions on that road. Partly it was caused by the increasing power and self-consciousness of labor, and partly by the comparatively poor conditions of work. It may be considered as one of the causes for the decline of the Missouri Pacific, but probably should be more emphasized as one of the evidences of that decline.

Minor troubles might be mentioned, but the situation only began to become serious with the strike of 1885, which was precipitated by a 10% cut in wages because of the depression of the preceding year. As a protest against this reduction the shopmen on the Texas and Pacific struck, and gradually this strike spread over the entire system. The officials of the road refused even to treat with the strikers, on the grounds that it would be a moral loss of prestige. It was soon seen that a widespread strike of this kind did not affect only the participants, but bore most heavily on the people of Kansas and Missouri, who depended almost entirely on the Missouri Pacific lines for their transportation. In this extremity the governors of Kansas and Missouri interven-

⁷⁷In the suit of the United States v. the Trans-Missouri Freight Association.

ed and arbitrated the matter. The old wage scale was restored and operations resumed.⁷⁸

The strike of 1885 was a decided victory for the employees, and resulted in giving them confidence to press other demands. The rapid rise of the Knights of Labor gave them the organization for this purpose. The principal demands of the workers were fairly definite—

- (1) The right to organize.
- (2) Representation in industry.
- (3) A reasonable wage with time and a half for overtime.
- (4) No work to be contracted for outside shops.
- (5) An arbitration scheme, with workers equally represented.

The actual cause for the beginning of the big strike of 1886 is slightly obscure, and is variously given as the breaking of the agreement of 1885 by the company, the discharge of a Knights of Labor foreman, the use of outside contracting for shop work, etc. The grievances were undoubtedly cumulative, and the actual starting point is perhaps immaterial. At any rate the strike was begun in February, 1886, and rapidly spread throughout the whole system, completely tying up transportation in the southwest. Various attempts at arbitration failed; a citizen's committee of Marshall, Texas, secured the cooperation of the strikers but was refused by the company; the governor of Kansas and Missouri secured the cooperation of the company, but were refused by the workers; General Master Workman Powderly of the Knights of Labor tried negotiations directly with Gould, but after nearly reaching his goal, failed.

The failure of arbitration meant that the strike settled down to a trial of strength. The deciding factor was probably public opinion. In 1885 public opinion had probably been slightly in favor of the strikers, but by a year later conditions had changed. The people were unaccustomed to

⁷⁸The material for this strike has been taken from the *Rpt. of the Kan. R. R. Comm. 1885*, pp. 22-25, and *Gazette*, Vol. 17 (1885), pp. 16, 159, 175, 191, 271, 510.

strikes and felt very severely the economic loss of the failure of transportation. Even more important was the attitude of the strikers. Enraged because of their grievances, and encouraged by the leadership of Martin Irons, they embarked on a program of lawlessness and destruction which eventually lost them all public sympathy. The result was an almost complete victory for the railroad, which only conceded that there would be no discrimination against the Knights of Labor, and that prices for work on the Missouri Pacific would be the same as elsewhere.⁷⁹

The reason for the failure of the Missouri Pacific system might be summarized briefly. Back of everything lies the general economic factors. In common with all western roads the Missouri Pacific was built speculatively and over-capitalized, so that the general depressions of 1884 and of the late eighties were difficult situations to meet. Emphasizing and exaggerating this condition was the Gould management, which specialized in highly speculative transactions rather than in sound development. State government regulation was a negligible factor, but the national act was a distinct hardship. Labor troubles accentuated, and also served to illustrate the existing conditions.

The first of the Gould roads to crack under the strain was the Texas and Pacific, which was probably the least important of the larger lines. When the Gould-Huntington operations failed to head off the Santa Fe, Gould lost a large share of his interest in the Texas and Pacific, which had lost much of its usefulness. It was hedged in on the north by the Santa Fe and on the south by the through line of the Southern Pacific. In consequence it was not very effective, and could only hope for whatever business the northern lines would throw in its way. The Texas and Pacific had been built by a construction company in which Gould was largely interested,

⁷⁹Accounts of the strike of 1886 may be found in *The Official History of the Great Strike of 1886 on the Southwestern Railway System* (Jeff. City, 1887); *Rpt. Kan. R. R. Comm. 1886*, pp. 24-34; E. B. Andrews, *The United States in Our Own Times*, (2 vols., N. Y., 1903), Vol. 2, pp. 138 ff.; N. L. Prentiss, *A History of Kansas*, (Winfield, Kan., 1899), p. 172; *Gazette*, Vol. 18 (1886), pp. 154, 190, 184, 202, 215, 223, 233, 238, 250, 255, 270, 290, 322.

and the contracts were exorbitant, so that the road was largely over-capitalized.⁸⁰ Consequently when the depression of 1884 occurred the bondholders began to get restless and demanded the controlling voice in the operation of the road. The best that Gould would do for them was to give them eight out of the seventeen directors, and in consequence they began action for the appointment of a receiver.⁸¹ This action brought Gould to terms and an agreement was made whereby each side chose eight directors and the seventeenth man was chosen by common consent.⁸² This solution was not long satisfactory, and again the matter was taken to court. This time receivers were appointed.⁸³ Presumably the next action would have been the sale of the road, but Gould was not anxious for that solution, which would destroy his control. While the Texas and Pacific as a whole was not tremendously desirable, it formed the link between the International and Great Northern and the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern. Rumors concerning the Texas and Pacific began to circulate in Wall Street and the price of its securities dropped rapidly.⁸⁴ The result was that the bondholders were brought to terms by the possibility of certain loss incident to a sale of the road. Plans were agreed upon. An assessment was levied on the stockholders, the receivers were discharged, and the road remained under Gould control although being operated independently from the Missouri Pacific.⁸⁵

While the Texas and Pacific was in trouble the Wabash also collapsed. Gould had bought the Wabash for almost nothing because the road had been in an almost perpetual state of insolvency. Immediately after Gould's purchase the road began to pay dividends (let it be said on no greater earnings than before) and the securities rose to fabulous prices. Then the insiders let go of their holdings. Gould

⁸⁰*New York Tribune*, Dec. 16, 1879; *Chronicle*, Vol. 41 (1885), p. 714.

⁸¹*Chronicle*, Vol. 39 (1884), p. 587.

⁸²*Ibid.*, p. 607.

⁸³*Ibid.*, Vol. 41 (1885), p. 714.

⁸⁴*Ibid.*, Vol. 42 (1886), p. 550.

⁸⁵The *Chronicle* treats the reorganization copiously; see Vol. 42, (1886), pp. 632, 634; Vol. 43 (1886), pp. 12, 41, 73, 103, 133, 167, 191, 218, 275, 309, 369, 400, 432, 516, 672.

retained just enough stock to keep control. The next move was a rapid expansion on the basis of a general blanket loan; extensions were built and lines consolidated or purchased, giving the Wabash the appearance of one of the most vigorous roads in the country. In 1883 it was leased to the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern rather than to the Missouri Pacific because the controlling interests saw the inevitable crash and didn't want to involve the Missouri Pacific. The road was kept going by a collateral trust loan and by individual advances made by the directors. This precarious condition could not last indefinitely and the final crash came with the depression of 1884.⁸⁶ Receivers were appointed and the branch lines gradually separated.⁸⁷ Gould retained his interest for a while, but failed to get his own plan of reorganization adopted and finally disposed of his holdings. The road was sold under foreclosure and divided into two parts—the lines east of the Mississippi (Wabash Railway) and those west of it (Wabash Western Railway).⁸⁸ The two sections were later reunited (1889) as the Wabash Railroad Company.⁸⁹

The breakdown of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas presents a different set of circumstances. It would seem that during the eighties Gould had disposed of the majority of his holdings in the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, relying for control on the lease to the Missouri Pacific. As time went on the security holders became restive, feeling that the road was being operated entirely in the interests of the Missouri Pacific, with no attention to the condition of the road itself. They appealed to Gould, asking a change in the policy and status of the road.⁹⁰ A commission of three men on each side was appointed to look into the affairs and relations of the two roads,⁹¹ and reported on June 1, 1888, that the Missouri, Kansas and Texas had been unfairly treated by the Missouri Pacific, needed new equipment, and would be better off if

⁸⁶*Chronicle*, Vol. 39 (1884), p. 183.

⁸⁷*Ibid.*, Vol. 42 (1886), pp. 164, 537, 719.

⁸⁸*Ibid.*, Vol. 44, pp. 309, 782.

⁸⁹*Ibid.*, Vol. 48 (1889), p. 730. These changes can also be followed in the annual report of the company or in the monthly railroad guide.

⁹⁰*Chronicle*, Vol. 46 (1888), pp. 543-4.

⁹¹*Ibid.*, p. 609.

run independently.⁹² The new anti-Gould directors which had been elected about two weeks before applied to the court for a receiver on the basis of this report.⁹³ Their petition was granted.⁹⁴ It might be said that the defense of the Missouri Pacific was that the Missouri, Kansas and Texas had been insolvent at the time that it was taken over, had never paid, and was entirely dependent on the advantages of the connection with the Missouri Pacific.⁹⁵

The upshot of the whole matter was that Gould completely lost control, and the lease of the Missouri Pacific was terminated. The road was reorganized, an interest going to the Standard Oil people.⁹⁶ In 1891 it was rechartered in order to include all of its Texas branches,⁹⁷ and by 1893 had completed its own lines to St. Louis and Houston, making it entirely independent of the Missouri Pacific.⁹⁸

The International and Great Northern was closely connected with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas and defaulted its interest payments in 1888, receivers being appointed.⁹⁹ The International and Great Northern was an important connection for both the Missouri, Kansas and Texas and the Missouri Pacific—particularly for the Missouri Pacific, as it gave the only outlet to the Gulf. As a result there was a considerable struggle between the two roads for control. After varying fortunes the matter was compromised; each of the companies was to hold an equal amount of the stock, with the Central Trust Company with 1000 shares holding the balance of power and acting as arbitrator.¹⁰⁰ The road was reorganized in 1892 on this basis.¹⁰¹

The collapse of the lines subsidiary to the Missouri Pacific naturally implies rather stringent conditions in the

⁹²*Ibid.*, p. 771; Vol. 47 (1888), pp. 257-260.

⁹³*Ibid.*, Vol. 46 (1888), pp. 650, 771.

⁹⁴*Ibid.*, Vol. 47 (1888), p. 381.

⁹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 440.

⁹⁶*Ibid.*, Vol. 50, p. 801.

⁹⁷*Ibid.*, Vol. 53 (1891), p. 640.

⁹⁸*Off. Guide*, Jan. 1894, pp. 604-8.

⁹⁹*Official Guide* Jan. 1889, pp. 438-0; *Chronicle*, Vol. 46 (1888), p. 573; Vol. 47 (1888), p. 664; Vol. 48 (1889), pp. 251, 462.

¹⁰⁰*Chronicle*, Vol. 50 (1890), p. 313.

¹⁰¹*Ibid.*, Vol. 54 (1892), p. 366; Vol. 55 (1892), p. 177.

mother road. Beginning with 1884 the amount of net earnings continued to decrease, and this condition was particularly bad when viewed in connection with a steady increase of mileage and gross receipts.¹⁰² While this state of affairs was noticeable from 1884 it did not become dangerous until 1888, when the Missouri Pacific the same as other roads, was faced by a general depression in the west which was to increase in the succeeding years. The report of 1888 showed the earnings and expenses of the road to be nearly equal; dividends were paid in most part from the existing surplus; 10% of the employees of the road were laid off; the building program was almost completely abandoned.¹⁰³ With increasing economies of administration the road was able to earn enough in 1889 and 1890 to pay dividends out of the current receipts.¹⁰⁴ This statement, while warranted by the general financial report, probably is unduly optimistic; at any rate a special meeting of the stockholders was called in July, 1890, and voted an increase of \$10,000,000 in the capital stock and a like amount in collateral trust bonds, and urged a further consolidation of the smaller subsidiary lines as a means of economy.¹⁰⁵

The attitude of the stockholders was justified by the report of 1891, which showed a deficit of about \$2,000,000, which had to be paid out of the accumulated surplus.¹⁰⁶ This same condition continued to exist, with occasional modifications, during the ensuing years.¹⁰⁷ The elder Gould died in 1892 and was succeeded by his son George.¹⁰⁸ The final crash came with the panic of 1893, and the following year showed a net loss to the company of almost \$2,000,000 (all lines).¹⁰⁹ Most of this deficit was in the form of a floating debt of about \$8,750,000 for the Missouri Pacific and the St.

¹⁰²Rpt. for 1885 in *Gazette*, Vol. 18 (1886), p. 367; 1886-*Gazette*, Vol. 19 (1887), p. 226; 1887-*Chronicle*, Vol. 46 (1888), p. 367.

¹⁰³*Annual Rpt. Mo. Pac.* for 1888, pp. 2-8; *Gazette*, Vol. 20 (1888), p. 15.

¹⁰⁴*Annual Rpt. 1889*, Table 1; *Annual Rpt. 1890*, Table 1.

¹⁰⁵*Chronicle*, Vol. 51 (1890), pp. 84, 910.

¹⁰⁶*Annual Rpt. Mo. Pac. 1891*, Table 1; *Gazette*, Vol. 23 (1891), p. 697; *Chronicle*, Vol. 53 (1891), p. 418.

¹⁰⁷See the annual financial report of the company for the actual figures.

¹⁰⁸*Chronicle*, Vol. 56 (1893), p. 15.

¹⁰⁹*Annual Rpt. Mo. Pac. 1894*, pp. 6-10, 30, 60.

Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern. This floating debt was funded in 1895 by issuing gold funding notes—\$8,256,000 for the Missouri Pacific and \$4,744,000 for the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern. These issues also provided for a continuing deficit, which amounted to approximately \$1,850,000 in 1895 and 1896.¹¹⁰ The complete prostration of the road had been avoided by a large increase in the funded debt, which of course meant a larger capitalization, already too large. The immediate result was a tiding over of the depression, and from 1897 the road again began to show a profit.¹¹¹

Gould's operations had meant the spectacular building of an immense railroad system in the southwest. The speculative management and the depression of the middle and latter eighties caused a dissolution that was just as spectacular. From the entire system the Missouri Pacific, the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern and the Texas and Pacific were saved to the Gould interests. The remainder of the lines were lost, at least for the time being. George Gould later revived and extended some of his father's plans, but this phase of the matter does not come under our present observation.

The whole history of the Missouri Pacific constitutes an excellent example of the general course of western railroad construction. Of course variations in degree occur, but not sufficiently to invalidate the general conclusion. The road was projected by enthusiasts who represented the general trend of western railroad agitation. The idea was conceived as both a local benefit and as a possible aid to the nation in transcontinental communication. Aid was given by individuals, local political subdivisions, the state, the federal government. Progress was slow and halting during the fifties, still slower during the Civil War, and revived immediately thereafter. The depression caused by the panic of 1873 finally disappeared toward the end of the decade, and the road started a policy of rapid expansion and consolidation which was not at all unique, although containing a few unusual

¹¹⁰*Ibid.*, 1895, pp. 9, 13, 64; *Ibid.*, 1896, p. 62.

¹¹¹The annual financial report for each of these years is available.

features because of the definite characteristics of the Gould manipulations. Financial depression, bad management, labor troubles, economic difficulties, and other similar factors finally caused the stopping of further advance and the dissolution of the system. The result was again not unique, except in so far as it started a little earlier than for other roads, and went a little further. The panic of 1893 marked the final crash, and its effects were only beginning to disappear toward the end of the century.

THE NEW JOURNALISM IN MISSOURI

BY WALTER B. STEVENS

FOURTH ARTICLE

A SENSATIONAL HALF-DECADE.

The five years from 1875 to 1880 abounded in St. Louis news of highly sensational character. Perhaps in no half decade since the Civil War has St. Louis been called upon to meet more serious occurrences, to deal with events of more absorbing interest from the local point of view.

A contest over the mayoralty unseated James H. Britton after he had served nearly a year, and put Henry Overstolz in his place. A few weeks later a board of freeholders began the framing of a new charter and the planning of a "scheme of separation" of St. Louis city and county. The two instruments were submitted. The charter was adopted. The "scheme," on the face of the returns, failed by about 1,100 adverse votes. *The Globe-Democrat* had opposed the separation of city and county. It may seem strange to this generation that many of the best citizens of St. Louis could not then foresee the danger of fixing thus the limits to the city's expansion. But they did not rightly estimate forty years' growth. Soon after the election, charges that the "scheme" had been defeated by falsified returns were made. A grand jury, of which R. J. Howard was foreman, investigated the election and reported that the "scheme" had been "decisively defeated." Nevertheless a public investigation was started and depositions were taken. Enough testimony was obtained to obtain a judicial decision that the "scheme" had carried. Subsequently the *Globe-Democrat* charged that some of the ward politicians who had testified to frauds perpetrated against the "scheme" at the election, and thus aided the movement to get a court decision reversing the original returns, had been rewarded with positions in the city government.

During a considerable period the old county court continued its organization and held meetings in the city while a new county court, acting on the reversed election returns, set up business at the Sutton farmhouse in St. Louis county. The confusing situation offered a harvest for the legal profession. *The Globe-Democrat* was prompted to say:

"Wanted: A hundred and fifty lawyers. Apply at either of the county courts."

On the 10th of April, 1877, about midway of this half decade of the startling, the Southern hotel burned with the loss of eleven lives. Among those who escaped in scanty attire was Joseph Pulitzer, who gave a graphic account of his experience, and who was described in the newspapers as "a journalist and an attorney at law."

The 2nd of May, 1877, was made notable locally by "the most extraordinary ball game on record,"—fifteen innings played without a run on either side.

Month after month the revelations of local life insurance history amazed the St. Louis public, compromised citizens of hitherto unblemished character, and yielded great fees to lawyers. This history went back to days before the Civil War when local life insurance was in the primitive and highly speculative stage. The death of a studhorse in St. Charles county and of a thoroughbred bull in St. Clair county, Illinois, both animals covered by liberal policies, so impaired the assets of one company as to cause danger of collapse. The St. Louis Mutual was organized in 1858. It did not restrict policies to human beings. It staggered through the Civil War, obtained fresh capital, and, about 1871, broadened its business by taking over the Atlas and the Mississippi Valley. The Mound City succeeded the St. Louis Mutual. Then, in rapid succession of reinsurance and changes of name, came the St. Louis Life, the Life Association of America and the Columbia—and finally the fireworks. Astounding revelations prompted this editorial in the *Globe-Democrat*:

"We are very sorry to note a disposition on the part of the St. Louis press to restrict at once the usefulness and emoluments of the lawyer, by endeavoring to prove that it is improper for a lawyer to take fees from both sides of a case. Such squeamishness is entirely out of date, and is opposed to all the modern ideas of practice, and to the learned conclusions of the most advanced minds at the bar. The business of a lawyer is not to settle lawsuits, but to stir them up, and keep the wheels of litigation going briskly. If he is elected to the Legislature, his duty to his profession requires that he should so confuse the laws as to render it impossible to settle the slightest difference without long and costly litigation. If he contents himself with unofficial influence in politics, he should urge the party to changes and improvements in the manner of public government which will throw business in his way. And should he chance to serve in a constitutional convention or on a charter commission, it should be his constant aim to devise such articles as may leave room for subsequent lawsuits. We are happy to state that, as a general rule, the lawyers of St. Louis have risen to the high level of these demands, and have lent a new meaning to the dignity of their profession. The one additional step which was required was that they should, on proper occasions, sacrifice their personal feelings to the exigences of a high professional standing, and, rather than have litigation fail, accept fees from both litigants at once. Professional zeal of this kind should not go unnoticed, and we make bold to call the attention of the bar association to the recent illustrations of it, and we call on them to vindicate their brethren from the aspersions of the scurrilous press."

A St. Louis county official was tried on a charge of embezzling \$143,000 of school funds. This was used as one argument by those who were in the movement to separate city and county. But more to the point, it supplied the *Globe-Democrat* with an apt illustration for the anti-gambling campaign which the paper was carrying on vigorously. The official had lost the public school money in gambling. He charged men of high standing, some in official life, with having sat in the games and lured him on.

A defalcation in the office of the circuit clerk about that time gave Mr. McCullagh another concrete stimulus to drive home his war on gambling in St. Louis.

"The truth of the matter is that one-half of the men in public position similar to that of Mr. Blank in this city are chronic gamblers, and that the vice of gambling is encouraged and protected in St. Louis instead of being punished or pre-

vented. A man with a passion for gambling will not hesitate to use or to lose the people's money in the gratification of that passion. This is not the first instance in our recent history of defalcation superinduced by gambling and it will not be the last."

Gambling in every form had been tolerated long in St. Louis. In the early seventies the Missouri State Lottery flourished. It claimed legality through a long-ago act of the Legislature granting a franchise to conduct a lottery on condition that a fixed percentage of the revenue be applied to construction of a plank road from New Franklin to the Missouri river. But New Franklin, once the most flourishing community along the river, had become a reminiscence. The plank road, most of it, had gone over the caving bank into the river. Nevertheless the Missouri State Lottery was still doing business. It had many branch offices, notably in cigar stores. It had periodical drawings conducted with much formality and in the presence of distinguished official witnesses in a large hall standing on the present site of the Merchants' Exchange. For years the results of the drawings of grand and "approximate" prizes were announced in the advertising columns of the St. Louis newspapers. *The St. Louis Republican* sent a reporter to New Franklin and exposed conditions there, showing the false pretenses upon which the lottery was still operating. In the face of the sacrifice of lucrative advertising the papers attacked the lottery. Bowing to aroused public sentiment the Legislature passed the legislation repealing the franchise. The lottery managers set up the plea that they were being driven out of business by the influence of those interested in other forms of gambling but it did not save them.

With the downfall of the lottery, came the agitation to close all gambling houses. There were ordinances which made gambling a misdemeanor. Under the provisions the police raided the houses semi-occasionally. Keno outfits, faro layouts and poker tables were carted away and destroyed. Fines were imposed on proprietors and employes but not upon players. Gambling went on as usual. Along Fourth

and Fifth (now Broadway) streets these gambling halls occupied imposing quarters and were wide open to all comers. The *Globe-Democrat* insistently called for a new law and such enforcement of it as would end the scandal, for widespread scandal it was. The evil went far beyond the games of chance. The proprietors organized for self-protection. They contributed to political funds, even to those of national character. They paid tribute to have raids made infrequent. They corrupted police officials with regular payments to obtain advance notice of coming raids.

In 1879 a grand jury, which became known as "the big twelve," investigated the gambling ring. Joseph B. McCullagh was made foreman of the body. That was the only official position accepted by him during the twenty-five years of his editorship. Mr. McCullagh was in the thick of every movement for the betterment of St. Louis but he worked exclusively through the columns of the *Globe-Democrat* after his service on the grand jury.

A crisis was reached when "the big twelve" exposed the ramifications of the gambling ring. Charles P. Johnson framed a bill which made the keeping of a gambling house in Missouri a felony. The measure passed the Legislature in spite of one of the strongest lobbies ever seen in Jefferson City, urging that the suppression of gambling would hurt the business of St. Louis.

With this legislation came a succession of police scandals, the worst in the history of the department. Morgan Boland, who had been a police sergeant, and an efficient one, was appointed police commissioner, together with Alexander Kinkad, a personal friend of the Rev. Dr. John D. Vincil. David H. Armstrong, a pioneer schoolmaster in St. Louis, who had been a former police commissioner and later a United States senator by appointment to fill a recess vacancy, commented severely on Boland's appointment. He recalled some old charges against Boland growing out of Boland's management of the mounted district. Boland went to the Planters' House and assaulted Armstrong. Boland was made vice-president of the police board and shortly afterwards

removed by his associates. He went into court seeking reinstatement. His next sensational move was a newspaper attack on the character of Charles P. Johnson because of Mr. Johnson's activity in pushing the anti-gambling law. For a period of several weeks Boland was in the limelight. Police troubles filled many newspaper columns with charges and counter charges. Governor Crittenden removed Boland and called for the resignations of John D. Finney and Leslie A. Moffett. Day after day the *Globe-Democrat* pounded away with demands of this style:

"Gentlemen of the Police Board, it is your business to suppress gambling. Why don't you do it?"

E. C. Simmons, Samuel Cupples and John H. Maxon were appointed police commissioners. They promptly ordered the enforcement of the Johnson anti-gambling act. The gamblers were indicted and arrested. A local judge pronounced the law invalid. The cases went to the state supreme court. The best legal talent that could be found in Missouri was employed by the gamblers. The supreme court sustained the law. The newspapers demanded a fight to the finish. The gamblers came into court and pleaded guilty. Penitentiary sentences were ordered but not begun. Pardons were issued for the entire batch. Police Commissioners Simmons, Cupples and Maxon resigned at once.

Before that state administration went out eleven citizens of St. Louis had served as members of the police board. Two or three of them were indicted. Mass meetings to voice the indignation of the people of St. Louis were held on 'change. Libel suits flew thick and fast. Deposition mills ground almost daily to add sensational revelations under oath. Lawyers reaped a rich harvest. Speaking of the governor and two men in St. Louis who were supposed to have much influence with him, the *Globe-Democrat* said George, John and Tom constituted "a triumvirate for the conduct of public affairs in the state and for raising hell generally."

"Law and order" was the demand of the new journalism in Missouri, and with no lagging and uncertain note. When the nation-wide railroad strikes of 1877 paralyzed the country, the *Globe-Democrat* proclaimed:

"Down with all mobs and up with the law."

"No compromise with rioters."

"Three days more like the past three and the City of St. Louis will be hopelessly in the hands of the worst set of marauders that ever disgraced the earth."

A hundred appeals to good citizenship like those quoted was attended by the organization of 5,000 men with muskets under a committee of public safety. This small army marched on Schuler's hall, broke up the headquarters of the strike and ended the municipal chaos without the loss of a life and no destruction of property beyond the raiding of a bakery and a few small stores. It was a triumph in which the new journalism played its part. But two years later came an issue which called for different treatment.

In the summer of 1879 there was talk of trouble with the Internationals, as they were called, and the Socialists. When these organizations paraded on their way to picnics, they carried red flags and the inscriptions on their banners denounced capital. Among the terrifying rumors circulated in St. Louis was one that the Internationals had enlisted 7,000 workingmen; that all of these men were armed, and that they drilled regularly for a coming revolution. Reporters attended the meetings of the "sections" of the Internationals and ran down the rumors. Reports about arms and drilling were without foundation. There was much talk in the meetings about the wrongs of labor. There was no evidence of intended violence. But the memory of three days of mob rule in the summer of 1877 was still fresh. Timorous people, some of them in official station, were not reassured. When labor leaders announced a demonstration in St. Louis and other cities for the Fourth of July, with the ostensible purpose of making sentiment in favor of an eight-hour day, it was proposed openly that, for the public safety, the parade be forbidden. Some newspapers advocated this.

The *Globe-Democrat* at once took emphatic stand against interference and upheld the right of the labor organizations to parade as planned. The demonstration took place without disorder. The new journalism's prediction had been vindicated:

"There will be no trouble in this city on the Fourth. The eight-hour men will parade, as they have an unquestionable right to do, and nobody will molest or make them afraid."

It was this quality of absolute fair-mindedness toward the irrepressible conflict between capital and labor that gave the new journalism added power when the clashes came. The new journalism never pandered to either side; it never lost anything in circulation or prestige by its consistent opposition to mob violence.

St. Louis street railway men struck in October, 1885. Conductors wanted two dollars and drivers (this was before the trolley), wanted one dollar and seventy-five cents for a day of twelve hours. There was considerable sympathy with the strikers. Disorder resulted. The *Globe-Democrat* said:

"The Knights of Labor inaugurated the strike, but the Knights of Loafers took possession of it and made it a riot. The riot must be put down."

"Put down the riot. This is the first thing to do and it should be done quickly."

In a double-leaded editorial, the paper sounded no uncertain note of policy in disputes between capital and labor:

"The question with which the people of St. Louis are called upon by the events of yesterday to deal is not one of wages for street car employees, but of peace and law or riot and mob rule for this community. What was begun as a peaceable strike has been merged by those who began it into a law defying riot, resulting in bloodshed already. All the strikers are not rioters, nor are all the rioters strikers. But the strike is the parent of the riot. The riot must be put down, and if the strike goes down with the riot, so much the worse for those who, in the sacred name of labor, have been waging a brutal and indiscriminate war against persons and property in this city for several days. The wonder is that their outlawry has been tolerated so long in a city which pays heavily for such protection as a well-organized police force can afford. The scenes enacted yesterday—

wanton assaults upon peaceable citizens and women and children—should stir the blood of honest manhood and rouse a spirit of indignation before which the mob and its leaders would quickly fly for refuge. What is needed now is the strong arm of the law to interpose with all the force at its command, whether civil or military, between the lawless mob and the law-abiding people, and to stop this carnival of crime and cruelty at the point to which it has now been shamelessly allowed to progress."

In this same year, a series crimes with an explosive then comparatively new, prompted this in the *Globe-Democrat*:

"In the United States they are 'dynamiters;' in Canada they are 'dynamiteurs;' in England they are 'dynamitards;' They are cowardly scoundrels everywhere."

PERSONAL SYMPTOMS

In the earlier years of the new journalism in Missouri there were not infrequent lapses into the personal. One of the most notable of those attacks came in the autumn of 1878. Its symptoms developed at the opening of a local political campaign. It revived for the entertainment of that generation two long-past and highly sensational incidents of St. Louis history. The Republican city convention nominated for sheriff Major Julius Hunicke, a prominent and highly respectable citizen. The next morning the *St. Louis Republican* printed editorially this comment on the nomination:

"Who would have thought that the once brilliant Callahan banquet, where police commissioners from Cincinnati and St. Louis supped in splendor with the demi-monde, should drift into sight through the aid of a Republican convention. It is a case of the sins of the youthful politician returning to plague him. Mr. Hunicke should have thought of this."

Before the dampness from the press—for in those days the sheets were "wet down"—had evaporated, everybody knew that Major Hunicke had a perfect alibi. The editor of the *Republican* had earned a record place in what the late Tom McPheeters called the "half-cock book." The Callahan banquet was the talk of the town. The *Globe-Democrat* said:

"Ordinarily we hesitate before challenging any assertion of the *Republican* which involves the habits, modes of life or other proceedings of the demi-monde. It is a wise law of nature which ordains a division of labor in this world, 'each as his business and desire shall point.' The principle obtains in journalism as in other professions and pursuits, and in obedience to it the *Republican* has become the organ and oracle of female frailty. In all that happens within the many temples of Venus, within the city of St. Louis, the *Republican* is regarded as indisputable authority. We should as soon think of questioning *Bell's Life* or the *Clipper* respecting an event in the prize ring as of doubting the *Republican's* record of anything transpiring in a maison de joie. And yet we are constrained to correct that usually accurate journal when it says, as in its issue of yesterday, that Mr. Hunicke, the Republican candidate for sheriff, was present at a banquet given some years ago at the residence of one 'Madame Callahan.' We have no idea who Madame Callahan was or where she resided, but the *Republican* speaks of her in terms of familiarity which indicate a long acquaintance. Mr. Hunicke was not present on the occasion made memorable by the Madame's organ. His absence from the city—he being then a resident of Nashville, Tenn.—will partially at least account for his absence from the banquet. We do not want to be understood as generally arraigning the *Republican* for want of accuracy in a single instance of this kind. The fact that its editor can recall the great event of the feast after ten years is creditable to his memory and to the watchful zeal with which he stores his great mind with the kind of information he most highly prizes. People may differ as to literary or editorial ability, but as historian of events like the 'Callahan banquet' the individual referred to is without a fellow in the firmament of journalism."

The *Republican* quickly made all possible amends to Major Hunicke, but at the same time denounced the *Globe-Democrat* for indecent journalism. Whereupon Mr. McCullagh replied:

"We dislike personal journalism but we cannot help dipping into it once in a while just to remind the old reprobates at Third and Chestnut streets that they cannot be allowed to abuse their betters with impunity. If they do not change their course, the treatment they will receive from the *Globe-Democrat* will make them think they have suddenly been struck in the softer parts by a quarter section of the day of judgment."

For several days the *Globe-Democrat* printed more or less definite paragraphs on the unfitness of the proprietors of the

Republican to instruct the community upon morality, leading up to this:

"As at present advised, however, with nothing to guide us but the light of mere human understanding, we cannot accept the individuals named as infallible guides in the domain of morals. Indictments as common blacklegs, to which they both pleaded guilty twenty years ago or more, would seem an obstacle in the way of our inclination even were they not supplemented by a career in contrast to which that of ordinary blackleg is pure and spotless."

At the same time the *Globe-Democrat* dubbed Colonel George and Colonel John Knapp as "Poker George" and "Monte John." The Knapps were men well advanced in years. They were not only the proprietors of the *Republican* but had been active in many public-spirited movements. Indictments as "common blacklegs!" The community held its breath awaiting the response to this challenge. And when the answer came next day in the form of an editorial of the *Republican*, there was hilarity in the *Globe-Democrat* office and marvel in every coffee house from Bissell's Point to the Wild Hunter:

"More than twenty years ago, when games of cards were fashionable in this city among its most respectable citizens, the Messrs. Knapp occasionally indulged in the amusement. On such occasions a plate of oysters, a glass of wine or toddy, or a small sum of money, was sometimes made the incentive. On one occasion a very small creature, quite as large, nevertheless, as the editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, went before the grand jury and informed on the players. Colonel Fent Long was foreman, and, perceiving the detestable nature of the matter, waited upon Judge Lackland and asked what was the duty of the grand jury. The judge stated that if the persons played at cards for money or property of any kind, the least value, it was violation of the law. Indictments were consequently found against the Messrs. Knapp and others for such an act as playing at cards. Among those persons were the most upright, honorable and honored citizens whose lives adorned this city—Dr. Robert Simpson, John Shade, Samuel Willi, Colonel S. B. Churchill, Luther M. Kennett, Benj. Stickney, J. T. Swearingen, Charles B. Lord, John G. Priest, Charles Keemle, D. H. Armstrong, Richard J. Howard, James H. Hughes, D. C. January, Augustus Kerr, Theo. La Beaume, Philip S. Lanham, Henry B. Belt, George Maguire, George K. McGunnigle, J. S. Thomas, W. L. Williams, R. S. Blennerhassett. All the parties promptly confessed the indictment except Dr. Simpson,

George K. McGunnigle, John Shade and Samuel Willi for whom the informer retracted his statement, and Colonle Keemle who defended himself on the ground of malice in the informer and was convicted of betting a dish of codfish and fined."

The next day the *Globe-Democrat* returned to the attack.

"The Knapps tell us that their game was a small one, and that, therefore, the charge of gambling was not sustained against them. They proceed, however, to furnish a series of explanations, which, we regret to say, tend to increase rather than to diminish the original offense in the eyes of the initiated. Looking for scapegoats upon which to send their sins into the wilderness, they blindly seize the innocent and unoffending oyster as their first victim. 'A plate of oysters' was sometimes made 'the incentive,' they tell us. And from every man familiar with the game of poker comes the cry of 'too thin.' We have read all that has been written on the game, including the learned work of an ex-minister to England, and we cannot find a single point at which that noble and useful bivalve, the oyster, could be brought to the base uses of an 'incentive' to it. The allegation is a slander which we rebuke in the name of all good and law-abiding mollusks. Sheridan, in 'The Critic,' dignifies the oyster into a thing that 'may be crossed in love', and Shakespeare, in the 'Merry Wives', makes the John Knapp of that period,—Ancient Pistol by name,—regard the whole world as an oyster which he with sword would open at the nearest approaching Camp Jackson capitulation. It remained for the *Republican* to couple the oyster with the game of poker.

"It would have been much better for the Knapps if they had allowed the mantle of silence to fall gently upon their record as gamblers; but certainly nothing could have been worse than to attempt palliation at the expense of the moral character of the dumb and delicate oyster. A number of questions at once arise in the mind of the reader and the answer to them is inevitably the condemnation of the Knapps, and a large amount of scorn and contempt for the efforts to drag the reputable oyster down to their own depraved level. Imagine some of the individuals named by the *Republican* as accomplices in these offenses,—John G. Priest, D. A. January, and David H. Armstrong, for instance,—sitting at a table with the two Knapps engaged in one of these little games with oysters as the 'incentive'. First, we might inquire whether the oysters were in the shell, raw, stewed or fried; but without stopping to determine this question, let us give the Knapps the benefit of the doubt and admit that the oysters were in the half-shell. It is, let us say, Mr. Priest's deal and Mr. January's blind. Does Mr. January put up an oyster on the half-shell? And does Mr. Armstrong straddle this blind by putting up two oysters in a similar condition? Then the deal is made, and we will suppose that Mr. Priest has abstained from taking three of a kind from the bottom of the deck; in other words, that he has dealt fairly. Then comes the draw. One of the

Knapps, under strong suspicion of a cold deck, raises the blind and announces that it takes ten oysters to come in. They all come in. There are now fifty oysters on the half-shell in the pot. And the game has not fairly opened. The Knapps nudge each other, which means for John to bet high. He opens by slamming twenty oysters on the half-shell in the middle of the table. Mr. Priest and George Knapp throw up their hands, but not so the guileless two. They warm to the contest and become positively reckless in the delusion that this is a fair game. Each goes twenty better than the other, until in five minutes the table groans under a weight of shell fish never before encountered. John Knapp wins,—of course,—a man with four aces in his sleeve at the opening of the game generally does. Now what does he do with all the oysters?

"To state the case is to show its absurdity. If the Knapps want to clear themselves of the charge of having been notorious blacklegs, they must certainly call in some more efficacious plea than that of the oyster. It is not in the books to play poker with oysters as the 'incentive'."

Following the explanation of the indictments, the *Republican* dwelt at length upon the "wicked, desperate and malignant character of J. B. McCullagh." To this the *Globe-Democrat* replied:

"We assure the two old scoundrels at Third and Chestnut streets that they do not know Mr. J. B. McCullagh. Otherwise they would not speak of him in harsh terms. He is not 'wicked, desperate and malignant.' On the contrary, he is noted for his sweet disposition, and his strong point is his excessive modesty. If Poker George and Monte John will call at the *Globe-Democrat* office, we will take pleasure in introducing them to Mr. McCullagh and those associated with him in the conduct of the great religious daily."

When, five years later, George Knapp passed away, Mr. McCullagh paid this tribute to him in the *Globe-Democrat*:

"The death of Colonel George Knapp, which is reported today as having occurred on an ocean steamship bound for New York, will create a sensation of sorrow not alone in St. Louis where he has been a familiar figure for half a century, but throughout the whole Southwest where his occupation as the head of an old and influential organ of public opinion had made him widely conspicuous. It will be especially bad news to a large circle of men well on in years like himself, of which he had long been the center and to whom he had endeared himself by friendship and association running back beyond the memory of middle age. Colonel Knapp was a man of strongly marked characteristics, and among the most strongly

marked of all was his devotion to those whom he numbered among his friends. While he would not take high rank, perhaps, among the intellectual men of his time and profession, he kept himself widely informed by observation and his intuitions rarely failed to do the duty of higher education in other men. He was by nature large-hearted and charitable—always preferring the kindly to the unkindly in deed and word; and if, in the sharp and often bitter rivalries of a calling that is sometimes severe in its demands upon the patience and temper, he was occasionally, carried to the wrong extreme, it can all be forgotten now in the recollection of the broader and better lineaments of his character. He did no evil that is likely to live after him, and he did much good that is likely to live after him, and he did much good that will not and cannot be interred with his bones."

There were amenities in the new journalism in Missouri.

PROFESSIONAL ETHICS.

The Charles O'Connor incident of the Tilden-Hayes controversy gave Mr. McCullagh the opportunity for a telling defense of journalism. Charles O'Connor was, perhaps, the foremost member of the American bar in the winter of 1876-7. He wrote to Sam. C. Reid of St. Louis a remarkable letter which was printed on the editorial page of the *Globe-Democrat* with this introduction written by Mr. McCullagh:

"We have been permitted to copy from the original the following letter from Mr. Charles O'Connor, of New York, to a gentleman of this city, who had written to him for his views on the political situation. We print without comment, leaving that to each respectable citizen for himself. Mr. O'Connor is a leading representative Democrat, who has always stood high in the councils of his party, has often been honored with its favors and preferments, and who may still be said to reflect the views of the 'State rights' wing of that organization. He cannot be denounced as either obscure or irresponsible. We print the letter in full:

Fort Washington, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1876.

Dear Sir:

Gibbons says there is a vital difference in the consequences of a foreign and a civil war. 'The former is the external warmth of summer—always tolerable and sometimes beneficial; the latter is the deadly heat of fever, which consumes, without remedy, the vitals of the constitution.' I do not think opinions of a judicial nature concerning the law or the Constitution of any consequence. The drunken Democrat whom the Republicans dragged out of the Galena gutter, besmeared with the blood of his countrymen slain in domestic broil, and lifted to a high pedestal as the

Moloch of their worship, rules, and until a great change in sentiment shall take place, must continue to rule over the prostrate ruins of Washington's Republic. That Republic perished on the day that McDowell moved 'on to Richmond.'

Yours truly,

CH. O'CONNOR."

Naturally this letter was copied far and wide and many and varied were the comments. But the attention attracted at the time of the first publication was as nothing compared with that which attended the republication and the *Globe-Democrat's* comment two months later. The electoral commission of five senators, five representatives and five justices of the United States supreme court was formed to decide whether Hayes or Tilden should be the next President. Charles O'Connor appeared as chief of counsel for Tilden in the trial before this commission. He called at the White House to "pay his respects" to President Grant. Then it was that Mr. McCullagh revived the letter and printed this about it:

"It is the habit of men like Mr. O'Connor to avail themselves of every opportunity to denounce the licentiousness of the press. If an editor, in the heat of a partisan contest, happens to write an article or paragraph of a personal character, and if the aggrieved or injured individual happens to go into court for redress, the lawyers let loose a torrent of abusive rhetoric against the defendant as an enemy of society and a violator of every safeguard for the rights of individuals. But when the leading luminary of the American bar sits down in the quiet and solitude of his country home and coolly pens a letter unequaled in its blackguardism by the vilest crossroad editor in the country, he simply says, a month afterwards, that he has no recollection of it, and there the matter drops. The venerable libeller is said to have done something 'worthy of his high character,' and he goes his way rejoicing."

THE FOLLOWERS OF DUDEN

BY WILLIAM G. BEK

FOURTEENTH ARTICLE

Joseph Rieger—Colporteur*

Johann Georg Joseph Anton Rieger was the full name of a man whose life was closely linked with the religious development of that part of the country, which Duden advertised so liberally in his "Report."

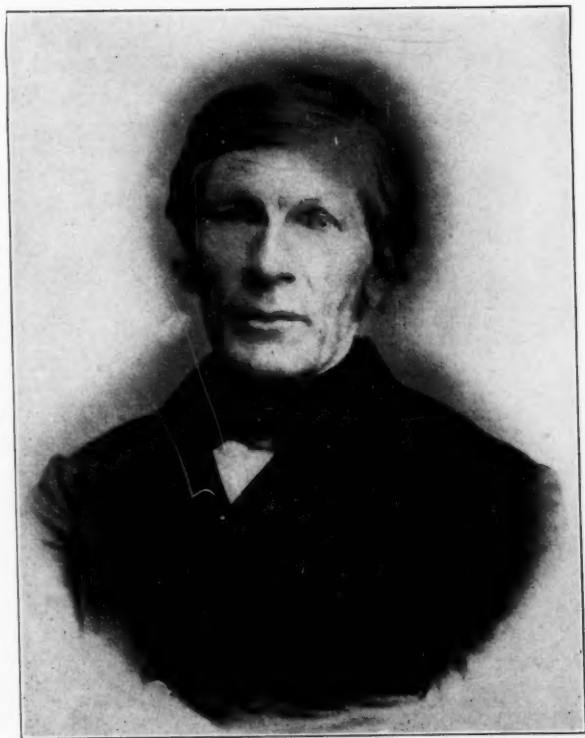
The Reverend Joseph Rieger was born on April 23, 1811, at Aurach in Bavaria. His parents were members of the Roman Catholic church. At the age of six his mother died and he was then cared for by an aunt. His father had a small business, and in addition owned a few acres of land, where he kept a few sheep and some bees. Early in life the boy was sent to a monastic school, where he showed industry and ability. Here the benevolence of Rieger's character, one of his striking attributes in later life, manifested itself. In the school which he attended, there were also some non-Catholic boys, who were allowed to use their Lutheran catechism in their religious instruction. One of these lads was slow of comprehension and also lazy. Pitying him, Rieger devoted much time to him, drilling him in the essentials of the work, and inculcating in him the habits of industry and application. By this unselfish service Rieger became acquainted with the principles underlying the Protestant church, the tenets of which he later espoused.

At the age of eleven Rieger also lost his father. Now he came into the home of another aunt, who lived in Epinal,

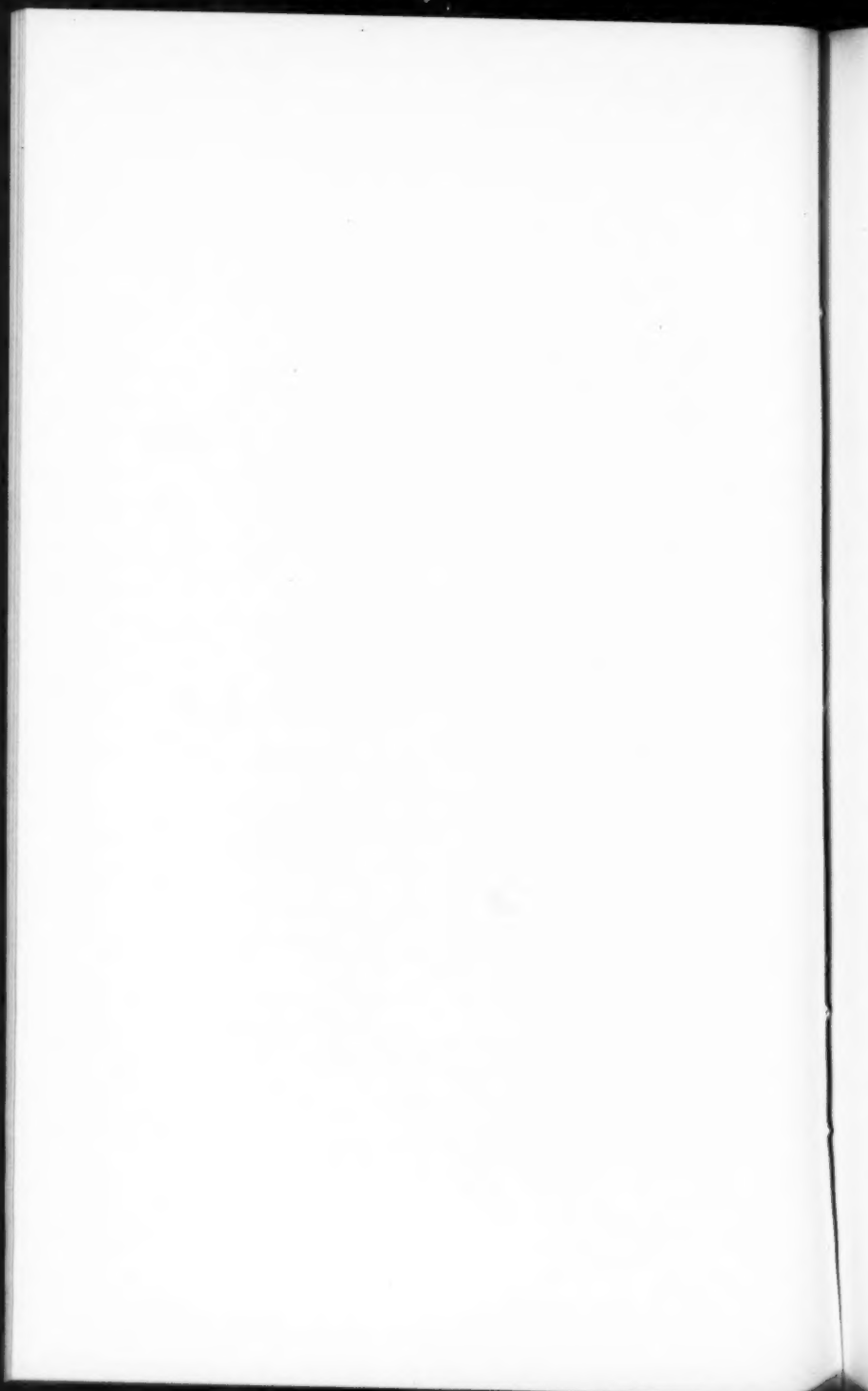
*Sources consulted in this account are the following:

¹A tribute to the Rev. Mr. Rieger—anonymous, by two fellow clergymen of Rieger's church.

²Muecke's Geschichte d. Deut. Ev. Synode v. N. A.



REV. JOSEPH RIEGER



France. This aunt had married a French army officer by the name of Collin. In their home only the French language was spoken. With his aunt's children Rieger was sent to an excellent school. Collin was a strict disciplinarian with his children, and insisted especially that they should master mathematics. In this branch Rieger acquired unusual proficiency, and the benefits of this training came in good stead in later life. The Collins were irreligious but very superstitious. This made the boy, who had been brought up in a strictly pious atmosphere, very reflective.

When the lad had reached his fourteenth year he returned to his old home in Bavaria. He was expected to learn a trade and was advised to become a silk-weaver, it being presumed that his frail constitution would permit him to master this work. It was found that he did not have the physical strength for this trade, so he became apprenticed to a master tailor. Having served his time as an apprentice he became a journeyman and as such wandered over a great part of Germany. In this manner he became acquainted with a large number of people of various stations, and learned to know their way of thinking. This experience was of inestimable value to him, for all his life long it was easy for Rieger to understand the working classes. In due time he completed his master piece and was declared a master tailor.

On a certain occasion Rieger heard a young priest preach, using the text: "God so loved the world," etc. This directed his attention to the church. Due perhaps to early conditions and environment, Rieger had always held broad views in matters religious. In fact all his life he was free from all prejudices; sectarian differences meant nothing to him, he had no confessional dislikes and prejudices.

At last the conviction matured in him that he would rather work in the Protestant church than in the Catholic. He confided this thought to his aunt and uncle and to his brother. All of them were very much aroused, and violently opposed such a step. His aunt threatened to disinherit him. Nevertheless, Rieger declared his intention of separating his connection with the Catholic church. Having committed

this act before he was of age, he was obliged to flee the country most hastily, to prevent the confiscation of his small paternal inheritance, and also to prevent being arrested and put in a monastery. For one whole year he kept himself in concealment in Switzerland. Not even his nearest kin knew where he was. By this time he had definitely made up his mind to devote himself to the church, and applied for admission to the Mission-house in Basel. He was promised admittance as soon as he had obtained his dismissal from the Catholic church.

As soon as he had reached his twenty-first year, he returned to his old home. He submitted his request for dismissal from the Catholic church in written form. In keeping with the regulations of that time, he had to receive instruction in religious matters from two priests during a period of six weeks. After two weeks one of the priests said that he would have nothing more to do with Rieger. He thereupon wrote a testimonial, stating that he had instructed the young man, but without being able to show him the error of his way. Now Rieger publicly declared his intention to enter into the service of the Evangelical church, received his exemption from military duty, and in 1832 entered the Mission-house in Basel.

For four years he studied at Basel. On February 8, 1836, Rieger and two others, George Wendelin Wall and John Gottlieb Schwabe, were ordained in Coerray, near Basel, and directed to go to America. There had just then arrived an urgent call from Christians in America, pleading that ministers be sent to the scattered Germans in the far west, lest they, because of lack of Christian instruction, lapse into modern heathendom. These American friends had also volunteered to support the missionaries sent from Basel for a few years.

Rieger and Wall had previously received appointments to go to southern Russia. Then a decree of Czar Nicholas abolished the flourishing missions in his realm, and banished everything that was not of the Greek Catholic church. So these two men were directed to go to America and report to the group of Christian men in Hartford, Connecticut, who

worked so assiduously for the development of Christian churches among the German settlements in the West.

Before leaving his fatherland Rieger paid another visit to his old home. His kin received him coldly. His uncle and aunt discussed religious matters with him and made a final effort to dissuade him of the error of his ways, assuring him that he should be disinherited by them unless he complied with their wishes. Regretting to leave his loved ones so saddened, he continued his journey to join Wall and Schwabe in Bremen. On April 15, 1836, they set sail, and after a stormy voyage arrived in New York harbor on June 1. Here Schwabe left them to go directly to his charge in Detroit, Michigan, where he died a short time after his arrival. Wall and Rieger followed instruction and went to Hartford, to the above mentioned friends of Christian endeavor, and spent some months perfecting their knowledge of the English language. On October 17 they set out for their real destination, St. Louis, in the far West, as it was called then, when there were no railroads, and when the trip required from three to four weeks of time. They reached the gateway to the West in the middle of November, 1836.

Wall at once became pastor of the "Evangelical Protestant Congregation of the Holy Spirit," a church founded in 1834. He served this body until 1843 when a division took place. He founded a new church on July 16, 1843, which bore the name "German Evangelical Congregation in St. Louis, Missouri," and which became the forerunner of many Evangelical churches in the city. Wall continued to serve Evangelical churches in or near St. Louis until his death on April 21, 1867, at the age of fifty-six years.

Rieger did not find a permanent place so easily. His activity during the first eleven years (1836-1847) satisfied more nearly the program as outlined by the American friends in Hartford. He was the real itinerant preacher. He was the journeying evangelist, who sought out the scattered German settlements in Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, who preached and taught school, distributed Christian literature and organized churches. In the above named years he did not have his

equal in this work. His practical bent of mind and his ardent love for his calling fitted him most admirably for this endeavor.

Rieger's diary proves interesting reading.

St. Louis, November 18, 1836. "Yesterday evening we heard from brothers Heyer and Nies.* Because of their Christian faith they are regarded as uneducated men.

"I resolved to pay brother Riesz** a visit. I met a man from High Prairie, Illinois, who offered me his horse, to carry out my proposed visit. Accompanied by a neighbor of brother Riesz we set out. We had to ride thru a lake which was so deep that the water came to the belly of my horse. Then the way led thru mud and brush. In four hours we reached our destination. The Reverend Riesz was greatly pleased to see me. He lives with his parents-in-law, in a one-room log cabin. His wife came with her parents and seven other brothers and sisters from Wiesbaden, a year ago. They arranged a bed for me beside theirs on the floor. I was greatly surprised to see brother Riesz so contented in such a wretched dwelling.

November 19. "This morning brother Riesz began whitewashing his little log hut, and requested that I should preach for him to-morrow.

November 20. "It was a beautiful day. We drove to the church services. Our conveyance was drawn by an ox team. There were about one hundred persons assembled

*Philipp Jacob Heyer from Metzingen, Wuertemberg, and Tilman Nies from Elserfeld near Siegen, Rhenish Prussia, were sent out by the Rhenish Mission Society in 1836, to go to the Flathead Indians in Oregon Territory, as missionaries. In November, 1836, they arrived in St. Louis. Because of the approaching winter they decided to wait there till spring, before they continued their journey. Many requests on the part of German settlers induced them to preach to them during the winter. Nies had contracted a severe cold when the boat on which he and Heyer came, sank. He never recovered his health fully and died on September 30, 1838. Heyer preached near St. Charles. He was one of the organizers of the German Evangelical Synod of North America, (See account of Garlichs). Later he severed his connection with this church organization.

**John Jacob Riesz came to America in 1835 and at once set out for the German settlements in the West. In 1846 he took charge of a German church in St. Louis and remained in active church work till his death July 8, 1855. He was one of the founders of the Ev. Synod.

at the house of a farmer named Freivogel. I preached and brother Riesz made some closing remarks. The people plan the erection of a church building. At present they have only \$260 of the required \$500. Brother Riesz also preaches each week at New Angora (beyond Ockow) at Turkey Hill, Belleville, High Prairie and yet another place, a circuit of thirty miles, but in all he gets scarcely \$200 for his labor.—We ate dinner at Freivogel's. In the evening I taught school at Riesz' home. We also had singing and prayer.

November 23. "We prepared for the return journey. Brother Riesz, his wife, and one of the latter's sisters and a brother, beside myself, rode on a two-wheeled cart, drawn by two oxen. At 4:30 o'clock we arrived in St. Louis.

November 28. "This morning I arrived at Alton, Illinois. I was hospitably received by Reverend Graves, postmaster, who introduced me to Rev. DePui, an Episcopalian clergyman. The latter speaks some German, and on several occasions has gathered the Germans, living here, to services. He was greatly pleased to have me here and begged me to remain. He acquainted me with several Germans. Messrs. Brown and Baldwin and others think I ought to stay here. I had much difficulty in finding a boarding place. The Episcopalians have given me permission to preach in their meeting place.

December 8. "Went to St. Louis to get my trunk. Upon my return no lodging place had been secured for me. Since I had an attack of fever, I went to the Mansion House where I was very sick.

December 9. "Since no one knew where I was, I went to Mr. Gillman in the afternoon, to request him to inform some of the people of my presence. Mr. Gillman invited me to stay at his home over night.

December 10. "I felt somewhat better today and was able to go down to the village. I learned that I might stay with Mr. Lovejoy* during the first few days of the coming week. Mr. Gillman asked me to stay with him over Sunday.

*The Reverend E. P. Lovejoy, the abolitionist.

December 11. "I had planned to preach to-day, but the people thought I was still ill, and for this reason no one came.

December 14. "This afternoon Mr. Gillman conveyed my belongings to Mr. Lovejoy's. I thought I should have a room with heat, but I was disappointed.

December 15. "I suggested to Mr. Lovejoy that I should like to set up a stove in my room. He offered no objections, so I bought a stove. But when I wanted to make a fire the wind drove the smoke into the room, and I had to give it up.

December 18. "This morning I went to conduct services at nine o'clock, but no one came. I went to the house of Mr. Heinz and after a while some twelve persons gathered. I preached. In the afternoon I addressed about thirty persons. There were several Catholics among them. In future we shall also have permission to hold services in the Presbyterian church. A few Protestants asked me to conduct Christmas services on the coming Sunday at six o'clock in the morning. To this I agreed.—This evening I was able to make a fire in my room, since the wind had shifted.

December 19. "This morning I spent in splitting wood.—I heard from Mr. Wismer that the Catholic priest Mr. Lutz had told his German constituents, that they would do better not to hear any gospel preached than that preached by a Lutheran.

December 25. "On this holy Christmas day we had church services at six o'clock. It was very cold, and only eleven persons were present. H. Weimann had made a chandelier of wood for the occasion. Altho there were only a few persons present, we nevertheless had a blessed hour together.—At three o'clock in the afternoon we had services again, at which thirty persons were present.—The people agreed to furnish the necessary wood for fuel.

December 28. "Yesterday I could not have a fire in my room on account of the high wind. During the night it was very cold, but to-day I am able to heat my room.—I split wood, mended my coat, and studied my sermon. I stayed home all day.

December 29. "This morning I went out to visit the Germans who live below Middletown. I called upon several families. Most of them are very ignorant. They came from near Offenburg in Baden. I urged them to come to church.

"Then I went to upper Alton where I had a discussion with a man on the subject of intoxicating liquors and drunkenness.—In the evening I was at home studying my sermon.

December 31. "This day I spent at home. My thoughts were always with my friends in Basel.

January 1, 1837. "I preached this morning to very few people, for most of them are going from house to house to eat and drink and to wish each other a Happy New Year.—I could not make a fire in my room, and it was very cold.—In the afternoon I again preached to a few people.

January 4. "I shall probably begin an evening school to teach the people to read.

January 8. "I preached twice to-day, but each time had only seven hearers.

January 11. "I called upon several families. In the evening I again gave instruction at Mr. Heizig's house. I began with the A B C's. We are having a lot of snow.—I feel well and have a better appetite than at any time since I came to America. I believe I am getting stronger.

January 15. "I did not preach this morning, because so few people came. I attended services in the Episcopal church. However, I was reminded of Mr. Fletcher, who at one time had only his wife as an auditor and yet delivered his sermon. I, too, will emulate his example and preach in the future.—In the afternoon I had eight hearers.—The snow is so deep that I cannot get out into the country to make calls.

January 16. "In the evening I again went down town and gave instruction. The remainder of the evening I spent pleasantly with Major Hunter.* I told him that I intended to buy a horse. He said if I would write to Basel and say that

*Major Hunter is spoken of as a veteran of the War with Mexico, a devout Christian, an abolitionist who was very active in the operation of the so-called underground railroad.

they should always keep a plate on the table for an American in the Mission house, he would present me with a horse, saddle and bridle. I agreed and shall presently get my horse. Major Hunter has had his own tomb-stone made and thinks much about death, nevertheless he plans to take a trip to Europe next summer.

January 20. "I feel the need of a horse more than ever. In this kind of weather it is impossible to go out afoot. It is unbelievable how deep the mud is. I bought some nails and engaged a man to help me build the stable. In six hours we were done. Major Hunter is very kind to me. He also gave me the lumber for the stable.

January 22. "I had a good audience this morning and baptized the first child, after the services.

January 23. "This morning I went to upper Alton and got my horse. I started at once on my journey to visit the Marine settlement. My horse tried three times to run away. I visited several settlements before I came to Edwardsville. To my joy I found one religious family. In Edwardsville there are no Germans. I went to Troit, where I spent the night in an inn.

January 24. "I gave the inn-keeper's family some tracts, and then rode on to the Marine settlement. On the way visited with an English family. In the Marine settlement I stopped at the house of a man who came from Rhenish, Bavaria. He spoke disrespectfully of constituted authority and the clergy. When he became aware that I am a clergyman, he spoke differently. They have no Bible. I shall take them one.

"I rode on to Lookingglass Prairie, and arrived late at Dr. Guerike's house. He and his son received me very kindly. I should not have gotten there, if two men had not helped me over Silver creek. In the evening we heard the wolves howl. The prairie here is very extensive and affords a splendid view. In dry weather one travels easily and comfortably over it.

January 25. "I visited several families, and then rode to St. Louis. Here I found Brother Wall, after much inquiring. I spent the night with him.

January 26. "I transacted some business. Drew fifty dollars at Mr. King's. Bought some Bibles, and in company with a young man rode back to Alton, where we arrived at five o'clock.

January 27. "Went to the village and delivered some Bibles to families for whom I had promised to procure them. They were greatly pleased. I went home and studied.

January 29. "I rejoiced because of the beautiful day we had, and hoped there would be many people in church. I was surprised and deeply grieved when only one man came. I am considering changing my location at once.

January 30. "Started on my way to St. Charles, but had to wait a long time before I could cross the river. The boat had sunk.—On my way I distributed many tracts. I stayed over night at Mrs. Kaiser's home. She has eleven children of whom five are still at home.—They have a beautiful pet doe.

January 31. "I went on to St. Charles, where I found brother Nies at a German's named Schaefer.—Went to Nies' school and was greatly pleased, for his thirty pupils are eager to learn.—The Germans here had early expressed the wish to have a pastor and also engaged a teacher. The latter would, however, rather split wood than teach, and indeed understood the former occupation better than the latter.—I was offered the pastorate near St. Charles and accepted.

February 1. "I again visited Nies' school and was again highly pleased. In the afternoon I went to Mr. Chamberlain, who has the Bible depository here. I bought three Bibles, and Brother Heyer gave me one.—The Germans in this community have bought a farm for \$400. It includes forty acres, of which ten acres are fenced in. The house on this land is a loghouse, and serves at once as parsonage, church and school-house.

February 2. "I started on my return trip. On the way I distributed tracts. In the afternoon, about three o'clock, I came to the ferry but could not cross. Retraced my steps for two miles and had an edifying hour with some settlers, who are of the Baptist faith. These people had come from Kentucky. They have no furniture, neither a table, nor

chairs, nor bedsteads. They did have bedding, however. We observed our evening devotion and then lay down on the floor for rest. I slept very soundly.

February 3. "Arrived at the landing at ten o'clock, but the ferryboat did not cross till two o'clock.

February 4. "Prepared my sermon and delivered some German Bibles.

February 5. "We had church services this morning. I had only two hearers, both Catholics. They were very attentive. In the afternoon I had a good audience, among whom were again two Catholics.

February 8. "To-day it is just one year since I was ordained.

February 9. "Went to St. Charles intending to preach there on Sunday. I arrived rather late. I met brother Nies who at once informed me, that brother Heyer had given up his long cherished plan (of going as missionary to the Flat-head Indians, for which purpose the Barmen Mission Society had sent him). That Heyer intended marrying a German peasant girl. That he (H.) intended to stay here. That he had bought a horse and still had \$250 (of the Society's money).

February 10. "We visited Heyer. He told me that he had written me a letter stating that he had been chosen by the church officers as pastor of the church near St. Charles. He was very shamefaced and anxious, for he no doubt felt how ignobly he had acted toward me and how unprincipled toward the Mission Society.

February 14. "Nies accompanied me to Alton where we arrived at 3 o'clock.

February 19. "I preached twice to-day and each time had only a few hearers. It takes indeed much effort and earnest prayer to be patient and humble. If I only had more faith.

June 18. "Have decided to change my location.

June 23. "Tomorrow I shall ride to Naples to see the Germans living there.

June 24. "Received some letters from Mr. Edwards urging me to come to Beardstown, Illinois. I started on my way and in Naples I announced church services for the next day. I got into a poor inn and spent a restless night, since I shared a room with many grown-ups, some boys and some dogs. I preached to about twenty-five persons and gave each of them a tract.

June 26. "This morning I rode to Beardstown. Came thru a swampy country, where one can easily get stuck, crossed the Illinois river, met two men who lived only half a mile from Mr. Bolenius. I wanted to go with them, but we were caught in a storm, so that I was soaked from head to foot. We came to a house, but there were already nine strangers in it, so I could not stay over night. We had to go in the rain. At about ten o'clock I came to another house, where I was received hospitably and where I could dry my clothes.—The gnats and mosquitoes are very annoying here.

June 27. "This morning when I was close to Bolenius' my horse became shy and threw me. I was painfully but not seriously injured. Near Bolenius' place a creek was out of its banks, so I could not cross it. A man went for B. and so I was able to talk to him. He is again married, has decided to stay in the country and does not preach any more. He is a veterinary surgeon. He intends to lay out a vineyard and a botanical garden. He makes brick and builds houses.—I rode back to Beardstown, stopped for half an hour, but could not comply with the people's wish to preach on that evening. The people would be glad to have me come there. I spent the night in Jacksmill, rode to Jerseyville the next day, and on the thirtieth came back to Alton, weary and worn out by the heat.

July 2. "I had only six persons in church this morning, and decided definitely to go away. In the afternoon I had no one come to church in Upper Alton.

July 5. "Wrote to the people in Beardstown, announcing that I would preach there a week from next Sunday.

July 10. "I started early. Rode over the prairie. Saw several new town sites laid out. For the most part I had no

road and had to steer my way like a seaman. In the evening I arrived at Claire's Grove.

July 11. "Started again early in the morning in order to get to Monroe in good time. At ten o'clock I arrived at Joskisch's place. He had not yet received my letter. He would be pleased if I remained there.

July 16. "We had a beautiful day. It looked like a pilgrimage when the people came together from the country. I baptized two children and administered the Lord's Supper to thirty-two communicants. The people would be glad to have me stay.—In the evening we usually have singing and prayer.

July 17. "Last night I slept in a barn and covered myself with my coat. The mosquitoes were very bad.—I started out to visit the more educated and cultured persons of this community. I went to Dr. Engelbach's place and spent the night there. I could not sleep the whole night. Twice I went into the garden, but the mosquitoes were there too. Dr. Engelbach is perhaps the best educated man among the Hessians here. He offered me his house as a home, if I would stay here.

July 23. "At eleven this morning we had services in Beardstown. There were more than one hundred persons there, but none of the so-called educated.* More than fifty partook of the Lord's Supper.—In the afternoon a man named Emrich came with his children. He was slightly intoxicated. I baptized his children and pray that the Lord may be merciful to him.

July 25. "I was very sick and stayed in bed almost the entire day.

August 20. "I delivered my farewell sermon (in Alton) before five persons.

August 21. "Locked my trunk and sent it to Lower Alton, and said farewell. Hill had not made any collection, so I was obliged to leave without money and in debt. I left Alton with a heavy heart.

*It is this class who in many instances opposed the establishment of churches in those early settlements.

"On August 26 I arrived in Beardstown. Had great difficulty in finding a boarding place, which I finally secured with Mr. Bohne. A small cabin was also provided for a school building."

These are the simple entries in Reverend Rieger's early diary. They afford a lucid picture of the condition obtaining among the Germans of that time in western Illinois and eastern Missouri and testify to the difficulties that stood in the way of the ministry.

In Beardstown Rieger found a more fruitful field of labor. The church services were well attended, as was also the school, which he taught here. Financially he fared better also, since the money set aside for the public school of that district was paid him. He had the happy faculty of winning the affection of the children, and thru them often won the esteem of otherwise recalcitrant parents.

Other trials awaited him here, however. Beardstown is located on low grounds, and at that time fevers prevailed the year around. Rieger was often sick, yet he insisted upon ministering to his people, and often preached when he was shaken by the ague. He made many trips to the surrounding country to preach to the scattered Germans and to distribute Bibles and tracts among them.

In August, 1838, a typhoid epidemic broke out in Beardstown which proved fatal to many. There was scarcely a house which was spared by the plague. Often there was no one to care for the sick. Then Rieger was incessantly active, caring for the sick, consoling the dying, admonishing those still in good health. Many a night he watched over the sufferers. "How many ways there are of doing good and preaching the Savior," he wrote, "what a blessed service."

Presently his frail body succumbed to the exertion. He felt the approach of the fever. Deliberately he fetched a pitcher of water for himself, took a dose of rhubarb, and sought his bed, across which his unconscious body was found lying in a dead swoon. A little boy, whom he had befriended and who often came to his room, found him in this condition, and apprised the parishioners, who came to their pastor's aid.

For two days he lay unconscious. After his recovery he was attacked by intermittent fever, which tenaciously clung to him and made it very difficult for him to attend to the duties of the school room.

In January, 1839, Rieger announced to his congregation that he intended to leave the place in spring. The condition of his health made this step imperative. He had offered to accompany the Reverend Nies as missionary to the Flat Head Indians to take the place of the faithless Heyer. Nies' sickness alone had delayed them from carrying out the plan. In the meantime the Reverend Louis Nollau, who subsequently became so prominent in the German Evangelical Church in Missouri, had been sent from Barmen to take Heyer's place as missionary. Upon arriving Nollau found Nies mortally sick. After Nies' death Rieger planned to go with Nollau to the Indians. The latter however, decided to await instructions from Barmen, and in the meantime had undertaken to minister, unto two congregations, at Manchester and Gravois Settlement. Thus thwarted in his plan, Rieger decided that perhaps it were best that he should seek a complete recovery of health on a trip to Germany. In April, 1839, he severed his connection with the church at Beardstown.

He planned to visit his friends before he set out for his old home-country. On horseback he started for St. Louis, where he said adieu to his friend the Reverend Wall, then to Manchester to brother Nollau, on to St. Charles, Troy, Palmyra, Quincy, Burlington, Davenport. All these places he saw in their infancy. Between them lay great stretches of wild land, with here and there fields in which slaves labored. A German preacher had never yet gone that way. There were no hotels, nevertheless he found everywhere the kindest reception at the hand of Americans as well as Germans. As soon as the people heard that he was a preacher of the gospel, they begged him to conduct services for them. Quickly they announced it to their neighbors. Often he was obliged to preach in German and in English on the same evening, his exhortation lasting far into the night. As was his practice

he always distributed small books of religious content among his hearers. Wherever he stopped over Sunday he had to preach, administer the Lord's Supper and baptise children. He visited the sick and prayed with them. Almost everywhere the people begged him to come to them upon his return from Europe.

On June 12, Rieger crossed the Iowa river and saw the cabin where the Indian chief Black Hawk, had lived. He also reports having seen several Indian graves. He says: "These are not covered with earth, but merely enclosed with a fence. We saw the skeletons within." On he went via Wyoming, Salem, Montebelle and Buffalo. The roads were difficult and often dangerous. The towns were sometimes so insignificant, that he was within their limits without knowing it. In Roskingham he met an American friend from New England, who had settled here. His invitation to Rieger to visit him for a while was accepted on condition that he should guide Rieger to the nearby Indian village. In Roskingham were many families from Wuerttemberg for whom Rieger agreed to preach on Sunday. Since many English speaking families had also come, he gave them a short address in English.

On June 18, he and his friend whom he unfortunately only refers to as B. started on their way to the Indian village. They were equipped with provisions for two weeks, blankets and life-preservers. On the first day they made forty miles over poor roads. In some places the ground was so boggy that the riders dismounted for fear their horses would mire. The first night out they spent in an abandoned hut. The following morning, while the horses were being fed, they cast bullets. Then they crossed the Wapisiuainak River, and sixteen miles further on came to chief Powashek's village. Before they came upon the village, they met an Indian riding a pony. He was very much adorned. In his hand he had a mirror. Behind him rode his squaw. On both sides of the animal large sacks were tied, so that the pony could scarcely be seen.

Quoting Rieger, we read: "We came to the bank of the Iowa, and all at once saw a large number of Indians. I

counted thirty-five. They were sitting idly upon the bank of the river. When they saw us, a great commotion ensued and they talked much. They brought us a canoe, into which we packed our baggage and conveyed it across the river, letting our horses swim behind us. The Indians were very friendly and called out, 'How d'e do.'* They admired my horse greatly. Two chiefs came out to meet us. They were much adorned. Their cheeks were painted yellow and their hair red. On their heads were tufts, on their feet bells and wampum, and they had mirrors under their arms.** We greeted them and rode with the white woman (whom we found there) to her tent, where we found two white men and two Indians. They had their rifles with them, and Mr. B. entered a shooting match with them. The Indians admired our life-preservers, and one squaw fastened one about her and swam across the Iowa river. We spent about two hours among the wigwams, which the squaws had built of poles and covered with the bark of trees. Most of these structures were rather large, so that ten to fifteen families lived in each. The entire village numbered about seven hundred souls. On the floor of each wigwam there were two fires, no fireplaces. On both sides ran a broad bench, four feet high, where the people worked, ate, slept, played, etc. The men and boys do nothing, the squaws must do all the work. Each of the former has a gun or a bow and arrows. The squaws and girls were dressed, the boys on

*At present the Indians in the northern part of our country as also those in Canada use the single word 'How' or 'Bjou' (bonjour) in salutation. The latter is, of course, a perversion of an address learned from the French voyageur or trader.

**It is, of course, possible that these Indians had these mirrors simply because they were vain and curious. It is possible, however, that they used them for practical purposes. It may not be a far cry to assume that mirrors were used by them for signaling. In James McLaughlin's "My Friend The Indian" (Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1910) we find an interesting use of mirrors mentioned. In chap. VII, dealing with "The Great Buffalo Hunt at Standing Rock," Dakota Territory, in 1882, we read on page 108, among other interesting things the following: "In the afternoon of the fourth day (of the march) the advance-guard made out the scouts. They were cut out against the skyline some ten miles away, and even at that distance our people read their signals. The signals were made out before the men were visible to the eye, in fact, for each of the scouts carried a little circular mirror and signaled his message by a comparatively perfect heliographic system, which was read by our people and repeated."

the other hand ran about entirely naked, their bodies being painted with mud, charcoal and paint.

"We spent the night in Mr. DePord's tent, let our horses graze about the tent, and slept soundly. On the following morning there was a slight rain, nevertheless we visited the village again, and bought several things from the Indians. Around the wigwams were some small huts where the sick, and the women in childbed stay. We saw a sick woman who was sitting naked on the ground and was washing her abdomen with water. She lamented pitifully. At eleven o'clock we left the village.

"I reflected whether these people might be converted to Christianity, but I could not come to any satisfactory conclusion. They are continually at war, at the present time with the Sioux, who each year kill a considerable number of them. Laziness is deep-rooted in them, and will not soon be banished. Their greatest temptation is brandy.

"The country here is beautiful, situated along a beautiful bow of the river. The Indians are leaving this place, however. They are moving twelve miles further into their own land, where they have a section of land fenced in, and have also built some log huts. For several miles along the way we saw the squaws working in the cornfields, which are fenced in by thorn bushes. In addition to doing this work in the fields, the women do excellent needle-work. These Indians belong to the tribe of Fox Indians or Moquaquas. Their chief, Powashek, was not in the village when we visited it."

Since on the following morning Rieger was attacked by fever, they spent some time in getting home. Of the region they passed thru, he wrote that it was the most beautiful he had ever seen.

From Roskingham, Rieger started on his journey again on June 27, going on to Dixonville and from there, "the whole day over the eternal prairie, which is as monotonous as the ocean." Thus he reached Michigan. He wrote: "I had a hard week, intense heat, much sand. In this week I traveled 230 miles on horseback." At Ann Arbor he visited a dear friend and student companion, the Reverend F. Schmidt.

Here he rested from the hardships of his journey, and found great pleasure in the well regulated churches and the prosperity of the two German settlements, which his friend served as pastor. In Detroit he visited the Reverend M. Schaad. Having reached a realm where steamboats made possible connection between east and west, he gave his horse to his friend Schaad, on condition that he would treat it well and never sell it.

After a short stay in New York and a visit to his friends in Hartford, Connecticut, he set sail on September 11, 1839, and entered the harbor of Bremen on October 16. On the following Sunday he went to church and heard the first German sermon he had heard in three years. From Bremen he went to Barmen where he remained till November 18. There a society, the Evangelical Society for the Protestant Germans in America, had been recently formed for the purpose of supplying their German countrymen in America with clergymen and Christian literature. Rieger was in a position to give the members of this society much first-hand information. They offered to send him as their representative to America. However, he felt his indebtedness to his friends in Hartford and did not wish to break his relations with them, moreover, he was anxious to discuss this whole matter with his friends in Basel.

In Hannover and other places he spent a vast lot of time looking up poor relatives of German settlers in America, delivering to them letters and gifts from their kin beyond the sea. He was fairly stormed with questions concerning America. It seemed to him as if the whole country contemplated emigration.

While on this trip in Germany Rieger met the young lady whom he took back to America as his wife.

After a tiresome sea-journey Rieger and his wife arrived in New York on September 1, 1840. They visited the officers of the Hartford Society for the Spread of Christianity among the Germans of the West. These men were much pleased with Rieger's work during the past years, and assured him of their continued support, as long as he should be in need of assistance. They desired that he should first go to Quincy,

Illinois. On October 1, Rieger and his young wife set out for the west, going via Rochester and Buffalo, New York. At the latter place he heard from the Reverend Joseph Gumbell, who since 1831 had served the German Evangelical Church there, that the Reverend K. L. Daubert had been chosen by the congregation in Quincy. Since the Ohio river was very low, Rieger decided to go to Cleveland and from there by stage to Cincinnati. They found the coaches crowded to suffocation, since the drift westward was so immense. From Cincinnati they went by water to St. Louis, where they arrived late in October.

In the market place in St. Louis he met a man from Highland, Illinois, who implored Rieger to become the pastor of the Germans living in and about the latter place. He accepted, and found the settlement to consist of German Swiss and people from Baden. There were also some Catholics scattered among the settlers. He taught school and preached, first in a school house, later in a little chapel, which he erected with his own means.

Having been early left an orphan, he enjoyed now for the first time the comforts of real home life. Due to the rather rough treatment which he had received in early childhood, his nature had assumed a rather taciturn character, so that to strangers he seemed very uncommunicative and reserved. His wife became a true companion, with whom he shared all his joys and sorrows, who took a keen interest in all his activities.

On September 30, 1841, Rieger went to St. Louis, to go with the Reverend Wall, via St. Charles, to Femme Osage, to attend the annual conference of the Association of German Evangelical Churches of the West, which at that time numbered only eight pastors, who served a larger number of churches, however. On the third of October, 1841, the first German church of that region was dedicated. On this occasion Rieger delivered an address in English. At this synodical meeting the Reverend Garlichs was chosen president and the Reverend Rieger secretary. It was resolved to hold the next conference in Highland with Rieger.

Rieger was quite puritanic in many of his views. During his early years in America, he associated much with American clergymen. The American people at that time had very narrow views as to what decorum and custom a Christian might observe. They would not have regarded a clergyman as genuine, however upright his life and teaching, who wore clothes of a color other than black, who wore a black tie instead of a white one, who wore a low-crowned hat instead of a high one, who had a beard instead of having his face shaved smooth. The use of tobacco was very much taboo, and if a pastor had taken a glass of wine or beer, he certainly would have been regarded as an unconverted man. Such adherence to external form seems to have appealed strongly to Rieger, in fact he outdid his American fellow-clergymen in many ways, whereby he occasionally gave offense to his German colleagues. One incident related of Rieger will confirm this statement. The occasion was the ministerial conference at Femme Osage, referred to above. The brethren had already assembled, when two others, who had but recently come from Germany, also put in an appearance. In preparation for a horseback ride of forty miles, on a warm day, they had attired themselves in light colored suits of linen carrying their black clothes in their saddle-bags. They had taken off their ties, and on their heads they wore low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats. With exclamations of joy at having reached the end of their journey and at being among friends they sprang from their horses. Their enthusiasm was dampened when they were met by surprised glances. After a brief greeting Rieger addressed them thus: "You dare not be seen this way. It is unbecoming for a minister. You must change your garments at once." In subsequent years he changed his point of view in regard to such external matters. In fact, he later made use of the very kind of garment for which he had reproached the young clergymen.

A little anecdote from Rieger's life casts some light on the attitude some of his parishioners took in regard to certain church functions and also the pastor's reaction to such attitude. Rieger had been asked to come to a certain home to baptise

some children. When he arrived he found a considerable concourse of relatives and friends of the people assembled. The larger room had been cleared of all furniture. Musicians were present. It looked suspicious to Rieger. Upon inquiry he learned that they intended to have a dance after the holy office had been performed. The pastor protested against such a performance. He met with the most stubborn opposition, and was informed that he had been invited to baptise the children and nothing more. Hereupon Rieger mounted his horse and rode away.

Soon after Penticost in 1843 he severed his connection with the congregation at Highland. On July 13 he arrived in Burlington, Iowa. Here was a large settlement of Germans. They had in their midst a preacher by the name of Niemann, who came from Cincinnati, whom the people had not chosen as their pastor, but who expressed his intention of staying and preaching. He had a small following among the people. The majority favored Rieger. The minority disseminated all sorts of false reports regarding him. They believed to play their trump card when they circulated the report that he was opposed to the drinking of brandy. The majority, however, adopted the church constitution which Rieger had drawn up, chose him their pastor, and founded the "The First Evangelical Church of Burlington, Iowa," which, incidentally, was the first church of that denomination in the state of Iowa.

Mrs. Rieger entered into her husband's work with enthusiasm. Her self-sacrificing spirit is beautifully shown when one day she volunteered to sell her jewelry, dear to her from girlhood days, in order to buy chalices to be used in the church at the Lord's Supper. Unfortunately this good woman became ill on October 5 and died on October 12. The record Rieger left in his diary of the suffering and death of his beloved wife is a most eloquent testimony against the medical profession as it was practiced along the frontier. It tells of inadequate diagnosis and haphazard administering of powerful drugs, and as a last resort bleeding of a pain-racked body.

A few days after the death of his wife Rieger heard that the man who had done so much to hinder his work in Burlington, the man who seems to have been of that class of men who brought so much reproach upon the clergy, that his most violent opponent Niemann had suddenly died. At once he set out to Niemann's home and offered his help in whatever way it might be desired. He preached the unfortunate man's funeral sermon, and had his congregation sing at the burial. By thus heaping coals of fire upon the heads of those who opposed him, he won their esteem, and presently was happy to add most of them to his congregation.

On November 25, Rieger mourned the loss of his infant son. From now on his great grief impelled him to still greater activity among his charge, especially among the sick and those in sorrow.—He found that Mrs. Niemann was in needy circumstances since the death of her husband. Since Rieger was not keeping house any more, he at once gave her his entire household belongings.

Such unstudied generosity won for him unstinted praise and many friends, and for his church many followers. The following is another illustration of the manner in which he returned good for evil. Some of the freethinkers in Burlington at first opposed Rieger's ministry very vigorously. On a certain evening a group of them sat in a saloon. The topic of their conversation was the new pastor. At length one of them suggested that they go to the parsonage and smash all the windowpanes. In their intoxicated state they all greeted this suggestion with loud approval, and the entire mob set out to perform this mean deed. On the way the freshness of the evening seems to have sobered most of them, at any rate one after the other bethought himself and slunk away, leaving the originator of the plan to make his way alone to the pastor's home. Having arrived there he demolished not only the windowpanes but also the window frames with vicious blows. When Rieger heard the breaking of the glass, he took a lamp and opened the front door. The drunken sot tumbled in, and would have fallen full length to the floor, if the pastor had not caught the reeling form. Rieger put the man to bed

in the front room and closed the window shutters. After calming his wife, who was terrified by the assault, he went back to his charge. He found the bed and the man's clothing badly soiled by the drunken fellow. He scrubbed the floor, cleaned the man's clothes, polished his shoes, and then himself retired. On the following morning, when the man awoke he could not at first orientate himself in his new environment. He thought of sneaking away. Just at that moment the pastor entered with a kind morning greeting. The man begged to be excused from accepting the invitation to breakfast with the pastor, saying that he could not face the latter's wife after such a performance. He asked forgiveness and stated that he would send a carpenter at once to repair the damages. The pastor spoke a few words of admonition, whereupon the man replied: "I promise you solemnly never to become intoxicated again." "Go slowly," Rieger replied, "you are now excited. I do not wish that you should make a promise in this state of excitement." The other continued: "No, I wish that you should take my pledge, for I shall abide by the word of God." That same evening the man came of his own free will and sought admission to church membership, and by his later conduct proved that he meant to abide by the pledge he had given. It was he, himself, who in later years related the above incident. Rieger's lips never divulged it to any man.

On January 19, 1844, he (R.) undertook a trip on horseback to visit his friends the Reverends Wall and Nollau. Attempting to cross the Mississippi he broke thru the ice and nearly perished before help could reach him. It was not until the 24th of January that he finally could carry out his plan. He found Nollau seriously ill with pneumonia. He stayed with him until he knew him to be out of danger. Then he wandered on. His diary here reads thus: "Like a stranger I stray about. If I could only go to Europe and see Minnette's (his late wife) parents. Then back to America and devote my entire life to the work of the itinerant preacher among the scattered Germans in this extensive new world, till the Lord shall call me home."

He rode from place to place where he had formerly labored, and on March 9 returned to Burlington, having traveled 520 miles on this trip. During the summer he entered upon that line of work for which he seemed especially fitted, the work of itinerant preacher and colporteur, distributing Bibles, other books and tracts. In the fall the Reverend H. A. Eppens arrived from Germany, and at once took charge of Rieger's congregation in Burlington, to give him the opportunity to go to Europe. Before going he attended the annual conference of the Association of German Evangelical Churches in the West, which convened in Gravois, Missouri. The conference urged upon him to recruit helpers in Germany for the work among the Germans on the Missouri frontier. His leave-taking and departure was easy for him, for as he said, he felt as free and independent as an Indian.

In October, 1844, Rieger started on his second trip to his old fatherland. In New York City he looked up his friend and benefactor Richard Biglow. The latter went to the harbor with him to select a suitable boat for the journey. Cabin passage was very high but Mr. Biglow volunteered to pay it. Then Rieger recalled that his friend, the Reverend G. W. Wall, without any fault of his own, was in painful financial difficulties. He declared to Biglow, that he would gladly accept the \$100 so generously proffered, but begged that they be sent to his friend in St. Louis, and declared he would take steerage, which would cost but a small amount and some provisions. Biglow protested that this would mean unnecessary hardship for the already weakened pastor. Rieger, however, replied: "You know it is my business to preach the gospel to the poor. What better opportunity could present itself than the steerage." Biglow reluctantly consented, provided the traveler with a warm great-coat, a cap, a pillow, a large ham, and a sack full of various provisions, which he conveyed on board of ship.

On that ship one hundred and twelve passengers traveled in steerage, a strange mixture of people, the major portion being Irish Catholics. He comforted the people in their sickness, read to them, distributed books among them, conducted

morning and evening devotions and preached to them on Sundays. The people learned to love him and reverently called him "Father" Rieger. For nineteen days he ministered thus.

An old man who had had experience in steerage travel, once remarked, that any crime except one that demanded a death sentence, could be atoned for in steerage. For Rieger it was a rich harvestfield. His influence was felt not only on the passengers, but also on the sailors, even on the captain who subsequently related this account to Mr. Biglow and he in turn to the friends in St. Louis, by whom it was disseminated.

Having arrived in Liverpool Rieger distributed the clothing Biglow had given him, and also the remaining provisions among the poorest of the passengers, and then started for Hamburg. In Bremen he met Miss Henriette Wilkens whom he married on April 15, 1845.

In November of that year he was back in St. Louis, to continue his work among the scattered Germans of the far West of that day. Two workers in the field of religious work accompanied him to America: W. Binner and A. Balzer, the latter is the present president of the German Evangelical Synod of North America. Others followed later, having been induced to come by Rieger.

Even before the journey just mentioned Rieger had agreed with the officers of the American Tract Society to spend at least a year as colporteur among the people of the western states. Upon his return the request was renewed and Rieger accepted it gladly, for here was the opportunity to seek out the people for whom he loved to labor, supply them with good books, and in time help them procure competent well trained clergymen. In Germany he had received the promise of various influential clergymen and also of the several religious societies that they would supply the Germans in America with reliable pastors. So Rieger started out on the arduous task of a colporteur, leaving his wife in St. Louis.

For two years he pursued this enervating work. He was endowed with rare gifts as a colporteur. He had the ability and skill to engage every one with whom he met in

conversation. When he entered a workshop he invariably lent a hand to whatever the workman might be doing, and at the same time engaged those present in conversation which led up to his purpose and mission. Rieger's contemporaries relate how that many a workman thus addressed laid aside his tools, fettered by the words that came from Rieger's lips.

One day he was obliged to stop at an inn to rest and feed his horse. On the wall of the inn he observed a sheet of paper containing the rules of the inn, appearing under the caption "The ten commandments of the inn," a blasphemous imitation of the Ten Commandments of the Bible. Hurt to the quick Rieger took down the frame in which was contained the document, broke the frame and glass to fragments and tore the paper into bits. At first the innkeeper stood speechless. Then he burst forth in rage: "That is my property, what do you mean?" Rieger replied calmly: "I know it is your property, and I shall pay for it. What does it cost?" "I don't want any money, but you have no right to molest my property," the man retorted. Rieger pointed out the inestimable harm such blasphemous documents wrought. In fury the man proceeded to leap over the intervening counter, holding a large knife in his hand. The pastor said: "Why do you trouble yourself to jump over the counter? I won't run away. You have plenty of time to walk around it." The man was taken aback and mumbled: "God d— me, a strange man." "No," replied Rieger, "He does not want to damn you, but to save you, and that is why I am here." Hereupon he spoke earnestly to the man, drew his purse and asked: "How much do I owe you?" "Nothing" the man answered, "perhaps it is just as well to be rid of that thing." "Well then I will give you a Bible for it," said the colporteur, opening his saddlebag. Entirely undone, the innkeeper looked up and said: "You are a strange, good man. I shall pay for the book, and I shall read it." The preacher had to stay for dinner as the guest of the innkeeper, who begged him to call again if opportunity permitted.

On another occasion Rieger again stopped at an inn. Only the owner and his twelve or thirteen-year-old son were in

the room. Rieger said: "I have some good books, don't you want to buy some?" "No, just leave the books in your bag," said the man roughly. I see that you are a parson (Pfaff, here used as a term of contempt), and I have no use for books of a Pfaff." "I am a minister of the gospel and have only good books." "But I don't want any, go to the d—— with your books." Undismayed Rieger picked up a book containing Bible stories, with a smile turned to the boy and asked: "Can you read?" "Of course, he can read," replied the father proudly. The visitor sat down beside the boy and bade him to read, which he did. He praised the lad for his proficiency in reading, and asked whether he would like to have the book. The youngster answered: "Yes, I would." "Then take it, I give it to you, but read diligently in it." "What does the book cost," said the father, less grimly than before. I have money to pay for it." "No, I have given it to your son, but I have others for you," responded the colporteur, and proceeded to sell several to his irate host. They parted as friends, and on several occasions the itinerant preacher called upon these people. On the last occasion when he came that way, he did not find a saloon nor inn. Uncertain as to whether the same people still lived there, Rieger hesitated about entering, when the owner stepped out and said, "Dismount, pastor, I am not keeping an inn anymore, but men like yourself are always welcome under my roof."

Rieger had all sorts of experiences on his journeys, as the above evidences. One day he was obliged to stop at the house of an American, because a violent headache made riding impossible. An old grandmother at once said upon his arrival, "You will preach for us this evening, won't you?" The pastor replied that his headache would make that impossible. "Oh pshaw," said the old lady, "you just preach and your headache will leave you." She at once turned to her son and bade him inform the neighbors to come to the evening services. Such urging and desire Rieger could not resist. In the evening the house was filled with people. Rieger began the services and, sure enough after a little his headache left him. After the devotion the old lady thanked him for his sermon and

triumphantly said: "Didn't I tell you the headache would go away?" "How do you know it is gone?" "I know when it left you, just when you began with such and such a verse." And so it was in fact. Rieger thereafter often referred to preaching as a sure cure for headache.

The Reverend Rieger had the fortunate gift of winning the affection and confidence of children, and it always came him in good stead in his work, and made it easy to approach the elders of the family. In his pockets he always had something for the little ones, an apple or a pear, a piece of maple sugar, a picture, or a toy carved from wood by his own hand.

When his saddlebag and boxes contained no more books he returned to his family.

In the course of the two years that Rieger spent as colporteur a number of young clergymen had come from abroad and Rieger, by dint of his wide acquaintance, was best fitted to assign them to fields of labor. In the spring of 1847 the conference numbered sixteen members.

On one occasion Rieger traveled thru the country between Pinkney and Marthasville in Missouri. He found a man working in the field and engaged him in conversation. Presently the man left the plow and sat down on the fence rail with the stranger and told his life story. He related how he had been a wild young fellow and had come to America as an adventurer. How he had bought a farm, gotten married, had continued his wild life and had taken to drink. How one of the sermons of the Reverend H. Garlichs had gripped him and induced him to change. After having told this story, the man begged for himself and for his neighbors that the pastor should settle there and preach for the Germans in that locality. Thus importuned, Rieger decided to tarry a bit in that community and ascertain the requirements of the people. In a short time sixty families signed a petition asking him to stay. The people were poor. They were in debt and their crops were not worth much. They said that they had no money, but assured the pastor that he should fare at least as well as they did. He decided to think it over and went to his home.

Upon his arrival at home he found a letter from Galena, Illinois, awaiting him, in which he was invited to come and take charge of the church there, with an assured salary of \$400 per year. The offer was tempting. On the other hand the call from the Charette (now Holstein) was so urgent. The people there would find greater difficulty in securing a minister than the wealthier parishioners at Galena. So he decided to go to the people among the hills of Missouri. There was only one regret he had in going to Missouri and he put it in these words: "I don't like to be found on the black side." By this he meant to state in a jocular way how painful it was for him to live in a slave state.*

Just at the time when Rieger had reached the decision to go to the Charette a special session of the pastors of the Association of the German Evangelical Churches of the West was called. It convened on August 25, 1847, at Gravois, Missouri. The purpose of the meeting was the adoption of the Evangelical Catechism. Since Rieger was a member of the committee which had considered several drafts of this work, it was imperative that he should attend the gathering. The other members of the committee were: the Reverends

*In reality, when Rieger later lived on the Charette, he had many unpleasant encounters with slaveholders. The sympathy and pity he felt for the bondsmen compelled him to shake the hand of slaves he chanced to meet and to give them Bibles and other books. One of the slaveowners, who was notorious for the immoral life he lived, once accosted him and represented to him how he, R., degraded himself by such condescension and familiarity with the negroes. At which Rieger said. "Sir, it is not degrading to give a slave the hand, but it is degrading and godless to have immoral relations with them." Without retort or defense the slaveowner went away.

This same man later persuaded other slaveholders that the seminary at Marthasville (to be mentioned later) was the nursery of anti-slavery sentiment, and that it was high time that they should call upon those connected with the institution and administer proper punishment on them. Four or five allowed themselves to be persuaded to go with him, and one evening, just when the evening devotions were being observed, they galloped up to the seminary, dismounted, and went raging and cracking their whips around the house. The instructors and students did not allow themselves to be interrupted in their services, and the intruders did not have the temerity to enter, so finally they mounted their horses and departed as they had come. One of these Rieger later addressed in regard to this illbred deportment, and so insistently demanded to know the intention of the intruders, that the one addressed was deeply abashed, asked forgiveness, and vowed never to participate in such an attack again.

Adolf Baltzer, William Binner, Kaspar H. Bode, and Mr. Rauschenbusch.

When Reverend Rieger went back to the Charette to find a suitable dwelling for his family, he experienced great difficulty in finding any house at all. The parishioners were willing enough to build a log cabin for him adjoining the log church. This, however, required time, and the winter was at the door. Almost all the members of the church had only one-room cabins. A blacksmith boasted the only two-room cabin in the community. One of these rooms he generously offered for the use of the pastor's family. Since the blacksmith's family was large, however, the offer could not be accepted. Finally an old log cabin was found, which the owner had deemed unfit for human habitation, and used it as a storeroom for all sorts of things. This Rieger agreed to take as his dwelling, and by cleverly draping carpets and blankets along the walls made this humble place quite inhabitable.

At that time there were only three wagons in the entire settlement. The owners of these agreed upon a time when they would drive to Gravois to get the pastor's belongings. This was done in November and the journey required four days. The nights the teamsters spent in the woods beside campfires. On the 19th of November Rieger and his family started from Gravois for the backwoods. They were met by a large concourse of the parishioners, who, with genuine frontier hospitality sought to give the newcomers all the comforts in their power and to bid them heartily welcome.

The pastor's faithfulness, earnestness and industry soon won the admiration and confidence of all the members. In a very short time the church building proved too small for the congregation. From the very beginning the building of a parsonage had been resolved upon. It was agreed that on every Wednesday the members should assemble for the purpose of erecting this structure. By a strange coincidence there was not a single Wednesday on which the work on this new structure was hindered by inclement weather. Still work proceeded slowly. The forest had to be felled, logs had to be

hewn, stone quarried, windows made, cistern dug, shingles split and flooring sawed with hand-saws. Several carpenters in the congregation agreed to make one or two doors or windows, whereby, in the absence of a definite design and pattern, a certain variety and independence of style was attained. The window-panes, nails and paint were furnished free of charge by a merchant of English descent. The pastor himself set the glass and did the painting.

There was much pastoral work to be done. The members lived widely scattered among the hills. In addition Rieger agreed to preach in two other places on every Sunday afternoon, namely in Marthasville and at Smith Creek. He took a lively interest in the building up of the Sunday School, devoted much time to instruction in singing, especially among the young people, and during several months each year, when the roads were in the best condition, he taught school, which work was ably carried on by his wife, when other work compelled the pastor to be absent. No tuition was charged at this school, and all, regardless of confession, were allowed to attend.

Since the demand for preachers among the German settlers in the West had become greater and greater, and since this demand could no longer be supplied by clergymen who had immigrated from Germany, the Evangelical Association resolved in February, 1849, to build a theological seminary near Marthasville. Rieger's energy and practical insight did much to bring this institution into being, and to sustain it after its founding. The great confidence which he enjoyed among English speaking churchmen brought to the seminary considerable pecuniary assistance, without which it would not so soon have risen to prominence. Of all his English speaking friends, his benefactor, Mr. Richard Biglow of New York City, gave the greatest assistance.

Midway between Femme Osage and Marthasville, Missouri, the seminary was erected on a sixty-acre tract of land, which a few friends of the cause presented for this purpose. In later years Rieger was often criticized and reproached for having lent his influence to have the school located in

such an out-of-the way and isolated spot.* There were three reasons why the theological institution was put among the hills north of the Missouri. In the first place it was argued that provisions there were so ridiculously cheap, and no one then anticipated that after a few years this would change so completely, when the Pacific (now the Missouri Pacific) railroad was built on the south bank of the Missouri. In the second place this region was at that time considered one of the greatest hotbeds of opposition to Christianity in all of Missouri, and it was hoped that the seminary would help to break this stronghold. In the third place it was held generally at that time, that removal from the diversions and temptations of the world was wholesome for students of theology.

The Evangelical congregations were still relatively small and poor, but they showed great willingness to make sacrifices. The pastors worked unceasingly. The pastors' wives gave every assistance, some of them selling the jewelry which they had brought from the old country, and contributed the income to the building of the seminary. Rieger was particularly untiring. From the Charette he conducted the building operations. He succeeded in eliciting the aid of the farmers along the Charette and at Femme Osage, who did much of the work on the building free of charge. In spite of shortage of funds, the cornerstone of the building was laid on July 4, 1849, and the building was occupied on June 28, 1850, tho at that time only one room and the kitchen were ready for occupancy. The Reverend William Binner was named director of the new institution. On the above mentioned date, June 28, Professor Binner and six students entered the new seminary. In the order of their admission, the latter were the following: K. Witte, G. Maul, H. Hanrath, W. Kampmeier, K. Sautter, P. Welsch. These were joined on

*In time the demand for a more convenient location of the Evangelical Theological Seminary became more and more urgent. In 1880 the directors of the synod were authorized to take the necessary steps to effect the change. They chose St. Louis as the best location. On April 8, 1883, the cornerstone of the new seminary building was laid. A farewell gathering and services at the old seminary near Marthasville was held on July 25, 1883. Thus closed an interesting chapter of the growth of the Evangelical Church in Missouri.

July 6 by K. Nestel. K. Sautter cancelled his registration soon after his admission, and H. Hanrath died on September 10, 1850.

Just before the seminary was about to be opened, Rieger sent two students with teams and wagons to collect provisions among his parishioners for the new institution. They met with the most generous response.

In the spring of 1850 the officers of Association requested Rieger to make a trip to the East, to solicit aid for the seminary among the German and English friends of Christian education. It was a difficult task. He wrote at that time: "Indeed it is a hard task. When I awake in the morning, a load rests upon my heart, and I wish that I might not have to go out. Then, however, I pull myself together, commend my cause to God, and—then it goes well beyond all expectation."

In September, Rieger returned to his family and to his charge in Missouri. During his absence the cholera had raged there, and many valued members of his congregation occupied their silent hall in the city of the dead. He was deeply grieved.

Early in 1855 his church was destroyed by fire. Sadly the people looked upon the charred remains of their house of worship. Then some one spoke the mind of all. "Well, what does this loss amount to, since we still have our pastor. It is much easier to build a new church than to get such a pastor." With resolution they went to work, and in due time there stood a brick church with a tower and a bell in it, on the same spot where the humble log church had stood.

Not only was Rieger untiring in his efforts for his church, for the seminary, but also for the Association, and until his health failed him, there was nothing of importance done without his council and participation. Rieger, Wall and Nollau were the leading spirits in the church at that time.

For thirteen years Rieger was pastor on the Charette (now Holstein). He himself stated that it was time that a new preacher, preferably a young, vigorous man should be chosen, who might arouse the congregation to renewed activity and might work especially among the young people.

In July, 1860, he went to Jefferson City, where he labored for nine years. In 1865 he made a second trip to the East in the interest of the finances of the seminary. In spite of his declining years and failing health he took an active part in all the upbuilding enterprises in Jefferson City. He was a zealous member of the Bible Society and its treasurer for several years. He was a trustee of Lincoln Institute. During the Civil War he labored as a missionary among the soldiers who came and went to the camp at Jefferson City. He visited the camp daily, talked with the men, and distributed books among them. He took sick soldiers to his home and gave them his best room, and waited upon them, seeking thus to do his duty to his country. The state penitentiary was an object of deep concern to him. Soon after his arrival in Jefferson City he concerned himself as to the best means to gain admittance to that penal institution. How that was accomplished was related by the warden of the penitentiary at the time of Rieger's death in these words: "My first meeting with "Father" Rieger, as we ordinarily called him, I shall never forget. A pale gentleman, dressed in black, and carrying a basket, came to my office. After mentioning his name, he asked me to examine the contents of the basket, and asked permission to be allowed to take it to the sick ward of the prisoners. I opened the basket and found therein the most beautiful flowers, neatly put up in small bouquets. These he intended for the poor patients. How this tender love for these most wretched outcasts of humanity touched me. I looked thru these bouquets into his very heart, which beat with sympathy and pity for those forsaken and repelled by all. I pressed his hand and gave him permission to come and go at any time without a guard." From then on Rieger visited the penitentiary regularly every week when his own health permitted him to do so. Since during the war no chaplain was appointed by the state, he preached there every other Sunday in the English and the German language. The penitentiary did have a library of English books and also some English song books, but for the German convicts no song books in their language were provided. The Evangelical

churches had just then adopted a new song book. Rieger therefore had the various churches send him their discarded books, which the convicts not only used during the services, but were also allowed to take to their cells.

On the twentieth of August, 1869, he died of pulmonary tuberculosis. On August 22nd he was buried. The following article from Jefferson City appeared in the 'Missouri Democrat' of St. Louis: "The funeral obsequies of the Reverend Joseph Rieger, for many years the venerated pastor of the German Evangelical church of this city, took place to-day. It was attended by a large concourse of citizens, both German and American, by whom the deceased was held in equal exalted esteem and affection. The services were in both German and English, the pastors of the various religious denominations of the city participating in them. The funeral scene was deeply affecting. Every eye was wet with the tears of mourning. "Father" Rieger presided over a church embracing a large portion of the German population of the city and of our most useful citizens. His pure Christian life and character, however, extended his influence far beyond the pale of his church, and made him an example and a leader whom all Germans and Americans alike delighted to honor and revere, and whose position for usefulness there is no German or American left to fill. His death is deeply lamented by all. He leaves a wife and seven children, five of whom are girls, and whom he was zealously training for lives of usefulness. He was treasurer of the Cole County Bible Society and trustee of Lincoln Institute,* a colored school here. His career has been cut short, and a life of usefulness ended."

In keeping with the writer's custom of tracing the descendants of the Followers of Duden, I wrote to Reverend Nicolaus Rieger of Kansas City, Missouri, one of the sons of the Reverend Joseph Rieger. His letter is here, in part, subjoined: "My mother continued to live in Jefferson City till 1884, when she moved to Washington, Missouri, where she died May 5, 1885, and was buried in Jefferson City.

*Now called Lincoln University.

"My sister Henriette died twelve years before, on May 5, 1873, at Jefferson City.

"Julia married Dr. O. A. Wall, June 29, 1871. He was the oldest son of the Reverend G. W. Wall, father's companion, who crossed the ocean with him the first time he came to America. Dr. Wall was professor of materia medica at the Missouri Medical College, lecturer at the St. Louis College of Pharmacy and otherwise prominent in the medical profession. He died February 13, 1922. They had three children. O. A. Wall, Jr., who also was a successful doctor and professor at the College of Pharmacy, but died in 1919 at the age of forty-six. A daughter, Henriette, married Chester Stith and was left a widow after six very happy years. She and her younger sister, Irene, are the comfort of their mother.

"Clara married Reverend A. Berens, October 3, 1878, and was left a widow about fifteen years ago, with three children: Frida, married to Professor Powell and now lives somewhere in Georgia; Helmut, teacher in one of the Chicago high schools, and Robert, superintendent of construction in an automobile factory in Detroit.

"Emma married Mr. Adolph Huebner, August 9, 1883. He died in 1893 in Appleton, Wisconsin, where he had been superintendent of the public school. Their daughter Bertha is married and lives near Milwaukee. Sister Emma and her younger daughter, also named Emma, now live at Los Angeles, California.

"Lydia married the Reverend William Bonekemper, August 18, 1885, who for nearly thirty years was pastor of the Reformed Church at Sutton, Nebraska. They now have their home in Long Beach, California. Of their three daughters, Erica, Vera and Hedwig, the elder is married and lives in Nebraska.

"My brother Joseph became a minister of the gospel and is now pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical church in Quincy, Illinois. He married Miss Lillie Quinius of Waco, Texas, April 14, 1886. They have three sons: Paul, Herman, and Joseph, Jr., in various business careers.

"I, Nicolaus Rieger, also chose the ministry. My wife was Miss Emma Buetow of DeSoto, Missouri. We have journeyed together since July 2, 1889, and have three children, who are the joy of our life: Julian, Gertrude, and Erna. They are in business in Kansas City, Missouri. For four years I have lived in retirement in Kansas City, and preach every Sunday in some church that is temporarily without a resident pastor."

SHELBY'S EXPEDITION TO MEXICO**AN UNWRITTEN LEAF OF THE WAR****JOHN N. EDWARDS****ELEVENTH ARTICLE****CHAPTER XX.**

The Empress Charlotte was a woman who had been twice crowned—once with a crown of gold, earthly and perishable, and once with a crown of beauty as radiant as the morning. When she arrived in Mexico, this beauty, then in its youthful splendor, dazzled all beholders. Her dark auburn hair was heavy, long and silken. Her eyes were of that lustrous brown which were blue and dreamy at times, and at times full of a clear, penetrating light that revealed a thought almost before the thought was uttered. Her face was oval, although the forehead a little high and projecting, was united at the temples by those fine curves which give so much delicacy and expression to the soul of women. Her mouth was large and firm, and her teeth were of the most perfect whiteness. About the lower face there were those lines of firmness which told of unbending will and great moral force and decision of character. Beneath the dignity of the Queen, however, she carried the ardor and the joyfulness of a school girl. Her nose was aquiline, the nostrils open and slightly projecting, recording, as if upon a page, the emotions of her heart, and the dauntless courage which filled her whole being. At times her beautiful face wore an expression impossible to describe—an expression made up of smiles, divinations, questionings, the extreme and blended loveliness of the ideal and the real—the calmness and gravity which became the Queen—the softness and pensiveness which bespoke the woman.

The gallery that contained the portrait of Maximilian would be incomplete without that of his devoted and heroic

wife. She was a descendant of Henry IV., of France, the hero of Ivry, a ruler next in goodness and greatness to Louis IX., and the victim of the fanatical assassin Ravaillac. Her father was Leopold I., of Belgium, one of the wisest and most enlightened monarchs of Europe. An Englishman by naturalization, he married the Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of George IV., the 2nd of May, 1816. His English wife dying in childbirth, in 1817, Leopold again married in 1832, uniting himself with Louise Maria Theresa Charlotte Isabella de Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France. Of this marriage was the Empress Carlota born on the 7th of June, 1840, and who received at her christening the names of Maria Charlotte Amelia Auguste Victoire Clementine Leopoldino. Her father was called the Nestor of Kings, and her mother the Holy Queen, such being her charity, her purity, and her religious devotion. The first died in 1865, while the Empress was in Mexico, and the last in 1850. At the time when she most needed the watchfulness and advice of a father, she was suddenly bereft of both his support and his protection.

No monarch on earth ever had a more ambitious and devoted consort. The daughter of a king, and reared amid thrones and the intense personal loyalty of European subjects, she believed an Empire might be established in the west greater than any ever founded, after long years of battle and state-craft, and she entered upon the struggle with all the impassioned ardor of her singularly hopeful and confiding nature. Her unrivalled beauty won the enthusiasm of cities, and her unostentatious and christian charity erected for her a throne in the hearts of the suffering and unfortunate. When the yellow fever was at its height in Vera Cruz, and when all who were wealthy and well-to-do had fled to the higher and healthier uplands, she journeyed almost alone to the stricken seaport, visited the hospitals, ministered unto the plague-stricken, ordered physicians from the fleet, encouraged the timid, inspired the brave, paid for masses for the dead, and came away wan and weary, but safe and heaven-guarded. The fever touched not even the hem of her garments. Fate,

that sent the east wind and the epidemic, may, like the stricken sufferers, have thought her angel.

There was pestilence, and famine, and insurrection in Yucatan. The Indians there, naturally warlike and enterprising, rose upon the government and cast off its authority. Tribes revolted and warred with one another. The French, holding the large towns, fortified and looked on in sullen apathy, sallying out at times to decimate a province or lay waste a farming district. In a few weeks the insurrection would be civil war. It was decreed in council that the Emperor's presence was needed in Yucatan. His affairs at home, however, were not promising, and he tarried a little to arrange them better before leaving. Of a sudden the Empress besought leave to go in his stead. It was refused. She persevered day after day and would not be denied. Inspired with more than a woman's faith, and heroic in all the grandeur of accepted sacrifice, she made the perilous journey, taking with her only an escort and a confessor. Her arrival at Merida was like a coronation. All the state arose to do her homage. She went among the tribes and pacified them. She redressed their wrongs, brought back the rebellious leaders to a strict allegiance, cast herself into the midst of pestilence, opened the churches, recalled the proscribed and scattered priests, and came away an angel. Unto the end the faith she founded in her husband's empire remained unshaken. After Queretero, Yucatan relapsed into barbarism.

The year 1865 was spent by the Emperor and Marshal Bazaine in vigorous attempts to pacify the country and consolidate its power. The Liberal cause seemed hopeless. Nowhere did Juarez hold a seaport, an outlying mine, a foot of grain-growing territory, a ship, an arsenal, a field large enough to encamp an army. Yet he held on. That sluggish, tenacious, ferocious Indian nature of his was aroused at last, and while he starved he schemed. A sudden dash of cavalry upon his winter quarters at El Paso drove him into the United States. He went to San Antonio a fugitive President without a dollar or a regiment, and waited patiently until the force of the blow had spent itself. As the French

retired he advanced. Scarcely had his adieu been forgotten in El Paso when his good day greeted its good people again. Everywhere, also, were his guerrillas at work. Once in a speech upon the annexation of San Domingo, Carl Schurz exclaimed: "Beware of the tropics!" And why? Because the tropics breed guerrillas. They do not die in war times. Malaria does not kill them. They can not be found and fought. All nature is in league with them—the heat, the bread-fruit, the bananas, the orange-groves, the zepotas, the mangos, the cocoanuts, the monkeys. These last, sentinels through imitation, chatter volubly at the pursuers and cry out in soldier fashion and in words of warning: "*Güen vive!*" Wherever the Spanish blood is found there is found also an obstinacy of purpose impossible to subdue—a singularly ferocious and untamable resolution that dies only with annihilation. It will never make peace, never cease from the trail, never let go its hold upon the roads, never spare a captive, never yield a life to mercy, never forgive the ruler who would rule as a Christian and make humanity the law of the land.

All the following that Juarez had now was one of guerrillas. Porfino Diaz lived by his wits and his *prestamos*. Escobedo, constitutionally a coward and nationally a robber, preyed alone upon his friends. Try how they would, the French found him always a runaway or a thief. Negrete, with six thousand blanketed *ladrones*, abandoned a captured train and fled as a stampeded buffalo herd before a battalion of Zouaves. Lozado preserved in the mountains of Nayarit an armed neutrality. Corona, in the delightful possession of his beautiful American wife, sat himself down in Sonora and waited for the tide to turn. For his country he never so much as lifted his hand. Cortina prayed to the good Lord and the good devil, and went alternately to mass and the monte bank.

They all held on, however. An unorganized Commune, the goods of other people were their goods—the money of other people was their money. As long as the rains fell, the crops matured, and cattle kept clear of the murrain, and

bread-fruit got ripe, and the maguey made mescal, they were safe from pestilence or famine. The days with them meant so many bellyfuls of *tortillas* and *frijoles*.

With the French it was different. Red tape has a dynasty of its own—a caste, a throne, an army of field and staff officers. Each day represented so many rations, so many bottles of wine, so many ounces of tobacco, so many cigars, so much soup, and bread and meat. Failing in any of these, red tape stepped in with its money commutation in lieu of rations. Then for each decoration there was an annuity. Some Zouaves drew more pay than generals of brigade. The Malakoff medal so much, the Inkermann medal so much, the Chinese Emperor's Palace medal so much, the Fort Constantine medal so much, the Magenta and Solferino medals so much, the Puebla medal so much, and so much for all the rest of the medals these many laurelled and magnificent soldiers wore. When they were paid off they had monthly a saturnalia.

To make both ends meet, Napoleon's great finance minister, Langlais—loaned as an especial favor to Maximilian—did the work of a giant. One day he died. Apoplexy, that ally and avenger of the best-abused brain, laid hands on him between the Palace of Chapultepec and the office of the treasury. In two hours he was dead. All that he had done died with him. Of his financial fabric, reared after so many nights of torture and trouble, there was left scarcely enough of pillar or post to drape with mourning for the single-minded, sincere and gifted architect. In the dearth of specie the church was called upon. The church had no money, at least none for the despoiler of its revenues and the colonizer of its lands. Excommunication was again threatened, and thus over the threshold of the altar as well as the treasury, there crept the appalling shadow of bankruptcy.

Bazaine threatened—the Emperor prayed—the Empress threw into the scale all her private fortune at her command. Outside the cabinet walls, however, everything appeared fair. Brilliant reviews made the capital gorgeous and en-

chanting. There were operas and fetes, and bull-fights, and great games of monte in the public square, and duels at intervals, and one unbroken tide of French successes everywhere. Napoleon sent over in the supreme agony of the crisis two ship loads of specie, and there was a brief breathing time again. Meanwhile they would see, for when it is darkest it is the nearest to the morning.

Inez Walker, the rescued maiden of Encarnacion, was too beautiful to have been lightly forgotten. Free once more, and with the terrors of that terrible night attack all gone from her eager eyes, she had continued with the Expedition to the capital, courteously attended each day by an escort of honor furnished as regularly as the guards were furnished.

In the City of Mexico, at the time of her arrival, there was an American woman who had married a Prussian prince, and who was known as the Princess Salm Salm. Once, when she was younger, she had ridden in a circus, several of them, and as Miss Agnes LeClerc was noted for her accomplished equestrianism, her magnificent physique, a beauty that was dark and over-bold, a devil-may-care abandon which won well with those who sat low by the footlights and felt the glamour of the whirling music and the red flames that flashed on golden and gaudy trappings of acrobat or actor.

Miss Le Clerc had met the Prussian in Mobile after the American war was over. The Prince had been a Federal general of brigade whose reputation was none of the best for soldierly deeds, although it is not recorded that he either shunned or shirked a fight. Still he was not what these parvenu Americans of ours think a prince should be—he did not clothe himself in silver or gold, in purple or fine linen, and conquer armies as Rarey might have conquered a horse. There were some stories told, too, of unnecessary cruelty to prisoners whom the fortunes of war cast upon his hands helpless, but these did not follow him into Mexico with his American wife, who had married him in Mobile, and who had got this far on her way in search of a coronet.

She was told the history of Inez Walker, and she was a brave, sympathetic, tender-hearted woman who loved her

sex as all women do whom the world looks upon as having already unsexed themselves. They became fast friends speedily, and were much together at the opera and upon the *passeo* during those last brief yet brilliant days of the Empire.

The Prince Salm Salm was on duty with a brigade at Apam, in the mountains towards Tampico. Guerrillas had been at work there lately, a little more savage than usual, and Bazaine sent forward Salm Salm to shoot such as he could lay hands upon and disperse those that could not be caught. He acted with but little of energy, and with scarcely anything of ambition. He was recalled finally, but not until his wife had been grossly insulted and a Confederate had avenged her.

One day, in a *cafe*, several groups of Belgian officers were at the tables sipping their wine, and jesting and talking of much that was bad and useless. At other places there were Austrians and French, and a few Spaniards, who even then were beginning to avoid the foreigners, and a single American, who was sitting alone and at his leisure.

Dr. Hazel was a young physician from South Carolina, who had gone through the siege of Sumpter with a devotion and a constancy that had found their way into general orders, and that had returned in the shape of a rain more precious to a soldier than sunlight to flowers—the rain of official recognition. In addition to the compliments received he was promoted. As he sipped his claret, several ladies entered, some attended and some unattended. French custom makes a *cafe* as cosmopolitan as the street. All sexes congregate there, and all stratas of society; custom simply insists that the common laws of society shall be obeyed—that those of the *demi-monde* shall not advertise their profession, that the gambler shall not display his cards, the guerrilla uncoil his lasso, the grand dame exhibit her prudery, the detective his insincerity, and the priest his protests and his confessional. Appetite admits of no divided sovereignty, and hence, at meal time, the French recognize only one class in society, that of the superlatively hungry.

The Princess Salm Salm returned the salutation of several French officers as she entered, and bowed once or twice in acknowledgment of salutes rendered by the Austrians of her husband's brigade. Beyond these she seemed to prefer isolation and privacy. Among the Belgians there was a Major who had a huge yellow beard, a great coarse voice, a depth of chest like an ox, a sword-belt whose extent would girth a hogshead. In French *cafes*, gentlemen very rarely speak above the low conversational tone of the drawing room. To be boisterous is to be either drunk or a blackguard. This Belgian, Major Medomark of the Foreign Legion, did not seem to be drunk, and yet as he looked at the Princess Salm Salm, his voice would change its intonation and deepen harshly and gratingly. If he meant to be offensive he succeeded first rate.

The Princess pushed back her plate and arose as one who felt that she was the subject of conversation without understanding the words of it. As she passed through the door, Medomark boisterously and in great glee, called out a slang term of the circus, and shouted:

"*Hoop la!*"

The Agnes Le Clerc that was of the sawdust and tights, the Princess Salm Salm that is now of the titles and diamonds, heard the brutal cry and felt to her heart the studied insult. Turning instantly, she came again half into the *cafe*—her eyes full and discolored with passion, and her face so white that it appeared as if the woman was in mortal pain. She could not speak—though she tried hard, poor thing, but she looked once at Medomark as if to crush him where he sat, and once to Hazel, who understood it all now, and arose as she again retired.

He went straight to his American countrywoman. At the cowardly inference of the Belgian the French officers had laughed and the Austrians had applauded. Even those of her husband's own brigade had not uttered protest or demanded apology. Hazel found her in tears.

"You have been insulted," he said. "I know it, or rather, I may say I saw it. Not understanding German, if,

indeed, the Belgians speak German, I have to rely for my opinion more upon the manner than the matter of the insult. Your husband is away, you are an American lady, you are a countrywoman of mine, you are in trouble and you need a protector. Will you trust your honor in my hands?"

This actress was a brave, proud woman, born, perhaps, to rule men as much by the force of her will as the bizarre style of her beauty and her physical development. She took Hazel's hand and thanked him, and bade him chastise the insolent bully. She knew very well what chastisement meant in the language of a soldier, and she was a soldier's wife. She never referred to the future, however. She did not even evince interest enough to be curious. Perhaps her passion kept her from this—at least her champion bowed low to her as he entered, thinking her the coldest woman a man ever put his life in jeopardy for. Cold she was not. She simply considered what was done for her as being done because of her inalienable right to have it done. She was not familiar, she only tolerated.

Hazel, in stature, was very slight. As he stood up before Medomark the huge Belgian glowered upon him as Goliah of Gath might have done upon David.

"Do you speak English?" he asked of the Major.

"A little."

"Enough to understand the truth when I tell it to you?"

"Perhaps, if it is not so plain that for the telling I will have to break every bone in your body."

Medomark's voice was one of that uncontrollable kind that run away with a subject in spite of itself. He meant to be quiet so as not to attract attention, but he was so rude that many of the spectators quit eating to look on.

"That lady," Hazel continued, "who has just gone out is a countrywoman of mine. She may have been an actress just as you may have been a hangman's son, but whatever she has been she is a woman. We do not insult women in the country where I once lived, nor do we permit it to be done elsewhere. Will you apologize to her?"

"I will not."

"Will you accept this card and let me send a friend to you?"

"I will with pleasure."

"Then I wish you good day, gentlemen," and Hazel bowed to all as he went out like a man who had just finished his dinner.

Medomark was brave—besides, he was an officer. There were, therefore, but two courses left to him—but two things to do—to accept Hazel's cartel or to refuse it. In preference to disgrace he chose the duello. Hazel found his second speedily. He, too, was a soldier—one of Shelby's best, James Wood—who would go to any extreme on earth for a friend.

When two men mean business, the final arrangements are simply matters of form. On the morning after Medomark's insult in the *cafe*, Wood called upon him early. During the day the preliminaries were all amicably agreed upon, and at sunrise the next morning, about a quarter of a mile south-east of the American burying ground, Hazel and Medomark met at ten paces with dueling pistols. The Belgian's second was a young French Lieutenant named Massac, who won both the position and the word. When the men took their places, Hazel had the sun in his eyes, and this annoyed him at first, for it was very hot and penetrating. They fired twice at each other. The first time both missed—the second time Hazel struck Medomark upon the outside point of the right shoulder, injuring the bone greatly and severing an artery that bled as if the man would bleed to death. Prompt and efficient surgical skill, however, saved his life. The duel ended after the second fire, the Princess Salm Salm, so splendidly vindicated at the hands of her young countryman, was the toast thereafter of the officers of the garrison. The Prince on his return could not render thanks enough, nor seek to show his appreciation of the chivalrous act by too many evidences of a more substantial gratitude. The city being under martial law, a court-martial was soon convened for the trial of all who were engaged in the duel. A sentence, however, was never reached. Upon the request of Bazaine, the court was dismissed and the prisoners set at liberty. Medomark re-

covered fully only to be desperately wounded again at Quintero, where after long and devoted attention on the part of Dr. Hazel, a surgeon in the Republican army, he was restored to both health and liberty. From this little episode a friendship sprung up which has remained unbroken to this day.

The colony at Carlota grew apace and was prosperous. The men began to cultivate coffee and sugar, and from a jungle the plantations soon bloomed and blossomed like another Paradise. As an especial favor from Maximilian, Shelby was permitted to pre-empt the *hacienda* of Santa Anna, not a *hacienda*, however, that had belonged to this prince and chief of conspirators, but one that had been named for him. Spaniards once owned it, but in the massacres of the revolution all had perished. About the ruins of the fortress which still abounded, there were signs which told of the fury of the onslaught and the scorching of the flames that followed when the rapine and the ravishments were done. Situated two miles from Cordova, and in the very purple heart of the tropics, it might have been made at once into a farm and a flower-garden. Twelve acres were put in coffee, and coffee well cultivated and permitted to grow in a land where there is law and protection, pays to the raiser a minimum price per acre of fifteen hundred dollars. It seems, however, that nature is never perfect in the equilibrium of her gifts. There, where the soil is so deep, the air so soft, the climate so delicious, the trade winds so cool and delightful, the men alone are idle, and come in the night to the plantations of the foreigners to break down their coffee trees, poison their spring water, wound their dumb stock, and damage everything that can be damaged and that comes in their way.

In the mountains in the rear of Shelby's plantation a robber band rendezvoused. Its chief, Don Manuel Rodriguez was a daring leader, who descended to the plains at intervals with a reckless following, and made headway for hours at a time in his work of gathering up supplies and levying *prestamos*. In a month after Shelby's arrival a friendly relationship was established, and thereafter, until the end, Rodriguez protected Santa Anna, and lived at peace with all who were

settled round about. Just how the negotiations were commenced and consummated which led to a truce so satisfactory and so necessary, none ever knew, but true it is that in the cool of the evenings, and when the French drums had beaten tattoo at the fort only half a mile away, Rodriguez would come down from his fastenings as a peaceful visitor, and sit for hours among the Americans, asking of the Yankee country, and the ups and downs of the Yankee war, for to a Mexican everything is Yankee which is American.

Ex-Governor Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, also a settler, might have been designated the Alcalde of Carlota. The Confederates looked upon him with a kind of reverence. By the side of Albert Sidney Johnston when he got his death-wound, he had taken him in his arms and held him there until the mist came into his sad, prophetic eyes, and until the brave, fond heart, broken by his country's ingratitude, and the clamor of despicable and cowardly politicians, had ceased to beat. Brownlow especially wanted Harris, and so Harris had come to Mexico. He knew Brownlow well—a bitter, unrelenting, merciless fanatic, and a fanatic, too, who had come in on the crest of the wave that had drowned the cause for which Harris fought. He believed that if the old Pagan failed to find a law for his capital punishment, he would succeed certainly through the influence of gold and political power over an assassin. Unwilling at all events to risk the tyrant, he found penniless asylum at Cordova, poor only in pocket, however, and courageous and proud to the last. He was a cool, silent, contemplative man, with a heavy lower jaw, projecting forehead, and iron gray hair. In his principles he was an Ironside of the Cromwellian type. Perhaps the intense faith of his devotion gave to his character a touch of fatalism, for when the ship stranded he was cast adrift utterly wrecked in everything but his undying confidence in the success of the Confederacy. He believed in Providence as an ally, and rejected constantly the idea that Providence takes very little hand in wars that come about between families or States—if, indeed, in wars of any kind. With his great energy, his calm courage, his shrewd, practical intercourse with the

natives, his record as a governor and a soldier, he exerted immense influence for good with the soldier-settlers and added much to the strength and stability of the colony.

Col. Perkins, of Louisiana, a Judge of great fame and ability, and a lawyer as rich in triumphs at the bar as he was possessed of slaves and cotton-bales upon his plantation, abandoned everything at home but his honor and isolated himself among his coffee-trees and bananas. When the war closed he took a week to speak his farewells and burn his dwelling-house, his cotton presses, his stables, barns, out-houses, and to make in fact of his vast possessions a desert. He had a residence rich in everything that could amuse, instruct, delight, gratify. Painting, statuary, flowers, curiosities, rare plants, elegant objects of vertu and art were there in abundance, and when from the war he returned crushed in spirit and broken in health, he rested one night brooding amid all the luxury and magnificence of his home. He arose the next morning a stoic. With a torch in his hand he fired everything that would burn, leaving nowhere one stone upon another to tell of what had once been the habitation of elegance and refinement. In his Mexican solitude he was an aristocratic philosopher, complaining of nothing and looking back with regret upon nothing. Sufficient unto the day for him had been the evil thereof.

Gen. Sterling Price was another settler. Many of his escort company had taken lands around him. The patriarch chief in a new country, he sat much in the shade about his tent, telling the stories of the war and hoping in his heart for the tide of persecution and proscription in Missouri to run itself out. Politics was as necessary to his mental equilibrium as sleep to his physical. In the old days he had succeeded well. Nature gave him a fine voice, a portly frame, a commanding front, a graceful and dignified carriage, an *aplomb* that never descended into nervousness, and hence, as the Speaker of a legislative body he was unexcelled. He dreamed of a speakership again, of a governorship, of a senatorship, and he, therefore, cultivated more corn than he did coffee, for it takes three years for coffee to grow and bear, and three

years might—well, he did not choose to put himself into the hands of three years and wait.

It would at least be curious, if it were not interesting, to go in among these colonists in Carlota and learn their histories while displaying the individuality of each. A common misfortune bound them all together in the strength of a recognized and yet unwritten covenant. The pressure of circumstances from without kept them indissolubly united. Poverty, that dangerous drug which stimulates when it does not stupefy, lost its narcotism over men whom war had chastized and discipline made strong and reflective. They strove for but one purpose—to get a home and occupy it.

The privateer *Shenandoah*—that mysterious cruiser which was seen rarely at sea, yet which left upon the waves of the South Pacific a monstrous trail of fire and smoke—sent her officers into the colony with their ship money and their cosmopolitan hardihood. Lieutenants Chew and Scales took valuable land and went enthusiastically to work. Around the *hacienda* of Santa Anna there was a cordon of strange pioneers who had histories written in characters impossible to decipher. The hieroglyphics were their scars.

And so affairs prospered about Carlota, and the long, sunshiny days went on, in which the trade winds blew and the orange blossoms scented all the air. It was near three days long journey to the capital, but rumors travel fast when every ear is listening for them and a report deepened all along the route from Mexico to Vera Cruz that a staff officer of the French Emperor had left Paris for the headquarters of Marshall Bazaine. A multitude of reasons were assigned for the visit. Napoleon might desire, for the purposes of information, the direct observations of one who was intimately acquainted with his views and intentions. It might be, again, with a view to increasing the forces of the expedition, or to the employment of more active and rigorous measures in the pacification of the country. Accordingly, as men were hopeful or depressed, they reasoned concerning this visit of the French staff officer, even before the officer himself was half across the Atlantic.

From first to last, the treasury of Maximilian had been comparatively empty. He curtailed his own personal expenses, abandoned the civil list, lived like a plain and frugal farmer, set everywhere an example of retrenchment and economy, but it availed nothing. Mexico, with all of her immense mineral resources, is, and has been, usually poverty-stricken. There is no agriculture, and, consequently, no middle class. At one extreme is immense wealth, at the other immense misery. Ignorance and superstition do the rest.

His exertions to pay his soldiers and carry forward a few vitally necessary internal improvements, were gigantic. Pending of the arrival of the French envoy extraordinary, he had negotiated a loan at home, which was taken by patriotism—a strange work for a Mexican—and which had already begun to flow into his empty coffers.

Things, therefore, were not so dark as they had been when Gen. Castelnau, personal aide-de-camp of the Emperor Napoleon, arrived at Vera Cruz.

Gen. Castelnau kept his own secret well, which was also the secret of his master, Napoleon III. A magnificent review was held in the city of Mexico at which he was present. Soldiers of all arms were there, and a great outpouring of the people. Everything looked like war, nothing like evacuation, and yet Gen. Castelnau brought with him definite and final orders for the absolute and unconditional withdrawal of the French troops.

The Empress penetrated the purpose of his mission first and again came forward to demand a last supreme effort in behalf of the tottering throne. She would go to Europe and appeal to its chivalry. The daughter of a king, it would be to monarchs to whom she would address herself face to face. She was young, and beautiful, and pleading for her crown, and why would not armies arise at her bidding and march either to avenge or reinstate her? Poor, heroic woman, she tried as never a woman tried before to stem the tide of fate, but fate was against her. First the heart and then the head, until with hope, faith, ambition, reason all gone, she staggered out from the presence of Napoleon dead in all things but a

love that even yet comes to her fitfully in the night time as dreams come, bringing images of the trees about the Alameda, of the palace where she dwelt, of Miramar and Maximilian.

In the summer of 1866 she sailed for Europe. She knew Castelnau's mission and she determined to thwart it. There was yellow fever at Vera Cruz and pestilence on the ocean. Some of her attendants were stricken down by her side and died at Cordova—others on board the ship that carried her from port. She bore up wonderfully while the mind held out. Nothing affrighted her. The escort marching in the rear of her carriage was attacked by guerrillas. She alighted from it, bade a soldier dismount, got upon the back of his horse and galloped into the fight. Here was an Amazon of the 19th century who had a waist like a willow wand, who painted rare pictures, who had a husband whom she adored, who sang the ballads of her own exquisite making, who was struggling for a kingdom and a crown, and who had never in all her life seen a drop of blood or a man die.

The fight was simply a guerrilla fight, however, and from an Amazon the woman was transformed into an Empress again—tender, considerate, desperate in the wild emergency upon her, and joyous with the fierce eagerness of her longings and her despair.

Never any more in life did the blue eyes of her husband and her lover gaze upon that fair Norman face, almost colorless now and set as a flint in the stormy sunset of the night when she sailed away to her destiny.

Bazaine took his time to obey his orders—indeed, he had margin enough and leisure enough to contract his lines pleasantly. Not always over-bold in retreat, the French had yet learned well the nature of Mexican warfare and would turn sometimes viciously when galled to wincing on flank or rear, and deal a few parting blows that unto this day are recalled with shuddering or impotent vows of vengeance.

One at Matamoras is worth a mention. The Sixty-second of the Line did garrison duty there under Col. Lascolat. He was to Dupin what the needle-gun is to the smoothe-bore. Dupin destroyed singly, at short range, in ambushments, by

lonesome roads, in sudden and unmerciful hours—from the depths of isolation and the unknown. Lascolat, an Algerian officer of singular ferocity, hunted in regiments. Even the physique of his men was angular, rakish undulatory like the movements of a greyhound. They would march thirty miles a day fighting, bivouac anywhere, sleep if they could—very well, if they could not, still very well. With them was a priest who wore five medals he had won in battle. When he had time he shrived all alike. In his hands the cross was good enough for the dying who spoke Spanish and the dying who spoke French. In the presence of the sceptre he took no thought of nationality.

As Lascolat came out from Matamoras, a portion of Escobedo's forces pressed him inconveniently. His orders from Bazaine were to take his time, fight only when forced, be dignified, patient and discreet, but to make sure of his egress out with everything that belonged to him or his. Lascolat had under him two battalions of one thousand men each. The third battalion composing the regiment of the Sixty-second had already been sent forward to Jeanningros at Monterey. Escobedo attacked with five thousand. He knew of Lascolat's ferocity—of his terrible doings about and along the Rio Grande, and he meant to take a farewell, the memories of which would last even unto Algeria again.

One afternoon late the line of Lascolat's march led through a ravine which commenced broad like the mouth of a funnel, and tapered down to a point, as a funnel would taper. Near the outlet Escobedo fortified the road with loose boulders. Behind these, and upon the sides of the acclivities on either side, he placed his men in ambush. He had no artillery, for he so shaped the fight as to make it face to face and deadly. Lascolat entered into the trap listlessly. If he knew what had been prepared for him he made no sign. Suddenly the loose, disjointed, impassive wall outlined itself. Some sharp skirmishing shots came from the front. The shadows of the twilight had begun to gather. It looked ugly and ominous where the stones were.

Lascolat called a halt, and rode back along the ranks of his men. They were weary, and they had seated themselves upon the ground to rest. His presence fired them as a torch passing across a line of ready gas-lights. He spoke to them pleasantly in his Algerian vernacular:

"The Arabs are ahead. We are hungry, we are tired; we want to go into camp; we have no time to make a flank movement. Shall we make quick work of the job, that we may get some supper and some sleep?"

The men answered him with a shout. The charge commenced. It was a hurricane. The barricade of rocks was not even so much as a fringe of bulrushes. Those who held it died there. The hill slopes, covered with prickly pear and dagger-trees, hid a massacre. The Sixty-second swarmed to the attack like bees about a hive in danger. Paralyzed, routed, decimated, torn as a tempest tears, Escobedo's forces fired but one fair volley, and fled as shadows flee when the wind pursues. The dead were never counted. Lascolat's farewell was taken, but those who came out well from the hand-shaking slackened march not a step until the rout had passed into Matamoras, and over against a river that might be crossed for the wading. Thereafter the Sixty-second foraged as it pleased, and took its own time toward the coast.

Col. Depreuil was in danger—Shelby's old antagonist of Parras—and it remained for Shelby to save him. In the marchings and counter-marchings of the evacuation, Depreuil commanding six hundred men of the Foreign Legion, was holding a post twenty leagues northwest of San Luis Potosi. Douay, with inadequate cavalry, was keeping fast hold upon this most important strategical point, awaiting the detachments from the extreme north. Shelby was a freighter now, and had come from the City of Mexico with a strong guard of Americans, and eighty wagons laden with supplies for the French. After reporting to Douay he was sent forward with twenty men and ten wagons to Cesnola, the outlying post garrisoned by Depreuil. The guerrillas, emboldened by the absence of cavalry, had risen up some two thousand strong

and were between San Luis and Cesnola. As Shelby marched on into the open country his advance, under James Kirtley, was fired upon, and two soldiers—James Ward and Sandy Jones—severely wounded. He countermarched to an abandoned *hacienda*, encamped his wagons within the walls, fortified as best he could, and sent Kirtley back with two men to report the condition of affairs to General Douay. Kirtley was not well mounted, he had served awhile in the Third Zouaves, the hostile Mexicans were swarming about all the roads, it looked like death to go on, it certainly was death to be taken, and so he started when the night fell, having with him two comrades, tried and true, George Hall and Thomas Boswell.

It was thirty good miles to San Luis Potosi, and those who waylaid the roads had eyes that saw in the night and were not baffled.

Capt. James Kirtley, burnt almost brown by exposure, and by four long years of struggle with the wind and the sun, had the face of a Mexican and the heart of an English lancer who rode down to the guns with Cardigan and the Light Brigade. Peril affected his spirits as wine might. Ambition and adventure with him were twin mistresses—blonde to his eyes, beautiful, full of all passionate love, fit to be worshipped. Always brave, he had need to be always generous. Danger, when it does not deter, sometimes gives to those who fear it least a certain kind of pensiveness that is often mistaken for indifference. When aroused, however, this kind of a pensive man rides harder and faster, fights longer and more desperately, will hold on and hang on under greater stress, reach out his life in his open hand oftener, and die, if so the fates desire, with less of murmur and regret than a regiment of great roystering soldiers whose voices are heard in songs in the night with the mighty roll and volume of the wind among the pines.

Kirtley, even under the tawny paint the sun had put upon his face, would blush like a girl when, to some noted deed of soldierly daring, public attention directed the eyes of appreciation. Praise only made him more reticent and re-

tired. As he never talked of himself, one could not hear aught of his valorous deeds from his own lips, for these were a part of himself. To compliment him was to give him pain—to flatter was to offend; and yet this young hero, not yet a man, surrounded by all things that were hostile, even to the language, known to have been a soldier in the Third Zouaves, the terror of the Empire, badly mounted for pursuit or escape, came with a smile upon his face for the perilous venture, and rode away and into the night and the unknown, in quest of succor for Depreuil and his beleaguered garrison.

It was a long thirty miles he had to go, the three men, Kirtley, Hall and Boswell. On every side there were guerrillas. The night was dark, although the road was plain, for it was the great national highway which ran from Monterey to the Capital. The danger, however, came from the fact that it was too plain. Others knew of it, and rode along it, and crouched in ambushment upon it, and made it a torment for small parties by day as well as by night.

Kirtley, even in the darkness, advanced in skirmishing order. First, he of the three went alone in advance; behind him was Hall, and in the rear of Hall, Boswell. Between each was the distance of twenty yards. It was necessary to get word through to Douay, and Kirtley argued the less risk taken the greater chance there would be for one of the party getting through.

"We must keep apart," he said, "just far enough to succor each other, but not too close to be killed by the discharge of a shotgun, as out of a flock of partridges one might kill a bag-full."

The ride was a silent and grimly tenacious one. Three times they turned from the high road to avoid a scouting party of guerrillas, and once, in going past a little group of four or five huts by the wayside—a place, indeed, where *mescal* is sold, and where, upon all the roads in Mexico, huts are concentrated for this purpose alone—Kirtley, who had kept his position fixedly in front the whole night through, was fired upon from an angle of a house. The bullet missed his left thigh barely, and imbedded itself in the flank of his

poor, tired horse that had borne himself staunchly through it all. One drop of blood was more really than the weary animal could afford to give up, but this wound bled freely, and the horse staggered as he went. It was yet three leagues to San Luis Potosi, and the night had turned. By dint of much coaxing and walking to relieve him, Kirtley managed to get over some further ground slowly. He felt for his horse, as all cavalry soldiers do, and from the wound to his abandonment he never struck him once with the spur, though it might be that his life hung upon the gait the horse went, weak and crippled as it was. The wound was deeper than any one of the three thought, and so, when near the bottom of an abrupt descent, the gallant steed lurched forward suddenly, caught as it were by his fore feet, reeled blindly, and fell forward, too helpless to arise again, too far gone for leech or surgeon-craft.

Kirtley murmured not. Looking once at his faithful companion, as if in infinite pity, he strode on under the stars on foot, keeping his place still in the advance, and keeping his pensive face fixed in the iron mould of its energy and determination.

It was daylight when the three dauntless scouts reached the French outposts at San Luis Potosi—tired, safe, proud of the perils passed, ready to return at a word and to carry back the succor Shelby so much needed at this time himself, and the succor Depreuil had needed, without knowing it, for a week.

Douay gave to the three soldiers a soldier's welcome. His old gray head, inclined a little forward, heard all the report through that Shelby had sent, and it was brief enough even for him who dealt mostly in gestures or monosyllables.

"You have ridden all night," he said, "and you need food, sleep, brandy, horses, Captain."

An aide came.

"Your pardon one moment, General," said Kirtley, "while I correct you. We do not need any sleep. As we return we can sleep as we ride. That was once part of our drill. We left our General in danger, and he in turn sent us forward to notify you of the danger of your Colonel. We

will take the food, the brandy and the horses, but the sleep, no, General, with many thanks."

Douays keen brown eyes opened wide at this frank and ingenuous speech. It pleased him more than he cared to say—more than he admitted then. Afterwards when a soldier led up a magnificent Arab stallion to the *meson* where Kirtley was eating and presented it to him in the name of Douay, the young American felt in his heart the gratified pride of one whose perils and frankness had merited recognition at the hands of him who had fought in the four quarters of the world, and who had grown up from childhood to old age a hero beloved by the army and revered by a nation.

Before the sun rose three squadrons of Chasseurs, a section of flying artillery, and the three Americans thrown forward as guides, were galloping back towards the *hacienda* at which Shelby was fortified and fighting. Each American had been supplied with a splendid horse by Douay, and although they had ridden ten leagues the night before, they pressed on indifferent to fatigue and impervious to the demands of sleep.

It was time. Shelby, of his whole force of twenty men, had only fifteen left. Two had been wounded, and three had been sent back to San Luis Potosi for succor. Of the wagons he had formed a corral. Between the wheels and in front and rear he had piled up sand-bags. Among the freight destined for Dupreuil's outpost were several hundred sacks of corn. These were emptied, filled again with sand and laid two deep all about the wagons. No musket ball could penetrate them, and the guerrillas had no artillery.

A summons came to him for surrender.

Shelby parleyed all he could. He dreaded a charge where, from sheer momentum, five hundred sheep might overrun, and, perhaps, crush fifteen men. A renegade priest named Ramon Guitierrez, having the name of a bloodthirsty priest and the fame of a cowardly one, too, commanded the besiegers. Before Shelby would talk of surrender he wanted to see some show of force. His honor did not permit a capitulation without his reason was convinced that to resist would

be madness. In other words, he wanted on his side the logic and the reasonableness of war.

Guitierrez took a look at the sandbags, and thought Shelby's propositions very fair. He took another and a closer look, having in his vision this time the gleaming of fifteen rifle barrels and the rising and falling of rough, hairy faces above the parapets of the hastily constructed fort, and he concluded to accept it. To be very certain of passing in review all the men he had, he marched about in various directions and in the most conspicuous places for several hours—precious hours they were, too, and worth a week of ordinary time to those who never meant to surrender, but who expected to fight desperately, maybe unavailingly, before the friendly succor came.

When the parade was over Guitierrez sent word to ask if Shelby would surrender.

No, he would not. He had counted some five hundred illy armed *rancheros*, and he meant to fight them to the death. Firing at long range commenced. The Americans did not reply to it. The sun was too hot for the kind of work that did not pay in corpses. Emboldened by this silence, the Mexicans crept closer and closer. Here and there a bullet found its way into the fort. Volley answered volley now, and then the noise died out into calm, cold, cautious skirmishing. Shelby had mounted two darklooking logs at either angle of the *coral* and these, from a distance, looked like cannon. It might not be best to charge them, and so Guitierrez crept backwards and forwards until the day wore well on its way. Suddenly he gathered together his followers and made a little speech to them. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Both Ward and Jones, who had been wounded the day before, had insisted on holding an embrasure between them. They had strength enough to load and fire their breech-loaders, and they were not refused. Every bullet counted in the desperate melee.

With a shrill, short yell the Mexicans dashed forward to the attack. Had the wave held on its course it would have inundated the earthwork. It broke, however, before it

reached half way across the open space behind which it had gathered for the onset. Those in front began to fire too soon, and those in the rear, not seeing from the smoke what was really in front, fired, too, and without aim or object. With unloaded guns they dared not go on—the fire of the Americans was distressing beyond endurance—the wave broke itself into fragments—and the sun sunk lower and lower.

"Nearly out of the wilderness, boys," Shelby said, as his wary and experienced eyes took in the outline of the spent charge as it made itself clear against the range of hills in rear of it.

"We need water greatly," Ras Woods ejaculated, his mouth parched and his face black with powder-smoke.

"In an hour you shall drink your fill," replied Shelby, "for in an hour the French will be here."

"But if Kirtley has fallen."

"He will not fall. Luck goes with him everywhere. What's that?"

He pointed as he spoke to a sudden agitation and fluttering among the masses of the besiegers, who were now galloping furiously to and fro, utterly without a head and heedless of all threat or command.

"Ah!" and Shelby's face cleared up all at once, as he turned to Woods, "you can go out for water now, the fight is over."

Before he had finished, the full, ringing notes of the, French bugles were heard, and in a moment more the squadrons emerged from the trees, galloping straight and in beautiful order towards the guerrillas.

There was no combat after the French appeared. What killing was done was done solely upon those who were too slow in the race, and who could not reach the rocks in time that rose up on three sides as a series of walls that had once been laid with much symmetry and had fallen in rugged yet regular masses in some great convulsion or upheaval of nature. Nowhere in fair fight was a Mexican cut down, nor at no single time did even a squad rally among the rocks and fire back upon the pursuing cavalry. The panic at last degener-

ated into a stampede, while the impenetrable groves of cactus shrubs and the broken and uninhabitable country swallowed up the fugitives. The chase soon ended and the French returned.

These two rescuing squadrons were led by Captain Mesillon whose orders were very full and explicit. He was first to cut Shelby out from the hostile forces which surrounded him, and next to report to Shelby and march whithersoever Shelby directed.

The French rarely put faith in foreign officers. Their vanity—a kind of national inheritance—recognized no merit like French merit—no superiority in war, politics, diplomacy, love or religion like French superiority. Hence, where Frenchmen are concerned, they invariably insist that Frenchmen shall alone be responsible. In this instance, however, Douay wrote this manner of a note to Shelby:

"To complete the conquest of Colonel Depreuil, of whose bearing towards you at Parras I have been duly informed by Gen. Jeanningros, I choose that he shall owe his life to you. Capt. Mesillon awaits your orders. I need not advise you to be circumspect, and to tell you to take your own time and way to reach Cesnola and bring my Frenchmen back to me, for whom, I imagine, there is no great love in the hearts of its inhabitants."

Mesillon reported, and Shelby put himself at the head of the Cuirassiers.

"Since Depreuil has to come out from Cesnola," Shelby remarked to the young French Captain, "and since Gen. Douay expects us to make haste and bring him out, there is no need to take our wagons further. Guitierrez has been too badly frightened to return here much under a month, and beyond his forces I can hear of no others in the mountains round about. We will let the wagons, therefore, remain where they are, forage and rest here until the night falls, and then—strengthened and refreshed—cut through, ride down or ride round everything that opposes us. So make these resolutions known, Captain."

The Frenchman bowed and retired. He saw in a moment that the soldier who was talking to him knew more of the warfare ahead in a moment than he had ever seen in his life. He knew, furthermore, that if the worst came to the worst, it would not be the fault of the commander if Depreuil was not rescued.

The night came and the column started. Between the road where the wagons were left and Cesnola, the entire country was alive with guerrillas. Beyond Cesnola, there were no Imperial troops of any kind, and between Cesnola and San Luis Potosi there was neither garrisoned town nor fortified village. It was a stretch of ambush sixty miles long.

When the night came Shelby put himself at the head of his detachment and never drew rein until Cesnola was reached. The column was ambushed seven separate and distinct times and fired upon from hedgerows, from behind houses in villages through which it passed, and from a variety of places that were inaccessible to the sudden dash of cavalry. Twenty-eight French soldiers were killed and wounded. Twice the Captain solicited the privilege of making a charge upon the unseen enemy crouching by the roadside, and twice he was refused.

"You lay too much to heart these mosquito bites," Shelby said to him kindly, "when there is danger of centipedes and tarantulas before we are done with it. A man is bound to fall out here and there, hard hit and may be killed, but the balance will be enough to get through. When one gets surrounded as Deprueil has done, one must expect to pay the penalty of the rescue. Sometimes it is extremely costly, but the night favors us and there is no moon. Keep with your men, Captain, encourage them, expose yourself freely in front of them, talk to them calmly, and my word for it you shall reach Cesnola with fewer depletions in your ranks than if you charged into the unknown every time a musket volley came from it."

Depreuil did not know of his danger. The succoring party appeared to him as an apparition. Well fortified at Cesnola, and having at his command no cavalry with which

to ascertain what existed beyond the range of his cannon, he ate, and slept and drank absinthe with the same nonchalance his life in Parras manifested. Safe for the day, he took no thought of the morrow. He was one of those officers who believed that one French battalion was stronger than destiny—more powerful than fate.

Mesillon awoke his reverie rudely. When there had been explained to him all the risk Shelby had run in getting cavalry to him, how he had fought, and marched, and planned, and endured solely for his sake and for the sake of humanity, Depreuil's heart softened quickly. He came to Shelby as one who felt that he had a great debt of gratitude to repay, and took his hands in both of his.

"Never mind the past," he commenced, "nor the rude things said and done in Parras. I see it all now. Perhaps I owe my life to you—certainly the lives of many of my soldiers, for whom I am responsible. In future let us remember each other only as brave men and soldiers. I, too, like Captain Mesillon, put myself under your orders. When shall we evacuate Cesnola?"

Shelby had his revenge at last—that kind of revenge which is always sweet to noble minds—the revenge of returning good for evil. He answered him:

"Would you take your heavy cannon with you?"

"I don't know. Would you?"

"In my military life I never left a trophy in the hands of my enemies. Were I a Frenchman I would surely carry off my French guns."

"Then in a day we can march."

"Let it be so, but make haste, Colonel. This country breeds guerrillas as the marshes do miasma."

Still leading, Shelby came away from Cesnola in command of the whole French force. Depreuil's men wondered a little, but Depreuil, in the height of his gratitude, thought no compliment sufficiently high to pay the rough-clad, quiet American fighter, who did not even so much as have a red sash around him as insignia of rank or authority.

Fighting commenced almost as soon as the evacuation of Cesnola took place. Heading always the Americans and Cuirassiers in person, however Shelby was enabled by several sudden and bloody repulses to put such a wholesome fear of punishment in the minds of the pursuers that they gave him ample time to carve out for the train a safe road in front while protecting amply the perilous road in the rear.

For three days and nights he held on his course, fighting constantly and caring alike for his dead and his wounded. The morning of the fourth day brought him to the French lines of San Luis Potosi and to an ovation. Gen. Douay turned out the whole garrison under arms, and, as the detachment which had been doing garrison duty at Cesnola marched in—worn by much fighting—weary from long marching—dusty and faint, yet safe and victorious—it was saluted with sloping standards, presented arms, and the long, exultant roll of triumphant music.

In the evening Douay called upon Shelby.

"I have come to reward you," he said, in his usual bluff and sententious manner, "and would be glad to know your price."

"Your friendship, simply," was the reply of the proud American.

"That you already have," the good old General continued, "but you are poor, you are an exile, you can have no refuge more in this country when it is known that you rescued a French garrison, you have been turned aside from your business as freighter, and I demand the privilege of paying you at least for your time, and for your losses in mules and wagons."

"Very well, General," Shelby replied, "but as you are leaving the country you must wait until we meet again in the City of Mexico. Until then remember your promise."

HISTORICAL NOTES AND COMMENTS.

If one wants to view the past in Missouri in one of its best phases, read Mrs. Rogers' article, "The Model Farm of Missouri and Its Owner." I have not seen in prose or verse a more perfect picture of Arcady—and this pastoral scene, located in central Missouri, was the fruit of Nature's bounty and man's brawn and brains. It was not the product of mere prosperity, for this generation has not seen such times as Boone county farmers saw in the '60s and '70s, but was the result of an ideal carefully, laboriously, and lovingly consummated. That ideal in turn was the product of generations of a soil-loving people and the training at home and in business of a man whose mind was fertile and whose spirit was young.

Blood and training produced John Woods Harris *and* Model Farm. Blood might have failed unaided, but as Mark Twain observed, there is no way to beat training, don't bet against it. When young Harris began to work for others, he first served under a certain A. J. Williams of Columbia. This man was exceptional. He was State senator and acting governor of Missouri. He was a bachelor and a cripple. "He was a successful shoemaker, merchant, farmer, and tobacco manufacturer and amassed a large fortune." When he died in 1839, after living twenty years in Missouri, he left a stainless name. What is interesting and to the point is that this man Williams, under whom young Harris worked for years, was president of the first agricultural fair organized at Columbia in 1835. When he died he left nearly one thousand acres of land, including a farm on which he had built a brick residence.

How interesting would it be to have preserved today the conversations between the idealistic young Harris and the shrewd, one-legged cobbler who a century ago governed a State, built a brick residence in the country, and directed the first agricultural fair in Columbia. Fortunate is Missouri

to have nurtured such men. Fortunate is Missouri history that Mrs. Rogers has left this clear account of a Model Farm and Model Home, and a succinct life of its founder. How regrettable, though, that we do not know more about a man who as our governor uttered in simple language in his sole message to the Legislature these words: "A strict observance of industry and economy in our domestic and public concerns will insure to the farmer a just reward for his labor, and to the statesman the good will of his country." It is solely through the efforts and labors of Hon. E. W. Stephens that the life of Governor Williams has been preserved to posterity. He is the only Missouri governor of whom there is no picture.

One could write a book on The Model Farm and not unduly dilate on it or its founder. Among the many striking features is the almost total absence of crop failures. Crop failures were precluded by the feeding of the soil and the rotation of crops. This man Harris not only fed his cattle and hogs but his soil as well. He imported the first Jersey cattle in Missouri. He was director of the old State Bank of Missouri and president of the State Board of Agriculture. He served in the Legislature and on the Board of Curators of the University of Missouri. He was one of the examiners of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was self-educated, had a fine library, and was given the degree of "Master of Agriculture." Such a man should be known.

How few men know the past when comparing it with the present. The seer is no rarer than the sage. In reading Dr. Walter B. Stevens' article in this issue, one must be impressed with conditions fifty years ago. Today moral degeneracy is proven to many. But is it proven? Contrast gambling conditions in St. Louis fifty years ago with present conditions. Would one dare advance the argument today that the suppression of gambling hurts business? This was done by able advocates half a century past. History may be studied profitably by many who would understand and appreciate the present. On the other hand, learn why Missouri, despite her large industrial centers, has stood for law and order. Labor and capital had its first struggles years ago. At the inception

of these, Missouri journalism demanded law and order regardless of the merits of the controversy. The right of labor to parade, to make demands, and to present publicly its program, was upheld, but such right carried with it the duty of law and order. Above both labor and capital was the law. Again, how queerly did the county separation victory of St. Louis city result. Fifty years ago the city was separated from the county and its boundaries, seemingly ample, were prescribed. Today these boundaries are too restricted and for over a decade many have striven to undo at least partially the triumph of '75 and '76. St. Louis seers of 1875 were as lacking as sages of 1924.

APPRECIATION

I think *The Missouri Historical Review* is the most satisfactory publication of its type and enjoy every number.—Mrs. Ethel Massie Withers, Liberty, Missouri, September 20, 1923.

I don't want to miss the *Review* which is getting better all the time.—Mr. W. F. Dyer, St. Joseph, Missouri, September 18, 1923.

I get more real compensation from this dollar than from any other dollar I invest anywhere. The recent numbers of the *Review* have been particularly valuable. I wish that it were possible to be of more service to you than I have been in the past.—Prof. I. N. Evrard, Dean, Missouri Valley College, Marshall, Missouri, October 1, 1923.

Please enroll Dr. L. M. Anderson, of Lake City, Florida, as a member of The State Historical Society. Dr. Anderson is a native of Marion county, Missouri, and moved to Florida in 1884. In my work as district president and state vice-president at large of the Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs, I have consistently recommended membership in the Society, thereby insuring our club members material for several programs on Missouri in their year's study. I make it a rule in conversation to endorse the Greater Missouri Association and to interest former Missourians in our Historical Society.—Mrs. Katherine Lincoln (R. L.) Motley, Bowling Green, Missouri, July 5, 1923.

I wish to express my delight in having received my membership in the Missouri Historical Society after having just received the October number of the *Review*. I take great pleasure in reading the various articles, particularly the one entitled "Missouri History Not Found in Textbooks." It generally contains much valuable information. I sincerely hope the Society will continue its valuable work.—Mr. V. Carl Ilgen, Pershing School, University City, Missouri, October 18, 1923.

I am very much interested in the articles published in the *Review* and think it merits the widest distribution possible.—Mr. John H. Frick, Warrenton, Missouri, October 18, 1923.

Nothing can make better citizens of our boys and girls than to teach them a just pride in this great commonwealth. No institution can do this better than our State Historical Society. Certainly every Missouri teacher should be a member of the Society.—Mr. Elmer D. Harpham, Superintendent, Corning Public Schools, Corning, Missouri, October 20, 1923.

The July number of *The Missouri Historical Review* has many times paid me for all of the membership dues that I have contributed.—Mr. Charles F. Hatfield, St. Louis Convention Publicity and Tourist Bureau, St. Louis, Missouri, August 22, 1923.

I read with a great deal of interest each number of *The Missouri Historical Review* and assure you I would not be without it for ten times the price.—Mr. Jesse P. Crump, Kansas City Title & Trust Company, Kansas City, Missouri, August 22, 1923.

I received the recent issue of *The Missouri Historical Review*. It is certainly a most excellent publication, and I hear it spoken of much more frequently than formerly. I do not know what methods of advertising you have adopted, but it does seem to me that every family in Missouri should take *The Missouri Historical Review*. Furthermore, I think the newspapers of the State, by some sort of comity, ought to give the *Review* space in advertising.—Mr. Virgil M. Harris, National Bank of Commerce, St. Louis, Missouri, August 23, 1923.

The Missouri Historical Review is and always has been valuable to me and it is with pleasure I observe that my children are becoming more and more interested in it.—Mr. Ralph O. Stauber, Attorney & Counselor, St. Joseph, Missouri, September 4, 1923.

MISSOURI HISTORICAL CELEBRATIONS

The increased interest of Missourians in their local history is seen in recent historical celebrations. Three of these were noteworthy. The city of St. Joseph presented a historical pageant depicting its life story which was a credit to the enterprise and civic consciousness of its people. This pageant was only one of the educational features of the Pony Express Celebration, held in St. Joseph from August 25th to September 1st. An interesting historical booklet was prepared, local historical collections were displayed in merchants' windows, pioneer costumes and dances were seen again in a grand ball, and the carrying of the mail across the continent

by pony express was actually accomplished in 1923, and time and distance records were compared with the Pony Express of the '60s and the railroad, auto, and airplane of today.

Educational and historical was every phase of this grand fall festival held in the city of Joseph Robidoux. The pageant with its remarkable scenic background of river hills and trees, rocks and waterfalls, with its historic customs and portrayal of pioneer history by hundreds of citizens, with its music by bands, choruses, and soloists, and its striking displays of lights and fireworks—such a pageant was worth the trouble and expense to any visitor coming even hundreds of miles. And visitors were there who had journeyed long distances from other states to view this offering to the past. More important, however, was this celebration to those living in St. Joseph and the Platte Purchase country. It was educational, inspiring, and filled with the spirit of love for home, country, and ancestors. To the public spirited enterprise of the leaders in this undertaking, to the civic organizations which backed it, to the merchants, tradesmen and professional classes who contributed so unstintingly, and to the fine co-operation and patronage of the citizens of St. Joseph and the surrounding country—all merit unstinted credit. The city of St. Joseph has performed one piece of work this year which will be long remembered and which, in the lessons of civic consciousness given, will prove a safe and wise investment.

Commemorating the founding of Fayette, Missouri, in 1823, was given on October 10, 1923, another type of celebration in the former political center of central Missouri. The centennial exercises were sponsored by the Fayette Commercial Club, with all of the city's organizations and educational institutions co-operating. A long, historic parade picturing the one hundred years of progress was given in the morning. The evolution of the Boone's Lick country from the pioneer settlements of 1823 to the modern farms and towns of 1923, from the days of stump speaking and covered wagons to the days of the radio and auto, and from the pioneer sub-

scription school to the progressive public school and endowed college, was strikingly presented by those whose forefathers laid the foundations.

Then came a custom which despite its age is to a real Missourian as enjoyable today as it ever was—an old-fashioned basket dinner. Here is one historic gathering which loses nothing with age and there is no other which so lends itself as an aid to a successful commemorative celebration. A real Missouri basket dinner outrivals a city banquet in food, enjoyment, and sociability. One cannot remain a stranger at such a dinner. A newcomer without friends or relative will be feasted. He will make a dozen acquaintances. He will eat more, feel better, enter more quickly into wholesome conversation than at any other place or feast. This is one historic custom which will live in Howard county, judging from the success of the last one on October 10th, 1923.

After the noonday "lunch" on the forest covered campus of Central College, the thousands of visitors gathered around the courthouse square. On one side was an old fiddlers' contest; on another, a band concert; but the largest crowd was around the speaker's stand. Here were old and new politicians, receptive and declared candidates, and others who held office or didn't want honors of state. Fayette, the home of governors and generals and congressmen, could hardly have a large historical or patriotic celebration in keeping with the past without a garnish of politicians and prominent public men. Somehow, although the day had the old flavor of the Leonards, Jacksons, Clarks and their companions in statecraft and war, it also had another. There was present everywhere the modern spirit of education and progress. Just as the old courthouse and the basket dinner represented the past, so did that section of the parade, blocks long, of college and public school boys and girls symbolize the present. The people talked politics, but it was the statecraft of education and good roads. The merchants talked trade, but it was trade based on better farming for which they stood ready to advance their quota of funds. A group of farmers were discussing farm conditions with a banker. The corn crop

was good, the price right, but cattle and hogs were too low. The banker told them their poultry deserved even greater attention and that they had not begun to exploit their rich bluegrass and loess hill alfalfa resources in dairying. He said that he stood ready with his fellows to make old Howard as great in dairy products as she had been in war and politics. Something will come of that part of the celebration. Others spoke proudly of their schools and colleges, of progress in equipment, teachers, and enrollment. These are some of the impressions brought back from Fayette's Centennial Celebration. It was commemorative of a city's birth, and posterity in honoring the past was preparing contributions for the future.

The Bowling Green Centennial and Homecoming was observed from October 11th to the 13th. The exercises were similar to those at Fayette. In addition to a parade, there was presented an open-air historic pageant, which was finely attended. In the courthouse was an exhibit of agricultural products of Pike county and in one of the business houses was a remarkably interesting and extensive display of historic relics. Besides public speaking and old fashioned dancing, one feature of the celebration was a souvenir booklet on Bowling Green edited by Mrs. Robert L. Motley. Delay in reaching Bowling Green and inclement weather after arriving there prevented a personal contact with the celebration. From related accounts of others, however, the first two days were very successful. How could it be otherwise? Few counties have had as interesting a history as old Pike with a galaxy of such public men as Henderson, Dyer, Clark, Broadhead, and others. Few towns of its size are known as well over the nation as Bowling Green, Missouri. A cradle of history, its century of being merited all honor given it. It is appropriate that this year the 52nd General Assembly of Missouri provided funds for the erection by the State of Missouri of a monument in Bowling Green in honor of her great citizen, the late Honorable Champ Clark. So did this capital city of old Pike honor and receive honor on her hundredth birthday.

MARK TWAIN'S AMAZING SALE

(*The Kansas City Star*, November 24, 1923.)

November 30th is Mark Twain's birthday. The extraordinary, continued popularity of Mark Twain is probably one of the most remarkable things in the whole book world. In a year, beginning October 1, 1922, and ending October 1, 1923, the American public paid \$1,493,702 for Mark Twain's books. Without a doubt, the works of no other American author achieve such extraordinary figures.

THE MOTHERS OF THE FRONTIER

(From *The St. Joseph Observer*, September 1, 1923.)

We had two of them with us this week—Pony Express celebration week—just two—mothers of the frontier—out of hundreds—for all of the others of this section are either removed from this territory or are sleeping in their last sleep in quiet graveyards. These two—mothers of the frontier—were here on pioneer day and were given that recognition and welcome which God bless 'em! they so fully deserve—and those who are gone—their memory will be enshrined forever in hearts of manhood, for it was the mothers of the frontier who worked wonders in making the west what it is—a land of plenty, happy homes and smiling faces. It was they who glimpsed the future and saw, just beyond the horizon, a better day for their children and their children's children. Their lives knew nothing but loving toil, days and nights of suspense, and in their hearts they realized they were living and acting for those to come after them; that some day the frontier they knew would be as were the homes they left, far to the east.

The "mothers of men" long have been praised, but the mothers of the frontier too often seem forgotten.

"PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION IN MISSOURI"

Few would have ventured the prophecy a decade past that Missouri history and government would eventually furnish the subjects for doctorate dissertations in Eastern universities. This year has witnessed two such contributions from Columbia University (New York City) alone: "Public Administration in Missouri," by Dr. Eugene Fair, of the department of political science in the State Teachers College, Kirksville, Missouri; and "The Bank of the State of Missouri," by Dr. John Ray Cable, associate professor of finance and banking in Washington University, St. Louis.

Professor Fair is already known to the teachers of Missouri and to that part of the scholastic world interested in American government. His reputation as teacher, legislator, and author is well sustained in his "Public Administration in Missouri." The work covers 265 pages of subject matter and 4 pages of index, all in eight-point type. The eight chapters are clearly outlined and treat of General Administration, Financial Administration, Public Education, Public Utilities Administration, Agricultural Administration, Health Administration, and Highway Administration.

The author is concise in statement and inclusive in treatment. He considers each subject from three main points of view—the historical, chronological factual, and commentary. These are blended to a large degree even in treatment of subtopics. The result is a unified presentation, which, despite the astonishing amount of detailed information, enables the reader to keep a grasp on any subject considered. The book is not hard to read aside from the size of the type but it is not to be read for mere amusement. It is a serious and sane presentation in scholarly and systematic form. It blazes new paths. It lays the foundation for several more doctorate dissertations.

As a reference work for the student of Missouri history and government it is invaluable. Even a single reading of it makes one aware of the large amount of research work involved. It is authoritative. The author has studiously restrained himself in his commentary purpose although he has not lacked the courage of making such comments as appear to him to be warranted by facts and conditions.

A Missourian can find much in this work. He will be surprised at the slow progress made in some of the fields of state and local government and he will also be surprised at the rapid strides taken in the last two decades. One is impressed by the strength of local community resistance to centralized state control even though the administration activities in question were inherently statewide if successfully performed. He will also be impressed with the many makeshifts adopted, then discarded to be replaced with new

ones, before a real solution was courageously or necessarily put in force. In no instance were panaceas of value, in no instance was success sudden. Solid progress in every line is found based on gradual development. And still there are some who care nothing for history, sneer at research work, and believe in nostrums.

CORRECTION

In the list of historic articles in Missouri newspapers which appeared in the October, 1923, issue of *The Missouri Historical Review* credit was given the *Carrollton Republican Record* for the publication on November 9, 1922, of the excellent article "The Sinking of the River Steamboat 'Dugan' at old DeWitt in 1878." *The Republican Record* reproduced this article from and gave credit to *The DeWitt Herald*. The article first appeared in *The DeWitt Herald* in its issue of November 2, 1922.

THE MISSOURI ASSOCIATION

The Missouri Association with headquarters in Jefferson City is issuing a *Service Bulletin*. Every Missourian should read this bulletin. It contains much information which should be more widely known. While most of the statements are along the lines of exploiting the state's economic development, many other facts are presented. In the November 1st issue was emphasized the significance to Missourians of the state road program and the free bridges across the Missouri river. These will enable the citizens of all sections to become acquainted, will break down many provincialisms and prejudices. Without ease of communication it is difficult to obtain unity in state or nation. Missouri has been unfortunate in her division into two parts by a river which greatly restricted communication and transportation. These restrictions will now be largely removed. It is hardly too much to say that one of Missouri's greatest educational forces today in the making of a state consciousness is the state road program and the free bridges across our rivers.

MARK TWAIN LIBRARY IS SFLENDID COLLECTION

(From *The Columbia Missourian*, November 13, 1923.)

The Mark Twain Library of the State Historical Society of Missouri is one of the most complete in existence, according to the secretary of the society. It lacks only autographed copies of Mark Twain's works to place it among the best collections in the country.

Mark Twain is a favorite of collectors. It is surprising how many men are engaged in getting together early editions of his works and books and clippings about his life.

The State Historical Society's collection is the result of the efforts of two men, who, working independently of each other, built up two fairly complete collections.

The late Colonel F. A. Sampson, who for many years was secretary of the State Historical Society, began collecting in the sixties, shortly after his removal to Missouri. The Sampson collection is the result of fifty years' work on the part of one of Missouri's most famous collectors and bibliographers. It was given to The State Historical Society in 1903.

The other collection is the result of forty years' work on the part of Purd B. Wright, head of the Kansas City public library. Mr. Wright began collecting in the seventies, during his residence in Hannibal. His collection was purchased by the State Historical Society this fall. It included 135 books, 122 clippings, 979 separate cartoons, and 174 sheet cartoons. It is comprehensive in embracing not only the American issues of Mark Twain's works, but also those of foreign countries.

The combining of these two collections gives a library of that rank which is merited by Missouri as the home state of Mark Twain. The collections are now in the process of being cataloged. On completion of cataloging and indexing a separate case will be provided for keeping the collection under lock and key in the State Historical Society library.

MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL PARK ASSOCIATION

Toward the little village of Florida, Missouri, are turned the eyes of tens of thousands of Missourians today, nor is the interest in this almost forgotten hamlet confined to Missouri. Editorials on it are appearing in metropolitan newspapers of the East and of Canada. A new town, nearly a century old, has risen to public notice. Missouri is receiving valuable publicity, long merited but too long delayed. This advertising is refined. Moreover it is based on that kind of assets of which Missouri has an abundance—eminent citizens. The nation is giving the State a hearing. Florida, Missouri, has

presented a subject that commands interest. We are now "pointing with pride" to Mark Twain, native-born and native-reared Missourian, and we are now proposing to found in his memory a living and lasting memorial—A Mark Twain Memorial State Park embracing the waters, hills, rocks, soil, and trees of his childhood heath. A Missourian who will not freely and liberally endorse this spirit of commemorating our greatest son and our most widely known citizen—well, if there is such a Missourian, he had—but there isn't. A Mark Twain Memorial Park will be established at Florida and fifty years from today descendants of its founders will "point with pride" not only to Mark Twain but to the Mark Twain spirit of their ancestors.

The Mark Twain Memorial Park Association, with headquarters at Moberly, Missouri, was organized in 1923. Its officers are president, H. J. Blanton, of Paris; first vice-president, E. E. Swain, of Kirksville; second vice-president, W. C. Van Cleve, of Moberly; secretary, F. B. Lamson, of Moberly; assistant secretary, Miss Frances Wise, of Moberly; publicity director, Edgar White, of Macon; treasurer, Omar D. Gray, of Sturgeon. Mr. Wm. Rufus Jackson, of Mexico, is field representative. The honorary vice-presidents are Walter Williams, of Columbia; E. Lansing Ray, Frank F. Glass, Homer Bassford, and Geo. S. Johns, of St. Louis; Ralph Stout and W. S. Dickey, of Kansas City; and C. D. Morris, of St. Joseph.

The purpose of the association is to obtain state-wide contributions to purchase and improve one hundred and fifty acres of land adjoining Florida, Missouri. This land on which will be placed the log cabin of Mark Twain's birthplace will be highly improved for a public park. It will be called The Mark Twain Memorial State Park and will be donated to the State of Missouri. It has been examined by experts who pronounce it rich in river bluff and hill scenery. The association through its field representative is organizing interested sections of the State. Mrs. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitch, of Detroit, Mark Twain's daughter, has expressed her will-

ingness to co-operate with the association by giving her services at several concerts in Missouri.

The movement has met with a hearty response. Neighboring counties and the cities were the first to effect local organizations. The association desires state-wide contributions rather than a few donations from wealthy persons. The purpose is to secure a general interest in what will be the heritage of all. The purpose of the association and its personnel should commend its work to all lovers of Mark Twain. Missouri has been tentatively approaching the subject of State parks for over a decade. Perhaps the Mark Twain Memorial State Park will be the harbinger of a system of state parks for Missouri such as reflect so much credit on Eastern commonwealths. If so, again would the spirit of Mark Twain be pioneer.

STATUE FOR MARK TWAIN PARK

(From *The Missouri Publisher*, September, 1923.)

The Baltimore, Md., News and the *Boston Transcript* are authorities for the statement that there is a movement on foot whereby the city of Hartford, Conn., where Mark Twain made his home for years, will erect a "Huckleberry Finn" statue in a commanding location in the proposed Mark Twain Memorial Park at Florida, Mo., as a tribute to the memory of the well-loved author.

The Toronto Canada World, in its Sunday supplement of August 5th, carried pictures of the birthplace and the bust erected by the State of Missouri, with the following comment:

"The campaign for a Mark Twain Memorial Park is arousing great interest throughout the country and many of the nation's notables are doing their bit toward making it a reality soon."

The Philadelphia North American says, "America has produced no more popular writer than Mark Twain and it is entirely fitting that one hundred acres at Florida be made a state or national park to preserve the birthplace of the famous creator of Tom Sawyer, so this and the coming generation may possess a fit shrine in honor of an unforgettable American."

EVERY MISSOURIAN SHOULD KNOW MISSOURI

(From *The Kansas City Times*, November 13, 1923.)

A more powerful Missouri, a bigger and better state, with the amplification of its natural resources within a few years, is seen by the Missouri Association.

Carl J. Baer of St. Louis, speaker for the Missouri Association, tonight addressed approximately a hundred members of the Lions Club, the Kiwanis Club and the Get-It-Done Committee of the Commercial Club, meeting at the Elms hotel.

By the successful co-operation of the community clubs of the cities of Missouri, Kansas City and St. Louis will become the gateways of industry of the West; Excelsior Springs, with its natural health-giving waters, will become more famous, Mr. Baer declared.

He made three significant points about the Missouri river in the development of the state.

He predicted that, within a year, there would be navigation on the Missouri river. The river is one of the great potential powers of the latent assets of the state, he said. By its usage the entire production of the western states would move through Kansas City and St. Louis.

"Every Missourian should study the assets of his state," Mr. Baer declared. "We must learn our state and then tell of it to other states. We must become enthusiastic about Missouri, cultivate it, improve it, make it a greater state, and then other states will realize its greatness.

"First, every Missourian must be for Missouri.

"All small town organizations should band themselves together and work for the betterment of the community. Nothing should be put before the community's welfare. 'What can I do for my town?' every man should ask himself. In answering it he will answer the question, 'What will my business do for me?' because if he improves his town his business will improve."

In Re REV. JOSEPH RIEGER

Jefferson City, Missouri,
October 23, 1923.

I have been following with interest the articles of Mr. Wm. G. Bek entitled, "The Followers of Duden," and I noticed in the October issue of the *Review* that he mentioned among the early Evangelical ministers, the name of Rev. Joseph Rieger, but said nothing concerning his work or career.

As a small boy I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Rieger, and one of his daughters, Miss Clara Rieger, was one of my teachers in the public schools of this city, while two of his sons, Joseph and Nicholas, now both ministers of the same faith, were my schoolmates.

Two weeks ago the Evangelical Congregation of this city celebrated the 65th anniversary of its existence and during the proceedings the early history of the congregation was gone over; some of this might interest your readers and I give it to you to do with as you may think best.

The Evangelical congregation was organized here in 1858 and during the first year the members met for worship at the homes of the various

members; the first meeting was held at the home of George Bauer, whose descendants still live here.

In the fall of 1859 the erection of a small church, 30x40, was completed, the cost of which was \$1,177; there were forty-three male members in the congregation at this time, and the services were, in the absence of an ordained minister, conducted by the lay members.

In April of 1860 the Rev. Joseph Rieger arrived to take charge and he became the first pastor; according to the story he was a tireless worker in the vineyard of the Master, and he was one of the founders of the Evangelical synod.

During the Civil War he served without pay as chaplain at the state penitentiary in this city, and during the days of the war it was not an uncommon thing to have his home turned into a hospital where sick or wounded soldiers were cared for; he was an ardent Union man and an abolitionist and he was a warm friend of the colored people; he worked for the establishment of the Lincoln Institute, a school for colored children, which was established here, and became a member of its first board of regents. He passed to his reward on August 20, 1869.

About 600 members now compose this congregation, and it owns a handsome church, parsonage, Y. M. C. A. building, and one of the finest organs in the city.

Very truly yours,
Julius H. Conrath.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN MISSOURI.

By J. B. Gwin, Director, Chapter Service, American Red Cross,
Southwestern Division.

The history of the development of the American Red Cross is one full of pioneer impulses.

The first visible glimmer of this great humanitarian movement was seen in 1864 when at Geneva the International Conference was held and the "Geneva Convention" was officially adopted for the relief of the sick and wounded on the battlefield. Previous to this date, as early as the 14th century, some steps had been taken to protect women and restrict pillage in the "Covenant of Sempach." The "Cartel de Francfort," the "Ecluse Treaty" and the "Treaty of Brandenburg" were all steps in this direction by one or two states.

In America this trend first showed itself in the formation in 1877 of a self-appointed committee in the interest of the Red Cross. This committee, enlarged, was incorporated in 1881 under the name "American Association of the Red

Cross," and twelve years later re-incorporated as the "American National Red Cross." In 1900 a National Charter was granted the organization and in 1905 Congress reorganized the Society and granted a National Charter to the new agency.

In 1906 the "Geneva Convention" was revised and with the added force of the Hague Conference the Red Cross formally began.

The organization of the American National Red Cross was carried on by a Central Committee with members from various parts of the country elected by delegates to the annual convention. Chapters grew up in various parts of the country. The program, at this time, was Military and Disaster Relief and First Aid Instruction. As the organization developed, Divisions were formed, and Missouri was governed by the Central Division with offices at Chicago.

As early as 1906 Missouri was assisted in Disaster Relief. In 1906 the First Aid car traveled over the St. Louis and Southwestern and Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad lines. Somewhat later than 1906 the St. Louis Provident Association became an institutional member of the American National Red Cross and gave assistance in sundry disasters in the Central Division.

In 1913 the State was organized, with the Governor of the State as Chairman of the State Board and Mr. Walker Hill of St. Louis as Treasurer. The first formal Chapter to be organized was that of Kansas City, Mo., on October 6, 1914. The officers were: chairman, Mrs. I. R. Kirkwood; secretary, Mr. Jacob Billikopf; treasurer, Mr. W. T. Kemper. Headquarters were maintained at 717 Commerce Trust Bldg. The purpose of this first Chapter was to gather funds for European War Relief.

St. Louis followed in the early part of 1915 with an informal organization called "Women's Relief Committee" with Mrs. Frank Hammar as its organizer and head. This consisted of a committee of fifteen women whose object it was to produce garments for European Relief. Refugee and hospital garments were made and also hospital supplies for home and abroad were produced. A by-product of this or-

ganization was the relief of the unemployment situation as women were employed in the workshop and paid by benevolent women, each "Captain" for the day securing the money for the day's payroll.

These two Chapters did effective work during the Mexican border trouble. In July, 1916, Kansas City reported \$25,000 raised for the relief of its citizen soldiers and their families on the Mexican border. They carried on a hospital supply bureau as well as a supply department for fighting men and their families. Kansas City was established as the Red Cross depot for receiving and distributing supplies for soldiers of the Mexican trouble.

At the same time Hospital Unit No. 21, later very active in the Great War, was organized under Miss Julia Stimson, then Superintendent of Nurses at Barnes Hospital, St. Louis. Two nurses of this unit were sent to the Mexican border for service.

By 1916 eight Chapters with numerous branches had been formed; these included Carthage, Chillicothe, Columbia, Joplin, Kansas City, Springfield, St. Louis and Webster Groves. There were at this time 250 Chapters with an enrollment of 300,000 in the United States, so Missouri had already a fair proportion. The program now included town and county nursing, sanitation and hygiene, child welfare and dietetics.

After the United States' entrance into the war the growth of Chapters was more rapid. In 1917 two Directors under the Central Division, Mr. Geo. R. Robinson and Mr. Geo. W. Simmons, were appointed and offices at 2061 Railway Exchange Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., were opened. By the beginning of 1919, Missouri had 123 Chapters in 114 Counties, with a membership of 924,444 or 26.81 per cent of the population. The Junior membership was at the same time 342,900 or 64.92 per cent of the school population.

As indicative of the activities carried on in Missouri a summary of the activities for the year 1919 to 1920 has been made up, as follows:

No. of towns granted permission to do civilian relief.....	16
(Towns where no other relief-giving agency existed.)	
Public Health Nurses in service....	23
Junior Red Cross:	
(a) Auxiliaries.....	1063
(b) No. Chapters carrying on special Junior Community Activities.....	17
(c) No. of Chapters responding to National Children's Fund....	20
Health:	
(a) No. Chapters carrying on some health activity.....	48
(b) No. of Health Centers.....	12
(c) No. of Infant Welfare Clinics.	6
Disaster Preparedness—No. Chapters reporting.....	5
First Aid Classes.....	41
Home Hygiene Classes.....	838
Dietetics Classes.....	19
No. Chapters doing Nutrition work..	2
No. Chapters maintaining health Information Service.....	9
No. peace-time volunteer Motor Corps	1
No. Chapters recorded as doing some recreation.....	3
No. Chapters maintaining Rest Rooms	1
No. Chapters still maintaining war work.....	106
No. Chapters employing R. C. Institute Graduates.....	17

These activities have, of course, varied since that time as peace-time activities became more fixed; for example, instead of two Chapters doing Nutrition work there are now

six Chapters employing a full time Nutrition Worker and several others where Nutrition instruction is given by the nurse or where hot-lunch projects are being carried on.

ST. JOSEPH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(From *The St. Joseph News-Press*, September 27, 1923.)

The St. Joseph Historical Society has taken a step forward in securing a room in the Washington Park Library in which to store historical relics. The Pony Express pageant gave impetus to the revival of interest in St. Joseph history and the historical society should now take on new life and be placed upon a practical working basis. This society was organized some years ago, with a small membership, but no real effort was made toward the collection of historical data and material. There is plenty of both and it is the highest time for gathering and piecing together the many fragments that are rapidly disappearing.

There is only one way to do this practically and that is by employing a competent person to give personal attention to the job. It is axiomatic that when everyone is expected to do a thing, nobody does it. So in this case.

The St. Joseph Historical Society should have a large membership, willing to pay a small sum annually for the maintenance of an agency that will collect material. This material should be tagged and catalogued and stored against the day when there shall be a museum in St. Joseph. Every community of consequence has a museum and every community of consequence has its history told by relics of the past. Few communities have such a wealth of material as this one. It would be shameful to permit this material to go to waste.

Presently there will be a call for membership and this should appeal immediately to all who have community pride. A historical society that just exists is of no value. To fulfill its mission it must do something. The best way to get something done is to hire it done by someone who knows how. It is a duty to begin now and it should be deemed a privilege to contribute.

TWO COLLEGE STORIES

By Professor C. A. Green, Sedalia, Mo.

CENTRAL COLLEGE, FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

In the '80s and '90s the Central College Faculty had a regulation that required that each student should deliver a declamation before the faculty and student body four times a year. There was a classmate of mine named William Bruce,

and popularly known as "Pap." Pap didn't believe in spending too much time on committing to memory some new declamation. He thought a good selection was worth repeating, and attempted to render the same declamation sixteen times. The first two sentences of Pap's declamation ran as follows:

"I call upon all those who will to stand up for the dignity and nobility of labor. Let not that great ordinance be broken down."

One day when Pap had recited the first sentence of his declamation, by a preconcerted plan a full half dozen boys arose at his call to stand. This so disconcerted Pap that he could not finish his speech. He at least had a seeming evidence that his opening sentence had met with a responsive chord in his audience. It resulted, however, in the faculty's requiring Pap to commit another declamation for delivery.

MISSOURI UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MISSOURI.

The last portal through which to pass to get out on the dome of old Academic Hall (now known as Jesse Hall) was a narrow steel tube that was lined with nuts and ends of bolts that made it difficult for stout people to pass. One Halloween this passage way was plugged up by the engineer students. The faculty's discipline committee found out that the engineers had done this plugging job, and assessed a fine of \$24 against the class, the cost of removing the plug in the passage way. The following April Fool's day, which the students always termed Independence day, some fun lovers removed a toolhouse out in to the quadrangle from where it was beside an addition that was going up to the Physics building. When the engineers discovered this prank on the morning of the 1st, they set all hands to removing the toolhouse to where it originally and properly belonged. They then very promptly sent in a bill of \$24 to the faculty for house moving. The same, however, was never so much as acknowledged, let alone being paid.

TEACH CITIZENSHIP

(From *The Kansas City Star*, Saturday, November 17, 1923.)

In a statement calling for observance of education week, beginning tomorrow, General Pershing calls attention to the apparent unreadiness of more than half the American people to share the responsibilities as well as the benefits of American citizenship. General Pershing points out that fewer than half the eligible voters express enough interest in their government to cast their ballots. He sees it as the duty of the schools to deal with this condition and to teach boys and girls their obligations as future citizens.

The condition may be even more deplorable than failure to exercise the right of suffrage would indicate. Voting is only a part of the duty of citizenship. The primary need is an intelligent expression of opinion at the polls, and the act of voting should be followed by an active interest in the conduct of government and public affairs. Only by that course can representative government or democracy exist.

The best hope of America here is through instruction of the young. No child should be allowed to grow up or to go through school unmindful of the daily demands that citizenship in America makes upon the individual. There must be developed a sense of responsibility to the nation that is as strong as a sense of responsibility to one's self. It is neglect of this duty in training of the young that opens the way for the parade of the demagogue, the unbalanced radical and the lukewarm patriot. These elements have a dangerous hold on America today. A sturdy patriotism, mindful of its obligations, should rout them.

A LIVING TRIBUTE

I had known him five years, and now on this 11th day of October, 1923, he has been dead five years, but this afternoon we were brought together. The messenger was a little book, clean from the press, simple, unadorned, without pretentiousness or embellishment—a book that somehow resembled him.

In two hours I had read every word and every word was his word. The book was a collection of letters to his parents from the date of his enlistment in the navy. While in training he wanted cookies, cake, and pie. When sick he asked them to send him bananas and apple butter. Always he begged for the home paper. He approved their buying a Liberty Bond because it would be a good example and he

asked them to put his little salary into Liberty Bonds. He told of letters from boyhood friends, and gifts and letters from girl friends. He spoke well of his comrades, highly of his officers, and could see only good in every service of his country. And he served his country and his superiors said his ten months of service was "one of unbroken perfection."

His name is Ivan Hollis Epperson. He served this Society faithfully, he served his country and gave it his life, and now as like begets like his parents serve us all who knew him by having preserved his last thoughts.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Epperson of Atlanta, Missouri, will the hundreds of friends of their son feel indebted. The book is edited by Ivan's closest friend, Mr. Edgar White, of Macon. Somehow much of the sting of death is taken away by such a work. It is a living tribute.

THE U. D. C. OF MISSOURI

To collect and preserve in two years the biographies of 7,500 Missourians, all born over three-quarters of a century past, is a considerable undertaking. To do this within a limited professional or trade circle makes the task more difficult. And, to accomplish this within a class which had a life of only four years and which lost a large percentage of its membership during those years, is a work that merits comment. Such is the labor that has been performed by the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy during 1922 and 1923.

One of the most regrettable phases of Missouri's history is the inadequate, almost absence of, records of her Confederate soldiers. This is so pronounced that not even a fair approximation has been agreed upon regarding the number of Confederate soldiers contributed by Missouri. The figures range from 30,000 to 70,000 and higher. Such a condition is regrettable. The citizen is confounded in meeting the claims of other states. The growing generation is handicapped in establishing proof of their ancestors' contributions to the cause for which they fought.

To remedy in part this condition the U. D. C.'s of Missouri established a committee on Confederate veteran records. Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, of Columbia, was appointed chairman. The work was inaugurated during the presidency of Mrs. S. C. Hunt, of Columbia. A four-page record blank was printed, which covered all important biographical and historical data on the Missouri veterans of the Confederate States army. Thousands of copies of this blank were distributed among the U. D. C. chapters in Missouri. The task of filling in the blanks was begun. The work was directed entirely by Mrs. B. C. Hunt and her committee and was carried out entirely by the descendants of the Confederacy veterans of '61-'65. Few of the veterans remained. The living were consulted, obituaries in newspapers were read, inscriptions in cemeteries were copied, and county histories were searched. The result was the record of 7,500 Missouri Confederates. The blanks have been deposited for safe-keeping in The State Historical Society of Missouri. The names, classified for quick and easy reference, are filed in steel cases.

The work itself is not finished. It probably will never be complete. But what a remarkable beginning, despite the lapse of over six decades. Coming generations will find in these thousands of records biographical facts unobtainable elsewhere. These facts relate to many subjects. In one record appears the names of twenty-five persons, with dates and places of birth. A mine of information for the genealogist are these 7,500 sheets. Ancestors who fought in the war of the Revolution, of 1812, and of 1846, and descendants who fought in the Spanish-American and the World War, are given.

How original are some of the comments. Many set forth that neither they nor their fathers owned slaves in 1860. Many more state that they didn't vote in 1860 because they were "too young to vote." One son of the Ozarks was fourteen years old when he enlisted and hundreds were in their 'teens. A veteran records that he was one of seventeen men, the nucleus of the First Missouri Brigade, who enlisted in December, 1861, and were sworn in "*for forty years or the dura-*

tion of the war." Sadness and humor, pathos and wit, are there in these valuable records. A relative records of one man, "He wrote a letter to his mother on the eve of his last battle." Another was shot in the face and breast. A third is remembered as a brave man, who while in camp took the measles and died. One veteran of over eighty, who says he is *still* a live wire, writes: "Before the battle I asked the good Lord to keep me from harm and let us whip the Yanks, and we could do so but they would not stay whipped." Most of the records contain the barest outline of facts but many are filled with information which throws light on many subjects. These records will be a treasure house for the historian and genealogist, for the biographer and novelist. More important still will they be to the tens of thousands of descendants of these men and to their generations of the future. This work of the U. D. C. of Missouri will live. Mrs. S. C. Hunt and the officers in charge of that organization, Mrs. B. C. Hunt and her committee workers, and the hundreds of co-workers over the State, merit the gratitude of all who believe in cherishing and preserving the records of our people.

MISSOURI HISTORY NOT FOUND IN TEXTBOOKS.

Compiled By J. Willard Ridings.

A SHRINE AT ARROW ROCK.

From *The Kansas City Star*, September 25, 1923.

"It's ivy'd walls contain the sweet dreams of those who built the western empire and helped mould the motto of our great state."—Inscription on the bronze tablet to be placed in the Old Tavern by the D. A. R. Thursday.

Arrow Rock, this quaint little river town of eastern Saline county, once the social and commercial capital of the old Santa Fe Trail, is preparing for one of the most inspiring events in the more than one hundred years of its civic life. Next Thursday several hundred visitors will come here from all parts of Missouri to witness the ceremonies when the famous Old Tavern is formally turned over to the State, which in turn is to pass it on into the keeping of the Missouri chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Old Tavern, built in 1830 by Judge Joseph Huston, is one of the few landmarks in the State to connect the stirring frontier days before the Civil War with the present. The D. A. R. will preserve the building as a historical museum, and provide a gathering place for those interested in the Golden Age of Kit Carson, Washington Irving, George C. Bingham, the Jacksons, the Sappingtons, the Marmadukes and others, once familiar figures in this historic old town.

The Old Tavern was owned by Mrs. Nettie M. Dickson and Mrs. Annie Hickerson. The last legislature appropriated \$5,000 to buy the famous inn. The money was paid a few days ago.

Governor Hyde will be here, accompanied by Mrs. Hyde. Senator James A. Reed has written that he hoped to be present; also ex-Governor Gardner and Mrs. Gardner. National and state officials of the D. A. R. will also be here to attend the celebration.

The celebration will be in charge of the local chapter of the D. A. R., assisted by the state officers and the Sedalia chapter, which aided in obtaining the \$5,000 appropriation bill by the last legislature. The townspeople will serve a barbecue dinner. Talks will be made by Representative R. L. Hains of Slater, Mrs. A. H. Connelly of Kansas City, Mrs. Crete Rose Botts of Mexico, Mrs. Paul D. Hitt, Chillicothe, Mrs. John Trigg Moss, St. Louis, Mrs. C. C. Evans, Sedalia, and Mrs. Dickson. Mrs. Frank P. Morris, regent of the Arrow Rock chapter, will preside. The

Rev. John Alexander of Marshall will offer the invocation. A flag salute will be led by Miss Katharyn Biggs, daughter of Paul Biggs, local banker.

No more suitable place could have been found than in this little Santa Fe Trail town of four hundred population to establish a shrine for the pioneers, who were active participants in the winning of the West. The town is much the same as when George C. Bingham, the famous artist, painted "The County Election" and other famous works which gained recognition in Europe.

The Old house in which Bingham did some of his best paintings still is standing. On the main street is the macadam paving and rock curbing laid by slaves before the Civil War. The first girls' boarding school in Missouri remains. Three governors—Jackson, John S. Marmaduke and M. M. Marmaduke—are buried here; also four wives of governors.

The Old Tavern is much as it was in the days when Kit Carson first met Washington Irving. Leading into the old taproom is the broken stone step, where a barrel of whisky was dropped in surprise when Irving was seen inside.

In the largest guest room upstairs is the huge four-poster, canopied bed—the Sappington bed—in which George Washington once slept at Philadelphia. There is also the bed of Governor Claiborne F. Jackson, the war-time governor; the musket used by John S. Marmaduke in the war of 1912 and his dueling pistols.

On the walls of the old Tavern is a bill of sale dated May 2, 1831, by which Joseph Huston sold a slave for \$400. A proclamation of Governor Jackson mobilizing Missouri's fifty thousand state troops to repel the federal soldiers hangs near by:

"It is equally my duty to advise you that your first allegiance is due to your state, and that you are under no obligation whatever to obey the unconstitutional edicts of the military despotism which has enthroned itself at Washington, nor to submit to the infamous and degrading sway of its wicked minions in this state."

The Old Tavern, with all its historical associations, has been operated continuously since 1830. Nearly ever Missouri governor has been a guest there.

SOME PATHFINDERS IN SOUTH MISSOURI JOURNALISM FIELD.

(A paper by E. A. Wright, Portageville *Southeast Missourian*, read at the meeting of the Southeast Missouri Press Association held in Farmington August 3 and 4, 1923.)

The pathfinders, Mr. President, of Southeast Missouri journalism form, in my opinion, a mighty host, a great caravan of noblemen who have borne the brunt of crude newspaper life and cleared the rough and rugged road sufficiently to make possible our gratifying progress and prosperity of today.

If I should attempt to enumerate them I would have to start down the pathway of time from the milestone of 1818 (1819), when Southeast Missouri got its first newspaper at the town of Jackson, the child in swaddling clothes being named the *Missouri Herald*, with Zubal E. Strange its daddy, editor and publisher. And this one pioneer paper, which was, like others, born not to live long, was succeeded late by the *Patriot*, and in 1825 (1821) the *Ste. Genevieve Correspondent and Record* was born.

These were our first papers actually published in Southeast Missouri. Before their time the first paper in Missouri, established at St. Louis in 1808, called the *Missouri Gazette*, with its limited circulation in Southeast Missouri, supplied the scant field of journalism; in this new territory it was made impossible to secure subscribers and to pay the expense of publication, and the pathfinders got to work.

Thereby hangs the tale—the great and inexhaustible story of the plodding pathfinders who form the multitude too numerous for history to find or memory to apprehend for roll call. But the successors that followed that day and time, at least a few, no doubt some of you may recall.

We are mindful of the fact that the Hillsboro *Democrat* has gone past the half century mark, beginning its life in the hands of Brother R. W. McMullin and starting in the town when it only provided 221 inhabitants. It is today a live paper, and its beloved editor and publisher, who was one of us, was an exemplary pathfinder and pioneer.

In 1846 John T. Scott published the first paper in New Madrid county—the *Gazette* at New Madrid. Charles E. Barroll published at Fredericktown the *Bee* in 1875, and it was afterwards bought by E. P. Carruthers and its name changed to the *Plaindealer*.

Butler county's first paper was the *Black River News*, in 1869, by Poplin and Bartlett, afterwards becoming the *Citizen*.

In 1860 the *Southern Missouri Argus* was the first to give Farmington a newspaper, by Nichol, Crowell and Shuck. In 1872 it became the *Farmington Herald*, and in that year the *Times* was born, with Ware and Rhodenhaven as father of the offspring, which later passed to the proprietorship of T. D. Fisher. In 1884 T. P. Pigg produced the *News* in pica, to feed the literary and news desires of the Farmington people. * * *

In the first papers on the historic grounds of our realm it is good to observe their tenacity to cling to their own loved locality in county or state, as we find many of them named *The Missourian*, or known by such names as in Butler county the *Black River News*, and so on through the list, with the name of the town preceding the title words, such as the *Sikeston Star*, the *New Madrid Record*, the *Dexter Messenger*, etc.

We are today, August 3, 1923, as an association, in our thirtieth annual meeting, dating from its organization at Poplar Bluff in May, 1893. From that date to 1901 its presidents were: J. R. Hoag, Poplar Bluff; H. W. Holmes, Greenville; B. F. Caruthers, Kennett; J. F. Martin, Charleston;

Ed. A. Wright, New Madrid; James Flynn, Cape Girardeau; J. F. Mitchin, De Soto, and Eli Ake, Ironton.

In 1900 this association was given first publicity and recognition by Secretary of State A. A. Lesueur in the official manual (Blue Book).

WHY THE "BOOT" IN MISSOURI?

From the *Fulton Gazette*, March 1, 1923.

The question, "Why the 'boot' in Missouri?" has been answered by Dr. Walter B. Garnett of Caruthersville, who has called attention to a newspaper clipping containing the account of a speech by the late Senator G. W. Carleton, made a number of years ago.

The "boot" refers to that portion of southeast Missouri which extends below the northern boundary of Arkansas.

The clipping says:

"John Walker, at the time of the earthquake in 1811 and 1812, owned an extensive plantation near the town of Caruthersville in Pemiscot county. The place was called 'Little Prairie.' It was a considerable village in 1811 and was a few years before a Spanish fort. Walker owned immense herds of stock and was a man of more than ordinary ability.

"At the time all that country was known as Missouri Territory. It was a great trading post. An immense trade was carried on between the French and Spanish settlers in New Madrid and the various types of immigrants in southeast Missouri and western Tennessee.

"When Missouri applied for admission into the Union the parallel of 36 degrees, 38 minutes north latitude was suggested as the southern boundary of the new state. Colonel Walker knew that if this line was adopted he would be left in unorganized territory, as the line crossed the Mississippi river north of his holdings. He wielded his influence to change it.

"He interviewed the commissioners selected to define the boundary line of the state, and so eloquently did he plead his cause that the commissioners agreed to take Colonel Walker into the state of Missouri. To that end it was agreed that the state should be defined as set out in the act of admission, approved March 6, 1820."

EARLY DAY KANSAS CITY RAILROADS.

From the *Kansas City Times*, January 1, 1924.

Fifty-eight years ago last September the first railroad train in Kansas City, pulled by a wheezy little locomotive, steamed out of the East Bottoms near the levee, for Pleasant Hill, Mo.

At Pleasant Hill, five days before, the last spike had been driven in the ties of the Pacific Railroad of Missouri, now the Missouri Pacific Railroad, completing the road between Kansas City and St. Louis.

It was a whooping big day for Kansas City, and all of the town and most of Westport was down to see the first train out.

The early day histories give the date of the completion of the first railroad into Kansas City as September 25, 1865. The records of the Missouri Pacific, however, show the first through train was not operated from St. Louis to Kansas City until October 2, a week later.

The completion of the line gave this city a decided advantage over its larger rival, Leavenworth, Kan. When the Hannibal bridge was completed July 3, 1869, there was no longer any question which city was to be the railroad and commercial center of the Missouri Valley.

The first railroad built out of Kansas City was the Kansas Pacific, now the Union Pacific. It was completed to Lawrence, Kan., December 19, 1864, and later extended to Denver, Cheyenne and Ogden.

In December, 1855, the legislature incorporated the Kansas City, Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad Company, the inception of the road to Cameron, Mo. The survey was completed July 11, 1857. Later an attempt was made to divert the road to Leavenworth, Kan. The line was not completed until August 22, 1867.

The Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs railroad was completed February 17, 1869.

Harlem, on the north bank of the Missouri River, was the terminus of the Burlington system. Passengers and freight were transferred to Kansas City by ferry until the Hannibal bridge was completed.

The Kansas & Neosho Valley Railroad, later the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis line, was projected August 4, 1865.

The Santa Fe reached Kansas City over its own rails in December, 1874, and in April, 1888, the line to Chicago was completed.

In 1870 the Chicago & Alton built a bridge across the Mississippi River at Louisiana, Mo., and completed its road to Mexico, Mo., running trains over the Wabash road from that point to Kansas City.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific in 1871 used the tracks of the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs road into Kansas City, but in 1880 switched to the Hannibal & St. Joseph tracks from Cameron, Mo.

These roads were here forty years ago:

Missouri Pacific; Hannibal & St. Joseph; Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs; Chicago & Alton; Union Pacific; Santa Fe; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific; and Kansas City, Springfield & Memphis.

The last named road had just been completed to Kansas City.

These lines were proposed, or being constructed, to Kansas City:

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, completed to Ottumwa, Ia.

Texas, Oklahoma & Kansas, from southwestern seaboard of Texas to Kansas City.

Kansas City & Southern Railroad, proposed.

Rock Island air line from Kansas City to Chicago, by way of New Boston, Ill.

Belt Line around the city.

Eastern extension of the Santa Fe to St. Louis, by way of Clinton, Mo.

Central of Missouri from Hannibal to Kansas City, by way of Columbia, Mo.

Burlington, southwest extension to Kansas City.

Completion of the Missouri Pacific's double track between Kansas City and Independence.

A MISSOURIAN WHO WAS PRESIDENT FOR ONE DAY.

From the Montgomery City *Montgomery Standard*, January 8, 1897.

There have been twenty-three men in the office of president of the United States, and one of them wore the honor for only one day.

March 4, 1849, came on Sunday, a day that the constitution does not recognize as legal in the transaction of such official business as administering the oath of office. On that day, at noon, President Polk's term of office ended and President-elect Zachary Taylor could not take his place, or at least did not think he could. The prospect of the country being without an official head for twenty-four hours, or there being doubt about who would be the head, created discussion in Congress and in the press.

When General Taylor arrived in Washington, a few days before his inauguration, he was besought to take the oath of office on Sunday, so as to avoid confusion and what some persons believed to be danger. It was in the hot days of the "Free Soilers" and "Barn Stormers" and the storm of slavery was brewing. During Saturday and Saturday night there were a half-dozen fights in Congress. The capitol was a camp of turmoil, but General Taylor held out that he would not become president on Sunday.

David R. Atchison of Missouri was president pro tempore of the senate, and it was held by Congress that the functions of president must devolve upon him from Sunday noon until Monday noon, and for these twenty-four hours he had the distinction of being president of the United States, having all the functions and powers of the office. The oath of office was not administered to him, for the same reason that it was not immediately administered to General Taylor, but Atchison, being virtually vice-president, it was not considered necessary.

That President Atchison considered himself president there can be no doubt, for on Monday morning, when the senate reassembled, he sent to the White House for the seal of the great office and signed one or two official papers as president. These were some small acts in connection with the inauguration ceremonies that had been neglected by President Polk.

There was much fun and good-natured badinage indulged in among Atchison's friends and himself during his short presidential term. He was a Democrat, while the president-elect was a Whig. A majority of the senate was Democratic and his friends jokingly proposed to him that he usurp the office by calling the army to his back and preventing "Old Ironside" from being sworn in.

PERSONALS.

T. C. Beasley: Born in Jasper county, Missouri, September 16, 1855; died at Chillicothe, Missouri, October 25, 1923. As a young man he entered the mercantile business at Pattonsburg, Missouri, organizing and developing the Pattonsburg Mercantile Company. He removed to Chillicothe in 1906 to become president of the First National Bank. In 1919 he bought an interest in the Botts-Minteer Dry Goods Co. of Chillicothe. He was a member of the State Historical Society of Missouri.

Dr. J. J. Bentley: Born in Chautauqua county, New York, in 1840; died at St. Joseph, Missouri, July 1, 1923. Dr. Bentley began to preach in the Erie, Pennsylvania, conference of the M. E. Church when only 20 years old. In the closing days of the Civil War he was sent into the Missouri Ozarks to direct the work of the church in that pioneer region. Later he served as pastor at Springfield, Jefferson City, Sedalia, St. Louis, Glasgow, Cameron and Kirksville. He was at various times presiding elder of the Springfield, Kirksville, St. Joseph and Maryville districts. For a time he served as head of Lewis College at Glasgow, Missouri.

Benson B. Cahoon, Sr.: Born July 7, 1846, at Smyrna, Delaware; died November 5, 1923, at Fredericktown, Missouri. He studied law privately as a young man and was admitted to the Delaware Bar in 1868. During the Civil War he served with the First Regiment of Delaware Volunteer Infantry and was wounded twice. He came to Missouri in 1868 and located at Fredericktown. He served as county attorney and circuit attorney and in 1896 was a candidate for the nomination for governor on the Liberal Republican ticket. He was a member of the board of managers of the Farmington Hospital under Governor Hadley. The Cahoon Memorial Park at Fredericktown was presented by him to that city. He was a member of the State Historical Society of Missouri.

Hon. John Combe: Born in Scotland in 1854; died at San Diego, California, September 5, 1923. He came to St. Joseph

with his parents when a boy and established a business which became the Combe Printing Company. He was active in Republican politics and served as alderman from 1892 to 1894. In 1900 he was elected and served one term as mayor of the City of St. Joseph.

Judge Samuel Daniels: Born in Morgan County, Missouri, May 21, 1860; died at Versailles, Missouri, November 14, 1923. He was educated at St. Louis University and entered the profession of law. His public career began with his service as county school commissioner, and included service as probate judge and prosecuting attorney of Morgan county and mayor of the city of Versailles. In 1886 he became publisher of the Versailles *Leader* and continued as such until his death.

Hon. Chauncey I. Filley: Born at Lansingburg, New York, October 17, 1829; died at Overland, Missouri, September 24, 1923. He was elected mayor of St. Louis in 1863 on the Republican Emancipation ticket and immediately sprang into prominence as a leader of the Republican party. He was one of the men who played a leading part in Missouri during the reconstruction days. He was delegate-at-large to the Republican national convention which nominated Lincoln in 1864 and was a presidential elector on the Grant ticket in 1868. After that he was a delegate to every Republican national convention up to and including 1896. He was chairman of the state Republican committee in 1876, 1880 and 1898. He served on the Republican national committee from 1876 to 1892. He was appointed postmaster of St. Louis in 1873 and served five years. He was a member of the State Historical Society of Missouri.

Virgil M. Harris: Born at Columbia, Missouri, in 1862; died at St. Louis, December 29, 1923. He was a son of John W. Harris, owner of the famous "Model Farm of Missouri" in Boone county, and was educated at Kemper Military School, the University of Missouri and the University of Virginia. He began the practice of law in St. Louis in 1891 and served at different times as a member of the state board of agriculture and the board of curators of the University of

Missouri. He was nationally recognized as an author, his most noted work being, "Ancient, Curious and Famous Wills." He was a member of the State Historical Society of Missouri.

Cassius M. Jaqua: Born November 8, 1865, at Frier, Iowa; died September 7, 1923, at Warrensburg, Missouri. In 1890 he entered the newspaper field in Missouri, purchasing the *Ridgeway Journal*. He edited this publication until 1906, when he moved to Warrensburg and became the owner of the *Standard-Herald*. He was the publisher of this paper at the time of his death.

Hon. Chester H. Krum: Born in Alton, Illinois, in 1840; died at St. Louis, October 19, 1923. He was admitted to the bar in 1864 and in 1871 was appointed United States district attorney by President Grant. He was a member of the first graduating class of Washington University and finished law courses at the Harvard Law School. He also served for a short time as circuit judge, resigning from the bench to devote his time to his law practice. He was a member of the State Historical Society of Missouri.

Charles Kunkel: Born at Sippersfeld, Germany, July 22, 1840; died at St. Louis, December 3, 1923. The family emigrated to America in 1848 and Charles Kunkel came to St. Louis in 1868, establishing himself in the music trade. Here his fame as a pianist attracted to the city many of the leading musicians of the world. As a music publisher he gained fame with his editions of the classics, and his Beethoven redactions are used quite generally today. In later years Kunkel devoted himself mainly to piano instruction.

Hon. Robert Lamar: Born at Edgar Springs, Missouri, March 28, 1866; died at St. Louis, August 11, 1923. He taught school in Texas county as a young man, while studying law, and was admitted to the bar in 1889. He was elected prosecuting attorney in 1890 and 1892. In 1892 he was elected as the first representative in Congress from the newly-formed 16th district, was defeated in 1904 and re-elected in 1906. During 1921-22 he served as president of the Missouri Bar Association. At the time of his death he was serv-

ing as a member of the State Constitutional Convention from the 22nd district. He was a member of the State Historical Society of Missouri.

Hon. John G. Slate: Born in Cole county, Missouri, January 26, 1860; died in St. Louis, November 25, 1923. He was educated in the public schools and at Amita College, College Springs, Iowa. He was admitted to the bar at Fulton, Missouri, November 28, 1887. He served as prosecuting attorney of Maries county twice, representative in the state legislature from Maries county in the 39th and 40th General Assemblies and as prosecuting attorney of Cole county for two terms. He was elected judge of the fourteenth judicial circuit in 1912 for an unexpired term and re-elected in 1916.

Hon. Edward T. Smith: Born in Andrew county, Missouri, April 5, 1856; died at Savannah, Missouri, July 2, 1923. He was educated at the Kirksville normal school and taught school for a time. He served as circuit clerk and recorder of Andrew county from 1890 to 1898 and was a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1904. He represented Andrew county in the 51st and 52nd General Assemblies.

Hon. Harold H. Tittman: Born at Belleville, Illinois, in 1843; died at St. Louis, October 9, 1923. In 1873 he was appointed to the consular service at Lyons, France, by President Grant and a year later made consulate-general at Rome. He returned to St. Louis in 1884 and engaged in the manufacturing business. He was elected president of the board of education in St. Louis in 1912.

Hon. W. I. Wallace: Born in Massachusetts, December 25, 1840; died at Lebanon, Missouri, November 7, 1923. He moved with his parents to Wisconsin at the age of 15 and was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1864. He took a degree in law at Ann Arbor College in 1866, moving to Lebanon, Missouri, the same year and making his home there until his death. He was elected state senator in 1876 and served four years. In 1884 he was elected judge of the 14th judicial circuit for an unexpired term, and re-elected in 1886. He was a veteran of the Civil War, having enlisted

in Company D, 40th Wisconsin Infantry, and served until the close of the war.

Hon. Thomas J. Wornall: Born in Jackson county, June 28, 1865; died at St. Louis, December 5, 1923. He was educated at William Jewell College in Liberty and was a great friend of the school. Wornall Hall was named in his honor because of his gifts to the institution. He was a prominent stockman and served for several years as secretary of the American Royal Show at Kansas City. He served from 1905-09 as state senator and from 1911-17 as a member of the board of curators of the University of Missouri.

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